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FOOTPADS.

I DON'T know what there is particularly tempting to thieves in Royal's face and mine, but, without vanity, I think we may say that that gentry find more charms there than usually centre in the human countenance; for what the flame is to the moth, the drop of honey to the swarm of flies, we seem to be to that ingenious class of people.

Not indeed to the generic thief, — the thief proper, so to say, — who surreptitiously takes your purse or your jewel through any undue development of the secretive organs, nor to the sly and suffering kleptomaniac under his ban of eternal torture; but to that class who from the courage of the highwayman subtract merely the brutality, and transfer the celerity of the pickpocket from the fingers to the thoughts, and with bold combinations and unblushing fronts present themselves in all the dash and daring of the ancient black-mailing border baron and demand your money or your — self-respect.

As I said, I cannot fancy to myself the cabala whose secret writing stamps us the chosen victims of this latter sort; for I am sure there is nothing of

the blandly benevolent in our appearance, while, if my lunettes had their rights, they would scare away all who could not unflinchingly receive the glare of their scrutiny; and as to a glance of Royal's eyes, I should say it would detect truth as infallibly as Ithuriel's spear itself, if that weapon had not by this time lost all its point.

But whatever the cause may be, the effect remains, and these marauders have marked us for their own. Not to speak of the people at the door, who have had their fingers torn off by machinery or their toes bitten off by frost, and who batten on us; nor of the street mendicants whom Royal always merrily dismissed with a quarter and an injunction to drink his health therewith, — the last one who had implored piteously for ten cents to buy a loaf of bread for his starving children, on receipt of this injunction and the strip of precious paper, actually saying, "Thank yes, surr, I wull!" and walking off with a grin, quite another man; not to speak of the venerable impostor who, on the first time that Royal ever entered the sacred precincts of the Common, extended an open and authoritative palm to him.

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"Why," said Royal, quite amazed, "I never knew they charged an admission fee to the Common!" "A recent custom, sir," said the hoary sinner, with imperturbable self-possession; and thinking so much brass would be better for an alloy, Royal gave him a bit of silver,—it was in those heavy and uncomfortable and purse-destroying days of specie: not to speak of them, nor of the poor soldier-boy who badgers us into buying, nor of the blind beggars who, Royal says, always see him first of anybody, nor of the subscription-book peddlers, who declare themselves sent to us by friends whose advice we may not reject, or who begin their set speeches at the door, working their way in the while and never going till our money goes with them; never leaving half the numbers,—which seemed so easy to take at fifty cents a month, but which come ten at a time,—and taking those they do bring away one day to bind, and never bringing them back again; not to speak of any of these, let me tell you of a nobler and larger sort, a sort of Hounslow Heath mendicants, who first made their approach to us in the person of one Mr. Fitz James, who, having obtained entrance at our house, desired that I should wait upon him.

It being exceedingly early in the morning, and I just awakened from that rest more delicious than all before,—the last sweet strippings of sleep, as it were,—I declined to detain the owner of so fine a patronymic; and mamma, who is one of the sun-worshippers up with the lark, went down to learn the errand.

"Madam," said the stranger, a tall and rather courtly person, on mamma's entrance, and as if no business could be transacted till so weighty a problem was solved, "can you give me the name of the painter of this picture?"

"No, indeed," said the innocent lady.

"I am sure I know the hand," said he then pensively, and still regarding the scene. "There are traces—touches—I have seen the companion-

piece in Germany. It is a very nice thing. I hope you understand its worth."

"My daughter does value it, I believe," said mamma, trusting by mention of me to recall him to his own affairs.

"Your daughter,—that reminds me," said he, suddenly wheeling about; and then with a pang of disappointment darkening his face, "am I not to see herself?"

"She begs to be excused," answered mamma. "But perhaps, if your business with her is of importance, you can call again, or can transact it through me."

"It is an unseasonable hour, I confess," he replied. "But I had trusted—In fact could I see your daughter, I should—It is hard—it is difficult—addressing a stranger—but she is one of the guild, a member of the same profession as myself, a profession accustomed to vicissitudes,—she would understand and grant what I cannot venture to expect of you, madam, though your countenance—"

"You wish," said mamma, her eyes opening, and coming cruelly to the point,— "you wish for assistance of some kind, I presume."

"That is it exactly! Thanks, dear madam, for sparing my embarrassment and chagrin so kindly. Why should I beat about the bush? I really beg your pardon, but what a magnificent palm-branch that is!" And he approached the corner where a great dry bough arched and rustled its withered fronds from floor to ceiling and shook out odors of dates and Africa. "The cocoa palm, I imagine? The ivory has a different leaf. That is a treasure. What a delight it must be to a person of your daughter's cast of mind!" It was mamma's particular detestation as a dust-catcher and lair of cobwebs. "Now if I had that in my study, of how many of my voyages among coral reefs, along the low tropical coasts, it would remind me, and bring Florida and Trinidad and Abyssinia into the third story back of Eighth Avenue—"

Here mamma gently recalled him to the object of his visit.

"A thousand apologies!" he exclaimed. "But when one has only a disagreeable thing to do — The truth is," he said, "that I am a member of the press, one of the staff of the Corinthian, Mr. Tudor Fitz James," with an obeisance; "and having taken my vacation, I find myself, after the usual improvidence of my kind, — light come, light go, you know, though why I should say light come, I am sure I don't know, — I find myself without a dollar in my pocket!"

"Indeed," said mamma with some non-committal strategy, as she prided herself, since expression of sympathy meant belief, and belief meant concession.

"It is true," said Mr. Fitz James, "that I could wait here and telegraph to my chief for funds, but the delay would involve a considerable additional expense that I do not feel qualified to meet, while the items in my possession are of some urgency; and in this dilemma, being fortunately in the same town with her, I have resolved to ask that your daughter will render temporary aid to a brother in distress, assuring her that the return of the mail will bring her whatever she may have generously loaned me. Will you add to my obligations, madam, by delivering to her this message, and with it my regrets that I am unable to make the personal acquaintance of one who has lightened so many hours for me?" etc., etc., etc.

"I'm sure I don't know who he is," said mamma, when re-entering my room; "he says his name is Fitz James, — that sounds well; and he is one of the editors of the Corinthian, and he certainly has easy manners; he has been in Germany, and appears to have travelled the world over, and knew at once where your palm-branch was from, and talked critically about the pictures. But he has got out of money, and wants enough to reach New York, when he will return it. So he says. But I don't know about it."

A member of the press, a slave of

the lamp, in just such a strait as I might be myself some day, or Royal, or any of the boys, away from home, without a dollar! And a gentleman too; I could fancy his humiliation. I was a little fool then, have perhaps only changed the adjective now. I don't know that I had a spark of *esprit du corps*, but I thought I ought to have. "O yes, indeed," I said, "I should not think of hesitating." They were sadly impecunious days, but I sent him down the half I had. When he had gone, mamma, reporting the end of the interview, said, "He praised the picture over the piano, and said it was by some master-hand; he had seen its mate in Germany."

"O dear me," said I. "Royal painted that at the age of thirteen. There's the last I shall see of my money then." And it certainly was; for Mr. Fitz James is the richer, and I the poorer, for that small sum, to this writing.

The next mild-mannered cut-purse who levied tribute on us was one Theodore of the Fairfax, as he styled himself at the door. Royal had then some friends staying at the Fairfax, and there had consequently been a good deal of going and coming between their rooms and ours, together with notes and messages brought and sent by the servants; and when Theodore was ushered into our presence we could only take it for granted that he was one of the hundred colored boys, more or less, who had waited on us at the Fairfax, and whose shades of darkness rendered them as indistinguishable as one night from another.

Theodore apologized very respectfully for intruding his own affairs upon Royal, and especially upon a Sunday, but assured him, as compensatory matter, that he was the only gentleman, among all those frequenting the Fairfax, to whom he felt he could intrust his little troubles without danger of a disheartening rebuff; this with a grieved look upon his dark pleasant face, and a great many bows and much gingerliness.

Royal asked him, of course, or it

would n't have been Royal, what was the trouble now. And it appeared that Theodore's brother Commodious had got into a little difficulty, and unless he could be got out of it would have to go to the lock-up; and money was the only thing that could get him out of it; and Theodore would gladly have used the whole of his month's wages, but they were not due till the next Saturday; and, what made the case particularly uncomfortable was, that Mrs. Commodious had, a few hours before, been blest with two little Commodii, and Theodore could not say what would become of her, or them either, if her husband were snatched away at such a moment; and, to cap the climax of complication, their oldest boy had just matriculated at Howard University, and it would be an undying mortification to him if his father at the same time matriculated at the Police Court.

"Is n't that a little singular?" said Royal.

"Sah?"

"Do many boys in his circumstances attend the universities?"

"O sah!" said Theodore, understanding the pleasantry, and with a flattering smile. "Dat ar place 'longs ter our people."

"Yes, indeed, Royal," said I quickly, and fearful lest suspicion hurt the honest Theodore's feelings. "And you noticed, yourself, how eager they all are to give their children every advantage."

"Very true."

"An' den his mother's an ambitious woman, very ambitious," added Theodore, reflectively. "She dresses dere har fur all de fuss ladies. She's a tasty woman, dey all considers, an' dey sends fur her up ter der Executive Mansion an' all der Foreign Missions. But dis yer matter ob Lent's comin' in so early made society dull so 't did n' signify at all. An' Ise been up dar," said he somewhat incoherently; "Ise jus' come fum dar whar she's at, an' de on'y t'ing in der house was a bottle." And here Theodore paused to wipe his eyes with a napkin, perhaps as being more

peculiarly a property of his part, leaving us to imagine the contents of that bottle; I presuming them to be soothing-syrup, and Royal, ginger-pop, but which Theodore presently so far overcame his emotion as to pronounce Mrs. Montmorency's hair restorer.

"Poor woman!" said I. "Poor thing, in such a pass! Where did you say it was? We must send her up some food immediately."

"Would n' bodder ye dat way nohow, miss. She's sensitive too. An' all ob us waiters has baskets ob broken victuals after dark, 'nough to answer eb'ry purpose. She's under obligations fur der kindness dough," said Theodore with an extra scrape, "an' 'deed, miss, 't would melt yer heart ter see dem two babies cuddled togedder like, like —" And rolling round his eyes for a simile, they happened on the black-walnut cherubs surmounting the mirror, which he instantly made use of to complete his sentence.

It touched me; yes, it did; for I never could see why the proud race that came down from the snows of Caucasus and brought some of those snows in its blood should arrogate to itself all the honors of angelhood; and I have often wondered if there could not be found in all the clouds of faces opening round Raphael's and Murillo's Madonnas some one little black angel; and here were two of them, two little black angels, and with so much trouble before them in the sublunary sphere to which they had just fallen, and their father trembling on the edge of the lock-up; though for all the good he appeared to be to his household he might as well be there as anywhere. Instinctively my hand crept to my pocket.

But Royal was before me. Indeed, Royal and I have usually an amicable strife on such occasions, arising from our profound distrust of each other; for Royal, convinced that I am a prodigal of the prodigals, is persuaded that I will give all I have; and I, aware that Royal is a tender-hearted spend-thrift, am assured that he will give a

great deal more than I will; and so, in a laudable desire on both sides to cheat the beneficiary in spite of ourselves, the race is to the swift between us; and in this case Royal's wallet was half emptied before mine was found, and Theodore had wasted no time and few words, but was gone with a mouthful of heartiest thanks and an oath-bound promise that we should see him on Saturday night; which — need I say? — we never did.

Poor Theodore! I should like to know his fate. Sometimes I fancy that our brief acquaintance was but an incident in the beginning of a brilliant career which has ere now reached an appropriate consummation in the penitentiary. It is a thousand pities that he took that road to fame, for I am sure, with the skill evinced in the creation of the sister-in-law and the sketch of her circumstances, he might have won a high rank in the field of fiction, — all the more since I am quite satisfied, as I tell Royal when reproaching him for his precipitancy, that he never was a man and a brother at all, but merely a discarded negro minstrel turning his talents to practical account.

Not so with Davidson, whom mention of Theodore always calls to mind. He was an Ethiopian of the *sangre azul*, — black and blue rather, — a being as black outside, in fact, as he was inside, with a tinct not to be washed away. Not to insinuate that he ever made the rash attempt; for to look at Davidson was to recognize him a member of the human family, he was so plainly made of the dust of the earth, made evidently of a hydrophobic temperament emphasized with a little wholesome horror of soap. He had a sort of magical familiarity with dirt, indeed; the crispest and cleanest of bank-notes needed but to pass through his fingers to make the color of that money a hyperbolical term for most emphatically filthy lucre, for it came back a weltering mass of change, fit to be compared with nothing but the lining of his own pocket; and so infallibly did he leave his mark on paper, book, or

bundle, that, may Heaven forgive the fancy, I actually began to look and see if the black did not rub off. Had not Davidson been the husband of many more wives than one, — such is the perversity of the female mind, — his person and his *personnel* might have presented less of his native element; but among the number it may have been difficult to say with whom the augural task lay of discovering the real Davidson beneath his top-dressing, and the result was our errand-boy with all his imperfections on his head.

It was a little odd that we never could look at Davidson without being reminded of fetich and obeah worship and all the train of kindred superstitions, for it was in the character of their envoy that Davidson made the onset upon us which, however unsuccessful, entitles him to a place in these reminiscences.

Royal had been confined to the house with a long illness, from which his recovery was slow; and it was one morning, of those many tedious mornings, when Davidson brought in the newspapers, that he remarked to Royal that if it was not for the doctors he should think he was bewitched; and on Royal's jesting with the idea a moment, Davidson assured him gravely that it was ill-jesting, and declared, with many shakes of a prophetic head, that nothing would induce him to incense in that way a person who had power over life and death.

Being requested to explain his meaning, Davidson averred that he did not wish to alarm us, but if we remembered an old colored beggar who had some weeks since walked in uninvited and handed Royal a paper, and had been summarily dismissed the premises on said paper's proving to be too barefaced a forgery even for Royal's acceptance, we might also remember a certain dark and evil glance that he gave Royal, which Davidson saw, and which impressed him at the moment as an expression of the terrible powers belonging to the obeah priests; and Davidson entertained no doubt that

that man had instituted proceedings which were shortening Royal's days, and in truth he had set some inquiries on foot, and not wishing to alarm us, had discovered that this was so. Begged to enlighten us as to the particular method of destruction employed by these potent beings, Davidson looked over his shoulder, cautiously closed the door, and assumed an air of mystery well becoming his dark countenance. Davidson then told us that the truth was that this was a momentous secret which it did n't do to have others even know you had in your keeping. Furthermore, Davidson said that there were a great many people of his race, in the neighborhood of Long Island, born with this wonderful power over birth and the grave, but in this region they were very few. Davidson had himself purchased the secret for a large sum of money in his youth, but he had been obliged to have recourse to his learning but once. The way the obeah was conducted was so simple, Davidson said, that no one's suspicions could be aroused by it. The practitioner merely required to touch you, your head, your hand, the hem of your garment, and virtue went out of you. On reaching home or any secluded spot he kneaded a little lump of dough, wetting it from a vein in his own arm, and into it, by means of sundry runes and rhymes handed down from father to son, working all the virtue drawn from you by the previous touch. This lump of dough then, to all obeah intents and purposes, became yourself, and being set before the fire, after due rubbing in of the juice of certain herbs with the skins of certain reptiles, according as it dried and hardened you withered and weakened, as it browned you paled, and when it was burnt black you were corpse-white and cold, and presently the little evil object and you were ashes together. Davidson then proceeded to inform us that there were but two ways in all the ways of the world to overcome this horrific influence, — ways not easy to use, because, though you knew them ever so well,

you were not likely to know who it was that was practising the dark art upon you.

But though it was taking a great risk to tell us, who were, in a manner, to be considered outside barbarians, yet out of the regard which he had long since conceived for us, he would let us know as much as he knew himself. The first of these ways, and undoubtedly the best, Davidson had once used: it was merely, when you were quite sure that you were the subject of an obeah man's practices, to lie in wait for the man in the dark, knock him down, and draw blood from him, — blood, the merest scratch, would do, — you were safe from his power forevermore. But it was not a sure thing; for these men hardened themselves with all kinds of exercises and enchantments, and their familiars kept them warned and alert, these familiars might be seen sitting on their left ear; Davidson had never seen one himself, — it needed the second sight for that, — but his mother had, and they wore charms about them to repel you; and if you failed in your attempt, no one had yet lived to tell the horrible thing that happened to him, said Davidson with chattering teeth. Davidson would never forget, he said, the night he lay in wait for old Ezra, behind the door of a room as black as the bottomless pit, his heart failing him, but beating into life again as he remembered that he could but die anyway, and he should certainly die if he did n't overcome the obeah, for he had been in a bad way with the bewitchment for months; and at last he heard the old man come up the dark stairs, slowly, tired with the burden of his day's scraping in the streets, but singing a low tune to himself, and his own blood ran cold; but he nerved himself, for he had all the time kept repeating the sacred name over and over, and, when he struck, his arm was like an iron hammer that struck sparks of fire, and old Ezra never practised obeah any more, though he lived, O yes, he lived, a year and a day.

The other way to baffle these conjurers, Davidson then informed us, was neither so troublesome nor so dangerous. He would not deceive us; it simply lay in the exercise of a necromancy more potent than any other on earth,—the passing of a piece of gold. There were none of these men but could be bought off, if you cared to abate your grudge sufficiently to do it, as frequently happened when one was too weak and ill to use personal violence; and in the case in question Davidson had no doubt, on the contrary he was positive, in fact he had sounded the man, and felt warranted in saying that, for a matter of fifteen or twenty dollars, the spell should be reversed and Royal be on his feet again and going about as well as ever in a week or fortnight.

"Davidson," said Royal, "I can't think of buying off the scamp. In fact, I shall feel some curiosity in watching the result of his experiment. If it makes me the founder of a new religious system, life would be but a slight forfeit to pay. But as for yourself," continued Royal to the gaping and astonished Davidson, "you deserve a gratuity for your ingenuity, and here it is. And here are your wages, small for your merit,—so small, indeed, that they fail to justify me in retaining a person of your talents in my service." And Davidson, it might be supposed, was no longer our errand-boy. Not so: in some mysterious way he does our bidding and our obeah to the present day.

It was after our return home from the Southern winter in which we made the acquaintance of Theodore of the Fairfax that there appeared some new prowlers around our little purse.

I had been shopping in town, and being of undecided taste I was now sitting in the counting-room waiting for some shawls to be sent there in order that Royal might say which he liked the best, and Royal had gone down the wharves with one of his sea-captains, when a young woman came in, and having inquired of a clerk out-

side for my husband, sat down composedly for his return. I presumed she had some business about a son or brother to be employed in the counting-room, and did not trouble myself concerning her further than to observe that she was rather pretty and rather well dressed, though not expensively so.

After remaining some time, the young woman seemed to weary of that idle occupation, and murmuring that she thought she would come again, rose and left the place.

I had an interesting novel, for my part, in which I was quite rapt, and I did not notice how the time passed; but it could hardly have been a half-hour afterward when my lady reappeared, made the same inquiry of the clerk, came into the inner room, and took the same seat. The clerk followed me to ask if I expected Royal soon, and if the guest troubled me; and on his withdrawal, after fidgeting about a good deal, I heard the lady addressing either me or the universe, and saying she thought she would leave a note; with which she moved to the desk and drew a sheet of paper to herself, wet a pen, and dated and directed her note. There she paused; and I began to be uncomfortably aware of her,—aware, through all the simplicities of Esther and brutalities of Gerard, that a young woman was looking at me, and studying me, and suddenly advancing upon me.

In a sweet and ladylike voice, with a retiring and dignified manner that at once begged pardon for the intrusion and stated its necessity, she asked if I were Royal's wife, and was assured by me that I had that happiness.

"I was about leaving a note for him," she said then, with a soft and sad smile, "but perhaps you would answer as well. Indeed, it is easier—with a lady. I believe," she began hastily, with the air of one neglecting personal affairs for the charms of general conversation, "that you and your husband journey South every year?"

We had done so lately, I said in some surprise.

"And spend some time in Washington, I believe? May I ask if you are acquainted with Mr. Leigh, there?" mentioning a high official in the Treasury.

I had not that pleasure, I answered.

"He is one of our warmest friends," she said, quite confident, apparently, that I would be gratified to hear it. "He is in the same house with us. I am sorry you have not met him. But I suppose you know Mr. Dunderhead?"

"The senator? O yes, slightly."

"He also is a very dear friend of ours. Indeed, he procured us our positions," she then remarked, and hesitated a moment, while I wondered what this little confidence in the matter of friendships implied. "Your husband must be quite familiar with the officials upon the railroads?" she said at last, suddenly and interrogatively, and then with a hurried, horrified gasp, "Do you imagine that he could do me so great a favor, render me, indeed, so great a benefit, as to procure me a free pass there?"

"A pass!" I exclaimed. "What in the world should make you think of such a thing? He never had one for himself!"

"Want made me think of it!" she cried sharply. And then her voice choked as she struggled to say, "O, I am, we are in such distress!"

Of course all my sympathies were in my eyes in a moment.

"We are strangers in a strange place!" she cried. "My husband, myself, my child! Five hundred miles from home, and without a cent in the world."

"My poor child —" I began to say.

"O, I knew you would pity me," she sobbed, bursting into tears. "I saw you had a kind face; it emboldened me. You see I am not used to such things, I have done it so blunderingly. We had heard of you. We thought if your husband could procure

us passes to Washington we should be all right, for there we have friends and work; and I came to see him myself, instead of letting Mr. Seaton do so, because it is so humiliating to a man. O, do you think he could?"

Of course I knew he could not. He was not acquainted with any of the proper officials, even by sight, that I was aware of. And as for paying the fare of these three people himself, he could no more afford it than he could afford a coach and four. For there were the year's accounts to settle, and the winter's clothing to get, and a doctor's bill as long as the moral law to pay, and the rent, and the coal, and our local charities, and taxes, and business demands, — why, the long and the short of it was that I must not let Royal see these people, this woman, or he would beggar himself and embarrass the whole year; and it all swept itself through my brain in a second, and made such a jumble with pity and half-fledged suspicion, that I wanted to cry myself.

The little creature read my face like a bulletin-board. "I don't ask you for money, only for help," she urged. "If the railroad people will but advance us a pass, we will make it right with them by the close of the month. We are clerks in the departments —"

"I can assure you," said I, "that what you ask is completely out of my husband's power. He is not a member of Congress, to have free seats on the Camden and Amboy. But if you go and see the president of your road, and state your case, I do not doubt he would assist you."

"It is after business hours," said she, glancing at the clock. "I should not find him. And we have no money, and nowhere to stay to-night"; and her tone was the tone of despair.

"I can't imagine," said I, with some irritation, "how you allowed yourself to fall into such a situation —"

"O, I will tell you," she cried. "I see you begin to suspect me. O, you must not."

"You said you were clerks in the

departments," said I. "In that case can you not procure money from Washington?"

"O no, indeed. We are allowed to draw half a month in advance, and we did so before we left. We cannot have another dollar for a fortnight. Then we shall have a plenty. We might go to a hotel and communicate with our friends whom I mentioned; but our leave is up to-morrow night, and the delay would occasion the loss of our situations. O, you see how complicated the thing is! We cannot stay, we cannot go, and if we do not go we are lost indeed. I will tell you," she said again, the tears sparkling on her flushed cheeks and her hands trembling with excitement; "we have been married a few years, and we have a little girl, and we could not afford to keep her with us till latterly, when I received an appointment myself."

"But," said I, pleased with my own shrewdness, and then sorry to be so sharp, "I thought a regulation of the departments forbade the employ of husband and wife."

"Influence," she said, with her sad smile, "can override many regulations. Mr. Dunderhead procured me my situation, and it is managed so very quietly that hardly any one knows it. We were so glad, so happy, when it was arranged, because that would let us have our little girl with us, — she has been staying with my mother, — and we have been drawing such pictures of our happy life to ourselves, for my work can be done at home, and now it all ends in this!" And she broke down in another burst of tears. "I would n't have you think we are such fools," said she presently, wiping her eyes, swallowing her grief, and staring at her handkerchief, "as to come to the city in such a penniless condition; but we are very poor at home, at my mother's, and I had not the heart to tell them there; and Mr. Seaton's aunt lives here, and we expected temporary aid from her. We have always had it; she is so fond of him; and we found the house entirely

closed and herself absent, we don't know where!"

How could I ask her to take me out and show me the house? How could I even seem to doubt her word? How could I put any more probing questions? I should have felt like the rudest, the most indelicate, the most hard-hearted and unchristian wretch!

"I could give you plenty of credentials," she went on, eagerly. "Mr. Seaton's father, — you may have heard of him, — he was at the head of the King George Infirmary for the Insane."

Why, so he was, I remembered. And had just gone to Europe with a patient, as she was saying.

"And though," she continued, "Mr. Seaton has plenty of friends belonging in the place, they are all, every one, either out of town or else not to be got at. He has been looking for them all the morning. O, it is mortifying to be obliged to lay your affairs so before a stranger —"

"No indeed, indeed!" said I, thinking of the little girl and melted by the tears. "I should be glad to be your friend. I am. But I do not see how the affair of your passage is to be managed exactly. If my husband can do anything at all, he will send you a note the moment he comes in. Where are you staying?"

"O, we are not staying at all!" she answered, with fresh tears. "We are in the street, at the station, anywhere!"

"That is too bad!" I cried, with tears myself. "I will tell you what we can arrange. I am going home in half an hour; it is the last train. I live twenty miles from town, to be sure; but if you will all come home with me, we will see what is to be done to-night, and do it to-morrow."

"How good you are!" said she, shaking her head. "But I could not endure it. No, I could not. And I could not find them in time, either." And she slowly rose to go. "You must excuse me for troubling you so," said she; "but I don't, I don't know what we are to do!"

"O, stop," I cried, "you must not

go so!" I had some money in my pocket-book that Royal had given me to buy the shawl. I needed the shawl, —but, mercy! what were my needs to hers? I could send the boy back with the bundle, when he came. It was not enough for the three fares, but it would pay the husband's and save his losing his place, which was the most important; and if he himself were there, doubtless he could arrange to keep the other, and send his wife on presently the means to bring the child. I offered it to her. "Do take it," said I. "I wish it was all you want. It is all I have."

"O no," said she. "It would not pay our way, and anything else is only a sop to Cerberus." And she went softly out, leaving me dazed and numb, with a stupefying sense of inhumanity and wickedness.

I was about to run after her, to insist upon taking her home with me at least, to do I don't know what, and had just sprung to my feet, when a gentleman entered, and hastily announced himself to me as Mr. Seaton.

He was a person of noble physical structure, with an exceedingly handsome face, the features very clearly chiselled, the flesh wholesome, firm, well colored, the eyes brilliant and intelligent, the expression serious but winning. He was dressed, I noticed too, being now alive to circumstances, with the most scrupulous care and neatness, in morning costume, and a netted green tie at his throat and two tiny emeralds on his spotless linen matched exactly the tint of his lustrous eyes. But the nice costume did not arouse any more suspicions; it was natural he should be well dressed, expecting to see old friends; nor did the idea of so fine a being's pledging any valuables in order to satisfy his needs once enter my head; it was plainly something he never would have thought of either.

"I met my wife at the door," he said; "she was gone so long that I became anxious, and I hastened in. I am afraid you must think very vexa-

tious things of us. But I beg to assure you that we are the victims of a most unfortunate concatenation —"

"O, anybody might be the same," said I, embarrassed for him and wishing to save him as much as possible.

"I think," said he, "that my wife has told you of our predicament, for which there is not a shadow of reason. It is," said he, with an uncomfortable laugh, "another argument for 'the total depravity of inanimate things.' It really seems like a conspiracy of circumstances. Why my aunt should happen to lock up her house, and my acquaintance should happen to be inaccessible, just as I happen to need funds — You can perhaps imagine the state of mind in which a man must be," he added directly, looking up with a flash of his eye, "who with many friends, with money waiting for him, sees his wife reduced to such stern necessity —" And his voice trembled.

"I offered your wife this," said I, for the money was still in my hand, scarcely knowing what I said, and blushing for the man as though I had been the *lâche*, not he; "but she thought as it was not enough for all, it could hardly be of any use —"

"I don't know why she said so," he replied. "It would be of the greatest use; the greatest, I am ashamed to say. I could go on myself by means of it, and leave her in some boarding-place till I could send for her."

"Will you take it?" then said I, as if it burnt my fingers.

"I cannot express my sense of obligation," he answered. "But so far as money can repay it, the end of the month shall see it repaid." And he folded it neatly away in his waistcoat-pocket, just as Royal entered.

"This is my husband," said I. And Mr. Seaton rose at once, gracefully narrating, I presume, his sorry scrape to Royal, though I did not hear him, as I was occupied at that moment in sending off the shop-boy with the shawls. When I turned, Royal was saying, "O, certainly," as I knew he would, if he only saw and heard the

people; but, to my amazement, concluding his sentence in cautious wise, "If the circumstances are as you say." I don't think Royal liked the emeralds.

"If, sir?" said Mr. Seaton, drawing himself up.

"Pardon me," said Royal. "In such a business transaction I must require the same proofs that your banker would. — Clark! be so good as to run over to the Custom House and look in the Blue Book for me. — If your names are there, and you can satisfy me of your identity, I shall be most glad to advance any sum in my power."

"It would be of no use," said Mr. Seaton, grimly, while I looked on, forgetful of my share. "Our names are not there; for we received our appointments since the publication of the Blue Book."

"That is very possible," said Royal, longing for good excuse to throw his money after mine, of whose end, as yet, though, he knew nothing. "Perhaps you have some letter or other evidence about you —"

At this moment Grayson came into the counting-room. And at the same moment a metamorphosis took place in Mr. Seaton such as I have never seen equalled. He seemed to shrink and shrivel under our eyes, his face grew whiter than ashes, his features grew pinched, there came a stoop in his shoulders like that of a man used to a heavy burden; he sidled to the door, and suddenly vanished as if a trap had opened under him.

"What's that fellow doing here?" said Grayson.

"Why? Do you know him?" returned Royal.

"Know him?" said Grayson. "We were classmates together, and he was expelled from college for theft."

I never told Royal what became of the money he gave me for the shawl. All shawls look much alike to men. He never knew but I had bought one of cloth of gold; and unless he learns it here he will remain in ignorance till I do tell him.

We have had, since that day, num-

berless assaults from our felonious followers, — young women who have written books and expect us to buy an edition in view of a dedication; young men who declare they have built up a reputation for us and now wish us to build up a fortune for them; old men requiring to be sent home to our burgh at our transportation; apostate priests failing of subsistence through church tyranny, and insisting upon our obtaining publication for manuscript in which, whether they have apostatized from the Church or no, they plainly have from all the learning, spelling and syntax included, in which the Church is supposed to educate her priests, and among the number, the last adventure, briefer than many of the others, but bolder too, happened in this wise.

A dark and slender gentleman, faultlessly arrayed, with silky vandyke and mustache shining like a raven's feathers, calls, one summer day, at our house in the country and meets mamma, sewing in the hall in the pleasant morning draught from door to door. "Is Royal at home?" he inquires, stepping inside like one whose right to do so nobody can think of questioning.

Mamma informs him that Royal is in the city.

"Indeed!" says he. "That is a disappointment. I had counted on seeing him. Does he go up every day?"

Mamma informs him.

"And on what train does he go?"

Mamma informs him that too.

"I shall find him in town then, at any rate?" he says. "After coming so far I should be grieved to miss him altogether. How delightfully he is situated here!" glancing into the garden. "Does he like grubbing among the roots and herbs as he did in the old days? It is really charming to see the spot where he has domiciled himself at last; but I should have liked to find him with his household gods around him. Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. I am an old chum of Royal's. You may have heard him speak of me. My name is Smithers."

Mamma never has heard Royal speak

of him, but it would be violation of all her code of lesser morals to say so; and she feels that duties of hospitality are incumbent upon her, and she seats Mr. Smithers, and converses with him, and innocently gives him all the information concerning Royal and his friends and his haunts and his ways that he desires, — gives him cake and wine to boot, and entertains him well altogether until he draws on his straw-colored gloves once more, makes his adieux, and leaves for town in the noon train.

Royal was standing at the door of his counting-room, later in the same day, in company with some gentlemen just leaving it, when this faultlessly gotten up young man presented himself before him. "How are you? How are you?" he cried eagerly with outstretched hands. "I'm delighted to see you. How have you been?"

For the life of him Royal could not say who it was.

"Don't you remember me?" he cried, starting back.

"I am ashamed to say —" began Royal.

"Now I sha'n't listen to that!" said the gay and laughing stranger, showing his handsome teeth, and still holding Royal's hand in the most heart-warm manner. "Think a moment. Come, where did you see me last?"

It passed Royal's skill to say. He saw a great many faces in the course of the year, that in all the care of his business moved before him like phantasmagoria and left no sign. Yet there seemed to be something familiar in the voice or smile. And then the easy, cordial, Southern manners. "Was it in Baltimore?" said Royal.

"Baltimore!" said the stranger. "There you have it! The very place. And now whom was it with?" still pressing the hand most insinuatingly.

"Why, it could only have been with McVickars, in Baltimore," said Royal, thinking aloud, and recalling a party at McVickars's, and a cluster of dark young Cubans and Carolinians in the smoking-room there.

"To be sure it was with McVick-

ars!" said the other triumphantly, with the handsome laugh again. "Why, it's Smithers!"

Plainly Royal ought to have remembered Smithers; but they had all been strangers, rather commonplace ones at that; he had seen none of them before or since; other events had crowded them out of mind. But since here was one of them, and since it was Smithers he invited him in, ready in all good-fellowship to receive any one for whom McVickars stood sponsor.

"I'm delighted to see you, old boy," said Smithers, lighting the cigar which Royal offered, and taking his seat. "I was down at your place to-day, — charming place. Boat a good deal, I saw. What do you do with that garden now in this climate, — grow rheumatisms? I did n't see your wife. Mac says she's like her mother, — stately dame. There's something glorious about your Northern women as they get along in years; don't wither, but blossom, — peachify, some one says. I've heard Mac — That's a superb cigar! Where do you get them here?" From cigars to politics, with such a cool and unconcerned talker, was easy transition; and after one good bout at politics, which Royal declared Smithers knew nothing about at all, and in which Smithers was graciously willing to be instructed, the two men were the best of companions.

"Do you know," said Smithers, at last, "why I was particularly pleased to come across you to-day? You shall hear. I had my pocket picked yesterday. Why the rascals did n't take my watch and chain I don't know. They made such a good haul on the other, though, that I suppose they thought it would n't be the fair thing. I was desperate, till I suddenly bethought me that you were somewhere in this region. So I shall have to trouble you for a matter of fifty dollars for a day or two."

"Any friend of McVickars can divide with me," said Royal, and suited the action to the word.

As Royal stepped from the cars that

night, the conductor stepped after him and tapped him on the shoulder. "I forgot to say," said he, "that a friend of yours, who was out of money, borrowed his passage and five dollars of me, this morning, and said you would settle for it. All right, I suppose? His name was Smithers."

And that was the last we ever heard of Mr. Smithers.

We are still young, and I suppose have many years in store; but with

such a beginning, what shall the end be? And, promoted in our ranks, to what ghoulds shall we not at last become a prey? Alas! I fear that in telling you our story we are but making a rash advance upon our destiny, whose purpose would be served as well by a simple advertisement:

WANTED. — By two young people, a skilled impostor. Salary not so much an object as the pleasure of being cheated. No bunglers need apply. Best of references given and required.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

CASTILIAN DAYS.

III.

RED-LETTER DAYS.

NO people embrace more readily than the Spaniards the opportunity of spending a day without work. Their frequent holidays are a relic of the days when the Church stood between the people and their taskmasters, and fastened more firmly its hold upon the hearts of the ignorant and overworked masses, by becoming at once the fountain of salvation in the next world, and of rest in this. The government rather encouraged this growth of play-days, as the Italian Bourbons used to foster mendicancy, by way of keeping the people as unthrifty as possible. Lazzaroni are so much more easily managed than burghers!

It is only the holy days that are successfully celebrated in Spain. The state has tried of late years to consecrate to idle parade a few revolutionary dates, but they have no vigorous national life. They grow feeble and more colorless year by year, because they have no depth of earth.

The most considerable of these national festivals is the 2d of May, which commemorates the slaughter of patriots in the streets of Madrid by Murat. This is a political holiday which appeals more strongly to the national character of the Spaniards than any

other. The mingled pride of race and ignorant hate of everything foreign which constitutes that singular passion called Spanish patriotism, or *Españolismo*, is fully called into play by the recollections of the terrible scenes of their war of independence, which drove out a foreign king, and brought back into Spain a native despot infinitely meaner and more injurious. It is an impressive study in national character and thought, this self-satisfaction of even liberal Spaniards at the reflection that, by a vast and supreme effort of the nation, after countless sacrifices and with the aid of coalesced Europe, they exchanged Joseph Bonaparte for Ferdinand VII. and the Inquisition. But the victims of the *Dos de Mayo* fell fighting. Daoiz, Velarde, and Ruiz were bayoneted at their guns, scorning surrender. The *alcalde* of Mostoles, a petty village of Castile, called on Spain to rise against the tyrant. And Spain obeyed the summons of this cross-roads justice. The contempt of probabilities, the Quixotism of these successive demonstrations, endear them to the Spanish heart.

Every 2d of May the city of Madrid gives up the day to funeral honors to the dead of 1808. The city govern-

ment, attended by its Maceros, in their gorgeous robes of gold and scarlet, with silver maces and long white plumes; the public institutions of all grades, with invalids and veterans and charity children; a large detachment of the army and navy, — form a vast procession at the Town Hall, and, headed by the Supreme Government, march to slow music through the Puerta del Sol and the spacious Alcalá street to the granite obelisk in the Prado which marks the resting-place of the patriot dead. I saw the Regent of the kingdom, surrounded by his cabinet, sauntering all a summer's afternoon under a blazing sun, over the dusty mile that separates the monument from the Ayuntamiento. The Spaniards are hopelessly inefficient in these matters. The people always fill the line of march, and a rivulet of procession meanders feebly through a wilderness of mob. It is fortunate that the crowd is more entertaining than the show.

The Church has a very indifferent part in this ceremonial. It does nothing more than celebrate a Mass in the shade of the dark cypresses in the Place of Loyalty, and then leaves the field clear to the secular power. But this is the only purely civic ceremony I ever saw in Spain. The Church is lord of the holidays for the rest of the year.

In the middle of May comes the feast of the ploughboy patron of Madrid, — San Isidro. He was a true Madrileño in tastes, and spent his time lying in the summer shade or basking in the winter sunshine, seeing visions, while angels came down from heaven and did his farm chores for him. The angels are less amiable nowadays, but every true child of Madrid reveres the example and envies the success of the San Isidro method of doing business. In the process of years this lazy lout has become a great Saint, and his bones have done more extensive and remarkable miracle-work than any equal amount of phosphate in existence. In desperate cases of sufficient rank the doctors throw up the sponge and send for Isidro's urn, and the drugging

having ceased, the noble patient frequently recovers, and much honor and profit comes thereby to the shrine of the Saint. There is something of the toady in Isidro's composition. You never hear of his curing any one of less than princely rank. I read in an old chronicle of Madrid, that once when Queen Isabel the Catholic was hunting in the hills that overlook the Manzanares, near what is now the oldest and quaintest quarter of the capital, she killed a bear of great size and ferocity; and doubtless thinking it might not be considered lady-like to have done it unassisted, she gave San Isidro the credit of the lucky blow and built him a nice new chapel for it near the church of San Andres. If there are any doubters, let them go and see the chapel, as I did. When the allied armies of the Christian Kings of Spain were seeking for a passage through the hills to the Plains of Tolosa, a shepherd appeared and led them straight to victory and endless fame. After the battle, that broke the Moorish power forever in Central Spain, instead of looking for the shepherd and paying him handsomely for his timely scout-service, they found it more pious and economical to say it was San Isidro in person who had kindly made himself flesh for this occasion. By the great altar in the Cathedral of Toledo stand side by side the statues of Alonso VIII., the Christian commander, and San Isidro brazenly swelling in the shepherd garb of that unknown guide who led Alonso and his chivalry through the tangled defiles of the Sierra Morena.

His fête is the Derby Day of Madrid. The whole town goes out to his Hermitage on the further banks of the Manzanares, and spends a day or two of the soft spring weather in noisy frolic. The little church stands on a bare brown hill, and all about it is an improvised village consisting half of restaurants and the other half of toy-shops. The principal traffic is in a pretty sort of glass whistle which forms the stem of an artificial rose, worn in the button-hole in the intervals of

tooting, and little earthen pig-bells, whose ringing scares away the lightning. There is but one duty of the day to flavor all its pleasures. The faithful must go into the oratory, pay a penny, and kiss a glass-covered relic of the Saint which the attendant ecclesiastic holds in his hand. The bells are rung violently until the church is full; then the doors are shut and the kissing begins. They are very expeditious about it. The worshippers drop on their knees by platoons before the railing. The long-robed relic-keeper puts the precious trinket rapidly to their lips; an acolyte follows with a saucer for the cash. The glass grows humid with many breaths. The priest wipes it with a dirty napkin from time to time. The multitude advances, kisses, pays, and retires, till all have their blessing; then the doors are opened and they all pass out,—the bells ringing furiously for another detachment. The pleasures of the day are like those of all fairs and public merry-making. Working people come to be idle, and idle people come to have something to do. There is much eating and little drinking. The milk-stalls are busier than the wine-shops. The people are gay and jolly, but very decent and clean and orderly. To the east of the Hermitage, over and beyond the green cool valley, the city rises on its rocky hills, its spires shining in the cloudless blue. Below on the emerald meadows there are the tents and wagons of those who have come from a distance to the *Romeria*. The sound of guitars and the drone of peasant songs come up the hill, and groups of men are leaping in the wild barbaric dances of *Iberia*. The scene is of another day and time. The Celt is here, lord of the land. You can see these same faces at *Donnybrook Fair*. These large-mouthed, short-nosed, rosy-cheeked peasant-girls are called *Dolores* and *Catalina*, but they might be called *Bridget* and *Kathleen*. These strapping fellows, with long simian upper lips, with brown leggings and patched, mud-colored overcoats, that are leaping and swing-

ing their cudgels in that *Pyrrhic* round are as good *Tipperary* boys as ever mobbed an agent or pounded, twenty to one, a landlord to death. The same unquestioning, fervent faith, the same superficial good-nature, the same facility to be amused, and at bottom the same cowardly and cruel blood-thirst. What is this mysterious law of race which is stronger than time, or varying climates, or changing institutions? Which is cause, and which is effect, race or religion?

The great Church holiday of the year is *Corpus Christi*. On this day the Host is carried in solemn procession through the principal streets, attended by the high officers of state, several battalions of each arm of the service in fresh bright uniforms, and a vast array of ecclesiastics in the most gorgeous stoles and chasubles their vestiary contains. The windows along the line of march are gayly decked with flags and tapestry. Work is absolutely suspended, and the entire population dons its holiday garb. The *Puerta del Sol*—at this season blazing with relentless light—is crowded with patient *Madrileños* in their best clothes, the brown-cheeked maidens with flowing silks as in a ball-room, and with no protection against the ardent sky but the fluttering fan they hold in their ungloved hands. As everything is behind time in this easy-going land, there are two or three hours of broiling gossip on the glowing pavement before the Sacred Presence is announced by the ringing of silver bells. As the superb structure of filigree gold goes by, a movement of reverent worship vibrates through the crowd. Forgetful of silks and broadcloth and gossip, they fall on their knees in one party-colored mass, and, bowing their heads and beating their breasts, they mutter their mechanical prayers. There are thinking men who say these shows are necessary; that the Latin mind must see with bodily eyes the thing it worships, or the worship will fade away from its heart. If there were no cathedrals and masses, they say, there would be no

religion ; if there were no king, there would be no law. But we should not accept too hurriedly this ethnological theory of necessity, which would reject all principles of progress and positive good, and condemn half the human race to perpetual childhood. There was a time when we Anglo-Saxons built cathedrals and worshipped the king. Look at Salisbury and Lincoln and Ely ; read the history of the growth of parliaments. There is nothing more beautifully sensuous than the religious spirit that presided over those master works of English Gothic ; there is nothing in life more abject than the relics of the English love and fear of princes. But the steady growth of centuries has left nothing but the outworn shell of the old religion and the old loyalty. The churches and the castles still exist. The name of the king still is extant in the Constitution. They remain as objects of taste and tradition, hallowed by a thousand memories of earlier days, but, thanks be to God who has given us the victory, the English race is now incapable of making a new cathedral or a new king.

Let us not in our safe egotism deny to others the possibility of a like improvement.

This summery month of June is rich in saints. The great apostles, John, Peter, and Paul, have their anniversaries on its closing days, and the shortest nights of the year are given up to the riotous eating of fritters in their honor. I am afraid that the progress of luxury and love of ease has wrought a change in the observance of these festivals. The feast of midsummer night is called the Verbena of St. John, which indicates that it was formerly a morning solemnity, as the vervain could not be hunted by the youths and maidens of Spain with any success or decorum at midnight. But of late years it may be that this useful and fragrant herb has disappeared from the tawny hills of Castile. It is sure that midsummer has grown too warm for any field work. So that the Madrileños may be pardoned for spending

the day napping, and swarming into the breezy Prado in the light of moon and stars and gas. The Prado is ordinarily the promenade of the better classes, but every Spanish family has its John, Paul, and Peter, and the crowded *barrios* of Toledo and the Peñuelas pour out their ragged hordes to the popular festival. The scene has a strange gypsy wildness. From the round point of Atocha to where Cybele, throned among spouting waters, drives southward her spanking team of marble lions, the park is filled with the merry roysterers. At short intervals are the busy groups of fritter merchants ; over the crackling fire a great caldron of boiling oil ; beside it a mighty bowl of dough. The *buñolero*, with the swift precision of machinery, dips his hand into the bowl and makes a delicate ring of the tough dough, which he throws into the bubbling caldron. It remains but a few seconds, and his grimy acolyte picks it out with a long wire and throws it on the tray for sale. They are eaten warm, the droning cry continually sounding, "Buñuelos! Calientitos!" There must be millions of these oily dainties consumed on every night of the Verbena. For the more genteel revellers, the Don Juans, Pedros, and Pablos of the better sort, there are improvised restaurants built of pine planks after sunset and gone before sunrise. But the greater number are bought and eaten by the loitering crowd from the tray of the fritterman. It is like a vast *gitano*-camp. The hurrying crowd which is going nowhere, the blazing fires, the cries of the venders, the songs of the majos under the great trees of the Paseo, the purposeless hurly-burly, and above, the steam of the boiling oil and the dust raised by the myriad feet, form together a striking and vivid picture. The city is more than usually quiet. The stir of life is localized in the Prado. The only busy men in town are those who stand by the seething oil-pots and manufacture the brittle forage of the browsing herds. It is a jealous business, and requires the un-

divided attention of its professors. The *ne sutor ultra crepidam* of Spanish proverb is "Buñolero haz tus buñuelos," — Fritterman, mind thy fritters.

With the long days and cooler airs of the autumn begin the different fairs. These are relics of the times of tyranny and exclusive privilege, when for a few days each year, by the intervention of the Church, or as a reward for civic service, full liberty of barter and sale was allowed to all citizens. This custom, more or less modified, may be found in most cities of Europe. The boulevards of Paris swarm with little booths at Christmas-time, which begin and end their lawless commercial life within the week. In Vienna, in Leipzig, and other cities, the same waste-weir of irregular trade is periodically opened. These fairs begin in Madrid with the autumnal equinox, and continue for some weeks in October. They disappear from the Alcalá to break out with renewed virulence in the avenue of Atocha, and girdle the city at last with a belt of booths. While they last they give great animation and spirit to the street life of the town. You can scarcely make your way among the heaps of gaudy shawls and handkerchiefs, cheap laces and illegitimate jewels, that cumber the pavement. When the Jews were driven out of Spain, they left behind the true genius of bargaining. A nut-brown maid is attracted by a brilliant red and yellow scarf. She asks the sleepy merchant nodding before his wares, "What is this rag worth?" He answers with profound indifference, "Ten reals."

"Hombre! Are you dreaming or crazy?" She drops the coveted neck-gear, and moves on, apparently horror-stricken.

The chapman calls her back peremptorily: "Don't be rash! The scarf is worth twenty reals, but for the sake of Santísima Maria I offered it to you for half price. Very well! You are not suited. What will you give?"

"Caramba! Am I buyer and seller as well? The thing is worth three reals; more is a robbery."

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"Jesus! Maria! José! and all the family! Go thou with God! We cannot trade. Sooner than sell for less than eight reals I will raise the cover of my brains! Go thou! It is eight of the morning, and still thou dreamest."

She lays down the scarf reluctantly, saying, "Five?" But the outraged mercer snorts scornfully, "Eight is my last word! Go to!"

She moves away, thinking how well that scarf would look in the Apollo Gardens, and casts over her shoulder a Parthian glance and bid, "Six!"

"Take it! It is madness, but I cannot waste my time in bargaining."

Both congratulate themselves on the operation. He would have taken five, and she would have given seven. How trade would suffer if we had windows in our breasts!

The first days of November are consecrated to all the saints, and to the souls of all the blessed dead. They are observed in Spain with great solemnity; but as the cemeteries are generally of the dreariest character, bare, bleak, and most forbidding under the ashy sky of the late autumn, the days are deprived of that exquisite sentiment that pervades them in countries where the graves of the dead are beautiful. There is nothing more touching than these offerings of memory you see every year in Mont Parnasse and Père-la-Chaise. Apart from all beliefs, there is a mysterious influence for good exerted upon the living by the memory of the beloved dead. On all hearts not utterly corrupt, the thoughts that come by the graves of the departed fall like dew from heaven, and quicken into life purer and higher resolves.

In Spain, where there is nothing but desolation in grave-yards, the churches are crowded instead, and the bereaved survivors commend to God their departed friends and their own stricken hearts in the dim and perfumed aisles of temples made with hands. A taint of gloom thus rests upon the recollection and the prayer, far different from the consolation that comes with the free air and the sunshine, and the

infinite blue vault, where Nature conspires with revelation to comfort and cherish and console.

Christmas apparently comes in Spain on no other mission than that referred to in the old English couplet, "bringing good cheer." The Spaniards are the most frugal of people, but during the days that precede their Noche Buena, their Good Night, they seem to be given up as completely to cares of the commissariat as the most eupeptic of Germans. Swarms of turkeys are driven in from the surrounding country, and taken about the streets by their rustic herdsmen, making the roads gay with their scarlet wattles, and waking rural memories by their vociferous gobbling. The great market-place of the season is the Plaza Mayor. The ever-fruitful provinces of the South are laid under contribution, and the result is a wasteful show of tropical luxuriance that seems most incongruous under the wintry sky. There are mountains of oranges and dates, brown hillocks of nuts of every kind, store of every product of this versatile soil. The air is filled with nutty and fruity fragrance. Under the ancient arcades are the stalls of the butchers, rich with the mutton of Castile, the hams of Extremadura, and the hero-nourishing bull-beef of Andalusian pastures.

At night the town is given up to harmless racket. Nowhere has the tradition of the Latin Saturnalia been fitted with less change into the Christian calendar. Men, women, and children of the proletariat — the unemancipated slaves of necessity — go out this night to cheat their misery with noisy frolic. The owner of a tamborine is the equal of a peer; the proprietor of a guitar is the captain of his hundred. They troop through the dim city with discordant revel and song. They have little idea of music. Every one sings and sings ill. Every one dances, without grace or measure. Their music is a modulated howl of the East. Their dancing is the savage leaping of barbarians. There is no lack of coup-

lets, religious, political, or amatory. I heard one ragged woman with a brown baby at her breast go shrieking through the Street of the Magdalen,

"This is the eve of Christmas,
No sleep from now till morn
The Virgin is in travail,
At twelve will the child be born !"

Behind her stumped a crippled beggar, who croaked in a voice rough with frost and *aguardiente* his deep disillusion and distrust of the great : —

"This is the eve of Christmas,
But what is that to me?
We are ruled by thieves and robbers,
As it was and will always be."

Next comes a shouting band of the youth of Spain, strapping boys with bushy locks, crisp and black almost to blueness, and gay young girls with flexible forms and dark Arab eyes that shine with a phosphorescent light in the shadows. They troop on with clacking castanets. The challenge of the *mozos* rings out on the frosty air,

"This is the eve of Christmas,
Let us drink and love our fill !"

And the saucy antiphon of girlish voices responds,

"A man may be bearded and gray,
But a woman can fool him still !"

The Christmas and New-Year's holidays continue for a fortnight, ending with the Epiphany. On the eve of the Day of the Kings a curious farce is performed by bands of the lowest orders of the people, which demonstrates the apparently endless *naïveté* of their class. In every coterie of water-carriers, or *mozos de cordel*, there will be one found innocent enough to believe that the Magi are coming to Madrid that night, and that a proper respect to their rank requires that they must be met at the city gate. To perceive the coming of their feet, beautiful upon the mountains, a ladder is necessary, and the poor victim of the comedy is loaded with this indispensable "property." He is dragged by his gay companions, who never tire of the exquisite wit of their jest, from one gate to another until suspicion supplants faith in the mind of the neophyte, and the farce is over.

In the burgher society of Castile this night is devoted to a very different ceremony. Each little social circle comes together in a house agreed upon. They take mottoes of gilded paper and write on each the name of some one of the company. The names of the ladies are thrown into one urn, and those of the cavaliers into another, and they are drawn out by pairs. These couples are thus condemned by fortune to intimacy during the year. The gentleman is always to be at the orders of the dame and to serve her faithfully in every knightly fashion. He has all the duties and none of the privileges of a lover, unless it be the joy of those "who stand and wait." The relation is very like that which so astonished M. de Gramont in his visit to Piedmont, where the cavalier of service never left his mistress in public and never approached her in private.

The true Carnival survives in its naïve purity only in Spain. It has faded in Rome into a romping day of clown's play. In Paris it is little more than a busier season for dreary and professional vice. Elsewhere all over the world the Carnival gayeties are confined to the salon. But in Madrid the whole city, from grandee to cordwainer, goes with childlike earnestness into the enjoyment of the hour. The Corso begins in the Prado on the last Sunday before Lent, and lasts four days. From noon to night the great drive is filled with a double line of carriages two miles long, and between them are the landaus of the favored hundreds who have the privilege of driving up and down free from the law of the road. This right is acquired by the payment of ten dollars a day to city charities, and produces some fifteen thousand dollars every Carnival. In these carriages all the society of Madrid may be seen; and on foot, darting in and out among the hoofs of the horses, are the young men of Castile in every conceivable variety of absurd and fantastic disguise. There are of course pirates and Indians and Turks, monks, prophets, and kings, but the favorite costumes

seem to be the Devil and the Englishman. Sometimes the Yankee is attempted, with indifferent success. He wears a ribbon-wreathed Italian bandit's hat, an embroidered jacket, slashed buckskin trousers, and a wide crimson belt, a dress you would at once recognize as universal in Boston.

Most of the maskers know by name at least the occupants of the carriages. There is always room for a mask in a coach. They leap in, swarming over the back or the sides, and in their shrill monotonous scream they make the most startling revelations of the inmost secrets of your soul. There is always something impressive in the talk of an unknown voice, but especially is this so in Madrid, where every one scorns his own business, and devotes himself rigorously to his neighbor's. These shrieking young monks and devilkins often surprise a half-formed thought in the heart of a fair Castilian and drag it out into day and derision. No one has the right to be offended. Duchesses are called Tu! Isabel! by chin-dimpled school-boys, and the proudest beauties in Spain accept bonbons from plebeian hands. It is true, most of the maskers are of the better class. Some of the costumes are very rich and expensive, of satin and velvet heavy with gold. I have seen a distinguished diplomatist in the guise of a gigantic canary-bird, hopping briskly about in the mud with bedraggled tail-feathers, shrieking well-bred sarcasms with his yellow beak.

The charm of the Madrid Carnival is this, that it is respected and believed in. The best and fairest pass the day in the Corso, and gallant young gentlemen think it worth while to dress elaborately for a few hours of harmless and *spirituelle* intrigue. A society that enjoys a holiday so thoroughly has something in it better than the blasé cynicism of more civilized capitals. These young fellows talk like the lovers of the old romances. I have never heard prettier periods of devotion than from some gentle savage, stretched out on the front seat of a landau under the

peering eyes of his lady, safe in his disguise if not self-betrayed, pouring out his young soul in passionate praise and prayer; around them the laughter and the cries, the cracking of whips, the roll of wheels, the presence of countless thousands, and yet these two young hearts alone under the pale winter sky. The rest of the Continent has outgrown the true Carnival. It is pleasant to see this gay relic of simpler times, when youth was young. No one here is too "swell" for it. You may find a duke in the disguise of a chimney-sweep, or a butcher-boy in the dress of a Crusader. There are none so great that their dignity would suffer by a day's reckless foolery, and there are none so poor that they cannot take the price of a dinner to buy a mask and cheat their misery by mingling for a time with their betters in the wild license of the Carnival.

The winter's gayety dies hard. Ash Wednesday is a day of loud merriment and is devoted to a popular ceremony called the Burial of the Sardine. A vast throng of workmen carry with great pomp a link of sausage to the bank of the Manzanares and inter it there with great solemnity. On the following Saturday, after three days of death, the Carnival has a resurrection, and the maddest, wildest ball of the year takes place at the Opera. Then the sackcloth and ashes of Lent come down in good earnest and the town mourns over its scarlet sins. It used to be very fashionable for the genteel Christians to repair during this season of mortification to the Church of San Gines, and scourge themselves lustily in its subterranean chambers. A still more striking demonstration was for gentlemen in love to lash themselves on the sidewalks where passed the ladies of their thoughts. If the blood from the scourges sprinkled them as they sailed by, it was thought an attention no female heart could withstand. But these wholesome customs have decayed of late unbelieving years.

The Lenten piety increases with the lengthening days. It reaches its climax

on Holy Thursday. On this day all Spain goes to church: it is one of the obligatory days. The more you go, the better for you; so the good people spend the whole day from dawn to dusk roaming from one church to another, and investing an Ave and a Pater-Noster in each. This fills every street of the city with the pious crowd. No carriages are permitted. A silence like that of Venice falls on the rattling capital. With three hundred thousand people in the street, the town seems still. In 1870, a free-thinking cabman dared to drive up the Calle Alcalá. He was dragged from his box and beaten half to death by the chastened mourners, who yelled as they kicked and cuffed him, "Que bruto! He will wake our Jesus."

On Good Friday the gloom deepens. No colors are worn that day by the orthodox. The señoras appear on the street in funeral garb. I saw a group of fast youths come out of the jockey club, black from hat to boots, with jet studs and sleeve-buttons. The gayest and prettiest ladies sit within the church doors and beg in the holy name of charity, and earn large sums for the poor. There are hourly services in the churches, passionate sermons from all the pulpits. The streets are free from the painted haunters of the pavement. The whole people tastes the luxury of a sentimental sorrow.

Yet in these heavy days it is not the Redeemer whose sufferings and death most nearly touch the hearts of the faithful. It is Santísima Maria who is worshipped most. It is the Dolorous Mother who moves them to tears of tenderness. The presiding deity of these final days of meditation is Our Lady of Solitude.

But at last the days of mourning are accomplished. The expiation for sin is finished. The grave is vanquished, death is swallowed up in victory. Man can turn from the grief that is natural to the joy that is eternal. From every steeple the bells fling out their happy clangor in glad tidings of great joy. The streets are flooded once more with

eager multitudes, gay as in wedding garments. Christ has arisen! The heathen myth of the awakening of nature blends the old tradition with the new gospel. The vernal breezes sweep the skies clean and blue. Birds are pairing in the budding trees. The streams leap down from the melting snow of the hills. The brown turf takes a tint of verdure. Through the vast frame of things runs a quick shudder of teeming power. In the heart of man love and will mingle into hope. Hail to the new life and the ever-new religion! Hail to the resurrection morning!

John Hay.

NO RING.

WHAT is it that doth spoil the fair adorning
 With which her body she would dignify,
 When from her bed she rises in the morning
 To comb, and plait, and tie
 Her hair with ribbons colored like the sky?

What is it that her pleasure discomposes
 When she would sit and sing the sun away,—
 Making her see dead roses in red roses,
 And in the dewfall gray
 A blight that seems the world to overlay?

What is it makes the trembling look of trouble
 About her tender mouth and eyelids fair?
 Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart beat double,
 Without the mother's prayer,
 And her wild fears are more than she can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new powers are given,
 Not only with a golden tongue to sing,
 But still to make her wavering way toward heaven
 With undiscerning wing;
 But what to her doth her sick sorrow bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps overturning,
 And her flesh shrinks, as if she felt the rod;
 For, 'gainst her will, she thinks hard things concerning
 The everlasting God,
 And longs to be insensate, like the clod.

Sweet Heaven, be pitiful! rain down upon her
 The saintly charities ordained for such;—
 She was so poor in everything but honor,
 And she loved much,—loved much!
 Would, Lord, she had thy garment's hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart within her,
 The woman's heart, denied its natural right,
 That made her be the thing men call a sinner,
 Even in her own despite.
 Lord, that her judges might receive their sight!

Alice Cary.

THE AMPEZZO PASS AND THE HOUSE OF THE STAR
OF GOLD.

OUR month's voyage of Venice had come to an end. We had said so many times to each other in the mornings "We must go," that the meaningless declaration had come to be received with bursts of laughter, and nobody dared say it any more. Nevertheless it was true: people who meant to summer in the Tyrol must not spend the whole of June in Venice. Silent, sad, beautiful Venice, how did our eyes cling to thy spires, as looking backward from the railway carriage we saw them slowly go down in the pale water. That one can leave Venice by rail seems the most incredible thing in life. At the first turn of the wheels and snort of the engine we began to doubt whether the city had been real; the first sight of green land was bewildering; and when at the first station we saw wheeled carriages waiting for people, we were struck dumb. What a gigantic and agile creature did the horse appear! and what a marvel of beautiful solidity the level earth, brown under foot, and full of locust hedges and pink-blossomed trees! It is no small proof of the subtle spell of that wonderful city of water and stone, slowly sinking at anchor, that one month's life on its bosom is enough to make all other living seem unnatural.

We even felt dull misgivings about the Tyrol, and the dolomite mountains of the grand Ampezzo Pass through which we were to reach it. Nevertheless, "Ampezzo Pass" was so stamped upon our whole bearing, that, as soon as we stepped out of the carriage at Conegliano, we were taken possession of by screaming vetturini, each man of whom possessed the very best carriage and the very best horses, and was himself the very best guide in Conegliano! O the persistence, the superhuman persistence, of an Italian with a hope of money! Into the inn, into our very

bedchamber, followed the man who spoke loudest and fastest.

Sixty francs a day! O, that was very little. The ladies would not find any other man to go for so small a price. And his horses! If we could but see his horses!

How energetic grew our Italian! We would not give sixty francs a day, and we wished to be alone. The dilemma became embarrassing. Women, even if they be American, even if they be three in number, cannot put a man out of a room by main force; but at last moral force prevailed, and he went surlily away. We took counsel; it was nearly dark; we wished to begin our journey early the next morning; no doubt this vetturino would inform his fellows, and they would combine and agree; but sixty francs a day was a most exorbitant price for a carriage and two horses; we would not pay it; we could go by rail to Innspruck, and give up the Ampezzo Pass. Sadly the two who knew least Italian set forth on errand of research among other vetturini. There is surprising advantage sometimes in conducting such bargains in a language which you do not understand. Armed with a few simple phrases stating time, sum, distance, and obstinately reiterating them, ignorance will sometimes conquer by virtue of its very incapacity.

We had barely crossed the threshold of the inn, when the same fierce-mouthed man sprang upon us.

"Go away. We do not want you. We will not take you."

Go away, indeed! as well dismiss our shadow! Bowing, gesticulating, falling back, and then overtaking, all the while talking like a macaw, he kept on all sides of us, that man of Conegliano. At last he surrendered. That is, he said meekly, "What will the ladies give?"

The moment he said that we knew the day was ours. Now came my hour of success. I glibly said my lesson, "Forty francs a day. No more!"

A voluble reply ten minutes long, with heart-rending gestures.

"I do not understand Italian. Forty francs a day. No more."

Fifteen minutes more of volubility, appealing grimace, and gesture.

"I do not understand one word! Forty francs a day. No more!"

Our man fell. He would go for forty francs a day, this father of a family who had assured us with streaming eyes that his children would die of hunger if he went for less than sixty!

Once having accepted our terms, he was abjectly our servant.

"Show us your horses!" Meekly he led the way to his stables. With as knowing look as we could assume we scrutinized the lean black horse and dingy white horse which were walked up and down before us.

"O, they can trot. Yes, yes, Signora!" and lashing them with the halter's end he ran them up and down the hill at a good pace.

Triumphantly we led our conquered vassal back to the hotel; the story of our victory was received incredulously by the friend whom we had left behind; and who, speaking Italian as fluently as she speaks English, had vainly met the wordy extortioner on his own ground with his own weapons. The contract was signed; supper and bed and night passed, and at seven o'clock next morning, sunniest of Saturdays, we were off. Giacomo, the driver, looked like a Barnstable fisherman: thin, wiry, light blue eyes, pale brown hair, and scanty red whiskers. "O, how came you over here?" thought we as he jumped up and took the reins.

The whole country seemed on the broad laugh. So bright, so green were flower and leaf and field; waving locust hedges, full of morning-glories; and everywhere wide stretches of vineyards, in which the vines were looped

across from tree to tree, looking like an array of one-legged dancers.

Lunch at Santa Croce, a town which has a lake, and beech-woods and glimpses of the far-off dolomite peaks. In the distance we could see a misty fringe of solid green, high up in the air. It was the top of the great beech forest, from which the Venice arsenal gets wood for its oars and masts and gun-carriages. Ninety miles in circuit is this government forest, full of game, and with an isolated plateau in its centre, where the keepers and officials live. This would not be of especial moment to know, except that it is said that Titian used to go there to learn how trees grow, and that he spent three months in this neighborhood drawing the background for his "Flight into Egypt."

After lunch I walked on in advance of the carriage. A man and woman who were working in a vineyard on the right sent their little baby to beg of me. I do not know why I remember that baby as I do no other child in all Italy. She was literally a baby, certainly not more than two years old; she was beautiful, yet not more beautiful than scores of Italian babies; but she was shy as a wild thrush; she absolutely could not take a step towards me if she looked at me. So she clasped her two little inches of hands tight over her eyes, and crept on, in the middle of the dusty road, more and more slowly, till at last she stood still, two yards off; then taking one sly peep at me through her fingers, she instantly shut them down again tighter than ever and stood there, kicking up little clouds of dust with her bare toes, the most irresistible blind beggar I ever saw.

It is of no consequence to anybody that the name of the town where we slept that night was Longarone. If only journeys could be told and the names of towns left out, how marvellously improved stories of travel would be. But whoever sleeps at Longarone will remember it always, the dark, frightened, poverty-stricken look-

ing little town which huddles in such bare hollows of mountain and rock. The dismal inn, also, they will never forget: rooms so huge that lights cannot light them; two stalking high beds in every bedroom; and on the mouldy walls of the great dining-room ghastly pictures of Bible characters in giant size, — the Queen of Sheba leading up to Solomon, on his throne, a procession of black boys loaded down with pumpkin-shaped jewels; Samson with his head in the lap of Delilah, who brandishes aloft at least two pounds of coarse black hair; and Pharaoh's daughter receiving Moses in a knife-tray, while his mother stands in full sight knee-deep in water on the opposite side of the river.

The Ampezzo road, just beyond Longarone, enters the country of Cadore, the country of Titian. No wonder they were strong in fight, the Cadorini, and loyal of soul. To be born in such mountain fastnesses, to climb such precipices, to breathe such air, and to see such flowers, at once, could not fail to make souls both strong and sweet.

A strange hopelessness almost holds me back from the attempt to speak of that day's journey through the Ampezzo Pass: they who have not seen it will not believe; they who have seen it will smile that one should try to put such shapes in words. Possibly geologists can tell what a dolomite mountain is; how and why it is so seamed, so jagged, so wrought into castle and battlement and obelisk and cathedral-front; beautiful and terrible and graceful and grotesque; by turns, all at once; in sunlight, in shadow, at noon, at night; shifting and changing tint with every breath of wind or cloud on its surfaces: but to common men's eyes, these dolomite ranges are as unlike all other mountain forms as is Cellini's carved work to market-place pottery.

They seem like supernatural architecture gleaming out of supernatural realms in upper air. There are spires and minarets and bell-towers and tur-

rets and colonnades and wrought walls; that they are ten, twelve, thirteen thousand feet away, that no human foot can scale them, no living earthly thing abide among them, only makes their distinct semblance of palace and church and city the more uncanny. And when, as often happens, a sudden wreath of cloud or fantastic growth of moss changes some scarred and lined rock into giant likeness of human face, it becomes still harder not to believe that they are tenanted by beings not of flesh and blood. One such face we saw, which never took its eye off us for miles. Even sharp turns in the road made no change in it, except to draw the gray hood of fir closer round its cheeks and to make it look more and more weird.

These startling and fantastic mountain shapes hedged us, walled us, seemed to marshal themselves to oppose us, all the way from Longarone to Tai Cadore. In spite of ourselves we were overawed. If the sun had not shone gayly and the peasants had not whistled and sung, I think we might have been afraid. But every little village was astir with work, and babies were, everywhere; we met low two-wheeled wagons filled with hay, slowly pulled along by donkeys, while the driver slept on his back; wagons loaded heavily with beech and pine boards, and drawn by oxen which looked like gigantic maltese kittens with horns. The meadows were green with a greenness so shining that it seemed to blaze; whole fields were solid mosaics of color, with red and blue and yellow and white flowers. Little chapels were perched up on apparently inaccessible heights, above every village. "Why do they put the chapels so high up, Giacomo?" said I. "It must be very hard to climb to them."

"Ah, Signora, the air is holier there," replied the Barnstable fisherman.

At Perarollo, the river Boita, and the river Piave, and the huge dolomite Antelao, eleven thousand feet high, all join hands to close up the Ampezzo Pass. This is perhaps the most pic-

turesque spot of the road. The rivers force the mountains back a little, and the sun pours in ; high up on all sides are small plateaus of green pasture ; the village is built into every niche of foothold it can find, and is full of pretty summer-houses of brown and yellow wood. On each river are lumber-mills, and the glistening logs are rolling and drifting down on both sides.

Three times this wonderful Ampezzo road winds across the front of the Antelao before it can venture to turn it ; it seems to cling to the mountain's side like an elastic ladder of stone, a perfect miracle of engineering. We were hours climbing slowly back and forth on that dolomite wall, tacking, like a ship in contrary winds. From the first tier of the road we looked up to the other two, hanging above our heads ; from the upper, we looked down into Perarollo, and could see no trace of the road by which we had come.

At last we fairly rounded the mountain, and, turning back again into the valley of the Boita, saw the village of Tai Cadore shining before us. In an hour we had reached the little inn. But a guest had arrived before us, sudden, unannounced. His unwelcome presence filled every room. As Giacomo, with a ludicrous affectation of effort, reined in his only too willing horses, a man came running out of the house with significant gestures exclaiming, "Do not stop, do not stop ; the padrone lies dying." He was the padrone's son, and his eyes were red from crying. A crowd of peasants stood about the door and in the hall ; the little dingy windows of the room on the left hand of the door were darkened by heads rising one above the other, but all motionless. No doubt it was in that very room that the poor landlord lay, drawing his last breaths with unnecessary difficulty in the close air made still closer by such crowding in of friends and neighbors. I was struck by the oneness of the look which death's presence brings on faces of simple-hearted, solitary people

all the world over. These men of Cadore were earlier on the spot than it is the custom in Maine or New Hampshire for neighbors to gather ; but I have seen at many a New England funeral just such a silent, eager circle of men standing around the door through which the dead must be borne, and looking and listening with a weird sort of alert solemnity which seems not wholly sorry for the occasion.

It was a most opportune moment for us, however, which this good soul had selected for his dying. Nothing for the reluctant Giacomo and the nerveless horses to do but to take us a mile and a half off the route for dinner and rest, at Pieve di Cadore. Pieve di Cadore ! the very place we had had at heart ever since we left Venice, and which we had had many misgivings about being able to see, while Giacomo rested his horses at Tai. At Pieve di Cadore "Il divino Tiziano" was born in 1477 ; at Pieve di Cadore he lived till he was ten years old ; to Pieve di Cadore he returned year after year, for love of his kindred, men, and mountains. There, after the death of his wife, in 1530, he took refuge with his three motherless little children ; and during this visit he painted, on a banner for the village church, a picture of three little children giving flowers to a Madonna seated on a throne.

There, in 1560, he came again, old, but not bent, and bearing the titles of Count of the Empire and Knight of the Golden Spur.

There also he would have fled, in 1576, when the plague was sweeping Venice ; but, brave and strong to the last, he delayed going until an edict had been issued forbidding the departure of any citizen from Venice. So in Venice he died, ninety-nine years old, alone, forsaken even by his servants ; and the pestilence which had taken his life thwarted his purpose even after his death, for none dared carry his body — as he had willed, and left order for its burial — to Pieve di Cadore.

They buried it in haste in the church

of the Frari, in Venice, dropping into the grave the knightly insignia which the Emperor had given to the painter; and for nearly half a century no stone marked the spot where the insignia lay turning to dust, and the dust lay turning into insignia of those mysterious things "which shall be."

"No one ever goes to the inn at Pieve di Cadore," said the displeased Giacomo, with a shrug.

"Why then is it an inn?" said we with sharp logical retort, inwardly blessing the conjunction of our star with the dying landlord's at Tai, and not caring whether we could dine or not, in an inn on a street where the little boy Tiziano Vecellio had played.

But the inn was an inn, and the dinner not so bad that I remember it. I shall never forget, though, how it was cooked; in big iron pots, swung from derricks of cranes, above a big bonfire, built on a big stone platform, raised up in a sort of bay-window chimney, filling one whole side of the kitchen; benches to right of the bonfire, benches to left of the bonfire; benches and bonfire all in the chimney bay-window; and people sitting on the benches, I among them, with feet at the bonfire; and all the while the great iron pots boiling and steaming and bobbing their covers, among and above our feet; the landlady reaching over and among our shoulders, and sticking in ladles and pokers here and there. If she had knocked off my hat, at any minute, it would have seemed the most natural thing in the world; merely taking off my cover and the beef's at once, lest we should boil to pieces.

She told us with pride how a deaf and dumb English artist had stayed with her for two months, had walked all over the Cadore country, and had carried away a box full of most beautiful pictures which he had painted. "Poor gentleman, there was not much else he could do, since he could neither speak nor hear." "He was the sweetest gentleman." "Never made any trouble." "Lived on polenta chiefly." "All the children knew him and used to follow

him when he went off to paint." And so she ran on, adding adjective after adjective in the sweet Italian superlatives, which are so silver smooth in their endings that there seems far less of exaggeration in them than in the harsher measures of more and most in other tongues. It was plain that the poor lonely deaf-mute had won for himself warm place in the village heart. His speechless language was a universal one; and perhaps, after all, he stood less helpless among the people than we did with our stammer of poor Italian.

After dinner we followed a thread of path down sharp terraces, and behind houses, into a meadow which one must cross to reach the ruins of the Castle of Cadore. The Castle was a castle so late as 1809. Now it is a ruin, and the ugly village church, they say, was built out of its stones. But it is far better as it is, — a great gateway tower, high battlements, several lengths of crumbling wall, and a high square tower in the middle. From its heights must be magnificent view of the valleys of the Piave and the Boita, and the grand mountain masses of dolomite in all directions. But we did not see this view; we climbed no hill; we asked for no castle; we knelt in the meadow among the flowers. The path was so narrow that two could not pass, unless one stepped out; but to step out was like stepping into spicy sea. No foot could fall there without crushing more flowers than it would be easy to count, and the mere brushing by of garments stirred fragrance heavy like incense. We were speechless; we could not believe; the mosaic fields of bloom we had seen on our way were dull and scanty. Then we said, "O, no doubt the legend is true, that Titian, when he was only eleven years old, painted with juices of flowers a picture of the Madonna; this is the field where he picked the flowers; and these are the same reds and blues and yellows which he used." Up and down in the meadow we went, picking flowers in the sort of frantic haste with which

in dreams or in fairy stories men snatch enchanted gold in caves or palaces of wizards. If the meadow had melted away of a sudden, and left us empty-handed in a dusty place, I think it would have been less startling than it grew to be, to see each slope and hollow lying minute after minute unaltered, undiminished in color, while we filled our hands over and over again with flowers whose shapes and whose tints were all new to us. By the reckoning of clocks we were not in that meadow more than twenty minutes; but we carried out of it thirty-two different kinds of flowers which no one of us had ever seen before. Besides these there were dozens more, which we did not pick, because we knew them, — clovers, and gentians, and ladies'-tresses, and buttercups, and columbines, and bellworts, and meadow-rue, and shepherd's-purse. We never saw such spot again. It is part of my creed that there is no other such spot in the world, and I call it Titian's Meadow.

It is but a few moments' walk from this meadow to the house where he was born. It is a poor little cottage, low and black and smoky; an old woman, who looked as if she might be a hundred or a thousand years old, was hobbling and mumbling about in the kitchen, over just such a stone platform of cooking-stove as we had left in the inn. She was used to receiving visitors in the name of Titian, and had a glib string of improbable story at her tongue's end. The huge rafters overhead were burned and smoked into blacks and yellows and browns, which were stronger witness to centuries than any words could give; and an old stone fountain in front of the house, presided over by a nameless, featureless stone saint, plashed away into an eight-sided stone basin; a very dirty little boy was sailing a chip in it; probably he looked not unlike another little boy who sailed chips in it four hundred years ago, and whose name now gives honor to the cottage walls in this inscription: "Within these

humble walls Tiziano Vecelli began his celebrated life."

Titian is more honored by this inscription than by the full-length painting of him, which stretches up and down on the bell-tower of the Pretura. Anything uglier than the Pretura is seldom seen, and the ambitious Cadorini have made bad matters worse by stuccoing the building from top to bottom and painting it in imitation of old stone. But they carefully refrained from disturbing the picture of Titian, and there it still stands in giant hideousness; a man apparently twelve feet high, and weighing five or six hundred, swathed from neck to ankles in a stiff robe of bright blue, which has so little semblance of fold or fulness that it looks less like a robe than like a huge blue sarcophagus into which the unhappy painter had sunk up to his ears; his left hand points to the "Casa Tiziano"; and at his side, on a table covered with a flagrantly gaudy cloth, lie his palette and brushes; behind the whole, a straight wall of sky, ten shades bluer than the blue robe, and if possible more unnatural. The continued existence of this picture is proof that spirits do not revisit this earth; or at any rate cannot make use of physical machinery to accomplish material ends in this atmosphere. Wherever Titian is to-day, he has not forgotten his beloved Cadore, and he would not let this colossal abomination look down into that piazza another night, if he could help himself.

From the Pretura to the church through the Sunday crowds of smiling people; women with short, dark blue gowns and white or gay handkerchiefs tied in the Albanian fashion over their heads; men with higher hats, symptom of the nearing Tyrol; children rosy and fat and merry, — comforting contrast to the pallid little ones of Venice. No soul, old or young, but looked at us with straight, curious, friendly gaze; they are off the common routes of travel, the Cadorini, and are all the friendlier and nicer for it. The old sexton knew very well, however, as

soon as we crossed the threshold of the church, what we would see ; and it was with great pride that he drew the curtain from the group of family portraits under name of Madonna and Saints, which hangs in the chapel of the Vecellio family, and which Titian painted.

There seems odd mixture of reverence for earth and irreverence for heaven in the way the masters painted portraits of wives and nephews for Madonnas and Saints. In this picture, "San Tiziano" the patron saint of the Vecelli kneels on the right hand of the Madonna. He is, however, only Titian's nephew Marco, and the Madonna is Titian's wife ; while Titian's uncle Francesco figures, by help of a cross on his shoulder, as St. Andrew, and in one corner Titian himself appears as a sober acolyte. A more comfortable and domestic-looking family group was never photographed under name of Smith or Jones. Except that the little baby curled up in the mother's lap is naked, there seems nothing unnatural (or supernatural) about their all happening to be there together just at that minute.

There is another of Titian's pictures here, said to have been painted when he was only twenty years old. This also is of a Madonna and Saints ; there were a few other pictures which the sexton pressed us to see, a Pordenone, he said, and a Palma Vecchio ; but we liked the open air of the market-place and the sight of the mountains better. Stands and wagons of fruit and silk handkerchiefs and chickens and earthen pipkins filled the corners. Cadore is a rough country, and gives small reward to them that farm it, but it has always been famous for fruits. Even in the thirteenth century there came to be a proverb,

"Cadore and Feltre for apples and pears,
Serravalle for swords."

The clouds began to gather and wheel among the crags of the dolomite mountains. They were ten thousand feet up in air, to be sure, and miles away to north and west and south ;

but they meant rain, — rain close upon us, violent, pelting, driving rain. These were such sudden gatherings and massings of clouds as Titian had watched and studied and carried away in memory, and reproduced, when, living on the serene, soft, gliding level of Venice, he threw into so many of his pictures marvellous backgrounds of sharp, abrupt mountain outlines with clouds circling round their summits. Doubtless Venetian critics who had not been in Cadore found these mountain backgrounds unnatural and impossible. Certainly a faithful drawing of the weird and fantastic dolomites would seem simply grotesque caricature to one who had never seen them. Even a photograph would seem incredible.

The peaks of Marmarolo and Duranno disappeared ; great sheets of mist came driving down, blotting out even the castle ; blotting out also every trace of content and good-humor upon Giacomo's face. This small addition to his prescribed route had been too much for his philosophy, and our delays had finally piled the last feather on the camel's back of his patience. Perhaps, however, we were unjust ; perhaps he knew even better than we did the feebleness of the spectral horses which drew us slowly out of Pieve di Cadore in that streaming rain ; it was an uncanny atmosphere ; all shapes seemed lost ; and then, again, all shapes seemed to loom and quiver and dance ; the black horse looked white, and the white horse did not seem to be there, though we heard his languid footfalls.

"Shut up the carriage, Giacomo," said we. "It is of no use to keep it open in such a blinding storm."

Quickly and silently he roofed us over with the ill-smelling leather flap ; and as silent as he, and, almost as sullenly, — shall I confess ? — we took that stifling afternoon's journey to Cortina d' Ampezzo. We seemed driving in the teeth of sudden winter ; the rain changed to sleet and the wind howled ; the jagged peaks of dolomite thrust

themselves here and there out of the clouds as if they were being hurled at us by invisible giants. It was nearly eight o'clock when we drove into the little piazza of Cortina d' Ampezzo. Suddenly we halt. In the stormy twilight a woman has run across the road, and almost taken our horses by the head. "Are these the American ladies? Then they are to come to our inn. Their friends are awaiting them there."

This was one of the sisters Barbara, who keep the "House of the Star of Gold"; and lest by any ill chance we might go to the rival inn, she had been watching the Cadore road all the afternoon.

O, how beamed the pleasant English faces which smiled our welcome in that low doorway! and how crackled the fire in the kitchen where two sisters Barbara, with high-crowned black hats on their heads, were washing dishes; one sister Barbara was picking feathers off tiny birds; another sister Barbara was piling up our bags and bundles on her brawny arms; another sister Barbara was asking what we would have for supper; and a fifth sister Barbara was standing in the hall looking on: five sisters Barbara! and they have kept the "Albergo Stella d' Oro" for many years, without any help from man.

Presently appeared a sixth sister Barbara, but she was a fine lady of quite other style. She was Barbara no longer, having married a young German engineer, a clever fellow who had had charge of that part of the Ampezzo road between Cortina d' Ampezzo and Cadore; and, staying at the "Star of Gold," had found a wife among his landladies. This sister wore a silk gown and a show of jewelry, had been with her husband to Rome and Venice, and was now summering at Cortina, like any other lady of means. But she was far less interesting than her guileless sisters, who had never been out of the village in which they were born, and who shared all the work of the inn, even the hardest and most

menial, with a sisterly good-will and good-cheer which were beautiful to see.

The two who wore black hats like common peasants, and who drudged all day in the low basement kitchen and outhouses, seemed as happy and loving as the others, who were much better dressed, and who cared for the rooms, waited at table, kept accounts, etc.

One of these was a woman who would have been an artist if she had not been an innkeeper and lived in Cortina. It was pathetic to see how this poor soul had found outlet for her artistic impulse in works of worsted and crochet cotton. The "best room" of the "Star of Gold" was decorated with her handiwork,—full long curtains of knit lace at the windows and over the bed; a counterpane of the same lace; a full draping for the toilet-table; and crocheted covers for all the chairs. The patterns were all singularly graceful and pretty. Lifting the chair covers, we found, to our astonishment, that the chair bottoms were all most elaborately worked in gay worsteds on cloth. Then we said to one of the sisters, "How pretty these things are. Did you make them?"

Her plain old face lit up with pleasure. "O no; my sister Anita made them all. She does most beautiful work, sister Anita. She shall show you." And, running out, she called Anita, who came shyly but with pleasure; poor, brown, withered, simple old maiden woman, whose one joy had been to fashion these gay flowers. She brought in her hand pieces of black and brown broadcloth, enough for half a dozen chairs and two crickets, most elaborately embroidered.

The patterns were stiff, and the colors not always good.

"We have to take what we can get, here in this poor place," said sister Anita; "sometimes I think, if I could go myself to Brixen, I could surely find prettier patterns, but I must send always. *Are* there not prettier patterns?" she asked with pathetic

eagerness. Could any human heart have been flinty enough not to equivocate in reply to this question of this poor hungry soul? Then when she found that we were so interested in her work, and admired it so heartily, she darted away and returned presently with great wreaths and bunches of worsted flowers, — lilies and poppies and gentians and pinks, and long ivy vines, made upon wires, and really beautiful. These were to decorate the house with on festa day; she had many drawers full of them; had enough to decorate the whole house, "till it looked like garden!" And no one had ever taught her to make them; she had picked the flowers in the field, she said, and set them up in a glass before her, and copied them as nearly as she could. "Why do you not make up these chairs and crickets?" we thoughtlessly asked; "they are too pretty to be laid away in a drawer."

Anita replied that she was too poor; it would take much money. But Anita did not tell the truth. I saw in her cheek another story, written in red, as indeed it might well be, — the story which had in it a hope deferred, perhaps lost forever. Poor Anita, she is old and ugly. I am afraid the embroidered chairs will never grace a wedding-feast.

Next morning we looked out on snow; everywhere fine feathery dust of snow; thin rims of ice in the stone fountain before the inn, and solid masses of white on the sides of the mountains. But the first hour of sun melted it all off the meadows, and left the flowers brighter than ever, glistening as after a heavy dew. Tiny white lilies not two inches long nor more than eight inches from the ground, and low gentians of a blue like the blue of lapis-lazuli, — these were growing everywhere; we filled our hands with them within five minutes' walk of the inn. Later in the day the German engineer brought in a bouquet which he had gathered farther up on the hills of such flowers as we had seen at Pieve di Cadore; twenty-four different kinds in

that bouquet, all colors, all shapes, all fragrances!

There is one shoemaker in Cortina d'Ampezzo. His shop is in an upper chamber, about eight feet square. There I found him sitting on a low seat, with a leathern apron, and spectacles way down his nose, holding a shoe wrong side up between his knees, and sewing away like any old man in Lynn. I sat down gravely in front of him, held out a morocco bow in one hand and a tattered American boot in the other, and asked if he could sew the bow on the boot. He was a German, but the apparition of my boot was too much for even his phlegm; he turned it over and over and over. A boot that buttoned he had never seen; I showed him my button-hook; his amazement deepened; he buttoned and unbuttoned the boot with it, grunting out thicker and thicker, "Jas, jas," at every turn of the instrument. Finally he set about the sewing on of the bow. The door opened; more men of Cortina came in; they had seen me go up; they scented adventure; one, two, three; the room grew very hot; the button-hook was passed about; the three men turned it up and down, and looked at me. I could not understand a dozen words they said. It was very embarrassing. The time came to put on my boot; the shoemaker leaned forward to see how I did it; the three men of Cortina crowded around and stooped down to see how I did it; a sense of the ludicrous helplessness of my situation so overcame me that I broke out into a genuine laugh, which, improper as it might have been, seemed to put me quite at my ease again, and I displayed to the good souls the mechanism of button-hook, button, and button-hole as complacently as if I had been a vender of the patent. Then they all four accompanied me to the door, and bade me good morning with the reverence due to the owner of such mysterious boots. But I resolved not to take off my boots again in Tyrolese shoe-shops!

How bitterly we regretted the igno-

rant haste in which we had, at Conegliano, pledged ourselves to ask but one day's rest at Cortina d' Ampezzo. We would gladly have stayed with the sisters Barbaria a week ; we comforted ourselves by air castles of another summer in which we would come again and stay a month, bringing with us them whom we most loved. Hopefully the elder sister made it clear to us that she would welcome us as guests for a month, at seven francs a day. A month, face to face with those wonderful pink and yellow and gray and white and salmon-colored mountains of dolomite ! A month of those flowers ! Thirty times as many as we had picked that day ; and dear soft brown eyes which we knew, to light up with joy at sight of all we could bring ! What a dream it was ; on what shore does it stand now, pale in its death, but transfigured in its resurrection among other sweet things which we dare to call lost, when they have only gone before !

The dining-room windows of the "Star of Gold" are filled with geraniums ; not "plants," not "bushes," as we commonly see, but trees, — trees tall, branching, sturdy, and bearing flowers as apple-trees bear apples ; blossoms scarlet and rose-pink, and marvellous white with purple and crimson markings. Lavishly the elder sister gathers them for departing guests ;

and we drove off in the early afternoon, each of us with a big bunch in our lap.

We were not yet at the summit of the Pass. Hours more of slow climbing among larches and pines and rocks and flowers ; at last the larches disappeared, then the pines ; nothing was left but stunted firs. On a dark icy plateau at the very top of the Pass we came suddenly upon a great field of blue forget-me-nots ; just beyond that, a silent lake which must be unfathomable, to look so black ; and then we began to go slowly down, down the other side ; soft wooded slopes, and valleys of grain, and a look of thrift. We felt almost like dodging, as if we were pelted with pebbles, when the German gutturals first began to fly in the air. We forgot the German for "chicken," and fell back on "Kut-kut ka-da-kut," which is language for "chicken" all the world over. We shuddered at sight of the huge effigies of the dead Christ, at corners of the roads ; we found the men surly, and women and men alike hideous, and hideously alike ; we no longer thought the horses too slow ; we grudged each mile that they took us farther from Italy. Each of us had left half her heart in Venice, and the other half in the "House of the Star of Gold," with the sisters Barbaria.

H. H.

ROUNDEL.

I.

LADY, though my love looks timidly,
Daring not to shape in words your name,
Yet for that you cannot give me blame.

For I love you, lady, faithfully,
Yet my love is silent all the same ;
Lady, though my love looks timidly,
Daring not to shape in words your name,
Yet for that you cannot give me blame.

Since I love you so devotedly,
 All words to express this love are tame,
 You are worthy of so sweet a fame ;
 Lady, though my love looks timidly,
 Daring not to shape in words your name,
 Yet for that you cannot give me blame.

II.

Shall I sing your beauty or my love ?
 Which is greater, that I cannot say,
 Both increase, it seems to me, each day.

Both are gifts from Heaven that is above ;
 Beauty will depart, love e'er shall stay ;
 Shall I sing your beauty or my love ?
 Which is greater, that I cannot say,
 Both increase, it seems to me, each day.

But since love shall ne'er from me remove,
 Though your beauty may have passed away,
 Still that beauty shall I see alway ;
 Shall I sing your beauty or my love ?
 Which is greater, that I cannot say,
 Both increase, it seems to me, each day.

III.

Is it since your goodness is so rare,
 That in all the world I only see
 Your sweet presence e'er surrounding me ?

First I loved you, seeing you so fair,
 Caring not what else, love, you might be ;
 Is it since your goodness is so rare,
 That in all the world I only see
 Your sweet presence still surrounding me ?

Sweetness, truth, have you ; for these I care,
 Yet were all these things fore'er to flee,
 Fiend or angel, I should love but thee ;
 Not because your goodness is so rare
 Is it that I must forever see
 Your fair face through all eternity.

Fred. W. Loring.

THE GIANT IN THE SPIKED HELMET.

I THINK I saw the caricature first in Munich at the end of July, then in two or three Swiss cities, then in Paris at the end of August, then in Brussels and London ; for it was popular, and the print-shops had it everywhere. It was a map of Europe where the different countries were represented by comical figures, each meant to hit off the peculiarities of the nation it stood for, according to popular apprehension. For Prussia there was an immense giant, one of whose knees was on the stomach of Austria represented as a lank figure utterly prostrate, while the other foot threatened to crush Southwestern Germany. One hand menaced France, whose outline the designer had managed to give rudely in the figure of a Zouave in a fierce attitude ; and the other was thrust toward Russia, a huge colossus with Calmuck dress and features. The most conspicuous thing in the giant's dress was a helmet with a spike projecting from the top, much too large for the head of the wearer, and therefore falling over his eyes until they were almost blinded by it. The style of the helmet was that of the usual head-dress of the Prussian soldier. The caricature generally was not bad, and I thought the hit at Prussia, half crushed and blinded under the big helmet, particularly good. Throughout her whole history Prussia is either at war, or getting ready for war, or lying exhausted through wounds and recovering strength. In Prussia you find things of pugnacious suggestion always, and in the most incongruous connections. Study the schools, and you will find something to call up the soldier. Study the church, and even there is a burly polemic quality which you can trace back from now to the time when the Prussian bishops were fighting knights. Study the people in their quietest moods, in their homes, among their recreations,

indeed, among the graves of those they honor as the greatest heroes, and you will find the same overhanging shadow of war. This predominant martial quality shows itself in ways sometimes brutal, sometimes absurd, sometimes sublime.

I visited Prussia at a time of entire peace, for at my departure I crossed the frontier (or that of the North German Confederation, the whole of which, for convenience' sake, we will call Prussia) on the very day when King William was shouldering aside so roughly at Ems Benedetti and the famous French demands. The things to which I gave attention for the most part were the things which belong to peace ; yet as I arrange my recollections I find that something military runs through the whole of them. As one's letters when he has read them are filed away on the pointed wire standing on the desk, so as regards my Prussian experiences everything seems to have been filed away on the spike of a helmet.

Going out early one May morning to get my first sight of Berlin, I stood presently in a broad avenue. In the centre ran a wide promenade lined with tall, full-foliaged trees, with a crowded roadway on each side bordered by state-ly buildings. Close by me a colossal equestrian group in bronze towered up till the head of the rider was on a level with the eaves of the houses. The rider was in cocked hat, booted and spurred, the eye turned sharp to the left as if reconnoitring, the attitude alert, life-like, as if he might dismount any moment if he chose. In the distance down the long perspective of trees was a lofty gate supported by columns, with a figure of Victory on the top in a chariot drawn by horses. Close at hand again, under the porch of a square strong structure, stood two straight sentinels. An officer passed in a carriage on the farther side of the

avenue. Instantly the two sentinels stepped back in concert as if the same clock-work regulated their movements, brought their shining pieces with perfect precision to the "present," stood for an instant as if hewn from stone, the spiked helmets above the blond faces inclining backward at the same angle, then precisely together fell into the old position. The street was "Unter den Linden." The great statue was the memorial of Frederick the Great. The gate down the long vista was the Brandenburger Thor, surmounted by the charioted Victory which Napoleon carried to Paris after Jena and which came back after Waterloo. The solid building was the palace of iron-gray old King William; and when the clock-work sentinels went through their salute, I got my first sight of that famous Prussian discipline, against which before the summer was through supple France was to crush its teeth all to fragments, like a viper that has incautiously bitten at a file.

There never was a place with aspect more military than Berlin even in peaceful times. In many quarters tower great barracks for the troops. The public memorials are almost exclusively in honor of great soldiers. There are tall columns, too, to commemorate victories or the crushing out of revolutionary spirit; rarely, indeed, in comparison, a statue to a man of scientific or literary or artistic eminence. Frederick sits among the tree-tops of Unter den Linden, and about his pedestal are life-size figures of the men of his age whom Prussia holds most worthy of honor. At the four corners ride the Duke of Brunswick and cunning Prince Heinrich, old Ziether and fiery Leydlitz. Between are a score or more of soldiers of lesser note, only soldiers, spurred and sabre-girt, — except at the very back; and there, just where the tail of Frederick's horse droops over, stand — whom think you? — no other than Lessing, critic and poet, most gifted and famous; and Kant, peer of Plato and Bacon, one of the most gifted brains of all time. Just

standing room for them among the hoofs and uniforms at the tail of Frederick's horse! Every third man one meets in Berlin is a soldier off duty. Batteries of steel guns roll by at any time, obedient to their bugles. Squadrons of Uhlans in uniforms of green and red, the pennons fluttering from the ends of their lances, ride up to salute the king. Each day at noon, through the roar of the streets, swells the finest martial music; first a grand sound of trumpets, then a deafening roll from a score of brazen drums. A heavy detachment of infantry wheels out from some barracks, ranks of strong brown-haired young men stretching from sidewalk to sidewalk, neat in every thread and accoutrement, with the German gift for music all, as the stride tells with which they beat out upon the pavement the rhythm of the march, dropping sections at intervals to do the unbroken guard duty at the various posts. Frequently whole army corps gather to manœuvre at the vast parade-ground by the Kreuzberg in the outskirts. On Unter den Linden is a strong square building, erected, after the model of a Roman fortress, to be the quarters of the main guard. The officers on duty at Berlin come here daily at noon to hear military music and for a half-hour's talk. They come always in full uniform, a collection of the most brilliant colors, hussars in red, blue, green, and black, the king's body-guard in white with braid of yellow and silver, in helmets that flash as if made from burnished gold, crested with an eagle with outspread wings. The men themselves are the handsomest one can see; figures of the finest symmetry and stature, trained by every athletic exercise, and the faces often so young and beautiful! Counts and barons are there from Pomerania and old Brandenburg, where the Prussian spirit is most intense, and no nobility is nobler or prouder. They are blue-eyed and fair-haired descendants perhaps of the chieftains that helped Herman overcome Varus, and whose names may be found five hundred years back

among the Deutsch Ritters that conquered Northern Europe from heathendom, and thence all the way down to now, occurring in martial and princely connection. It is the acme of martial splendor.

"But how do you bear it all?" you say to your Prussian friend, with whom you stand looking on at the base of Bülow's statue. "Is not this enormous preparation for bloodshed something dreadful? Then the tax on the country to support it all, the withdrawing of such a multitude from the employments of peace?" Your friend; who has been a soldier himself, answers: "We bear it because we must. It is the price of our existence, and we have got used to it; and, after all, with the hardship come great benefits. Every able-bodied young Prussian must serve as a soldier, be he noble or low-born, rich or poor. If he cannot read or write, he must learn. He must be punctual, neat, temperate, and so gets valuable habits. His body is trained to be strong and supple. Shoemaker and banker's son, count, tailor, and farmer, march together, and community of feeling comes about. The great traditions of Prussian history are the atmosphere they breathe, and they become patriotic. The soldier must put off marrying, perhaps half forget his trade, and come into life poor; for who can save on nine cents a day, with board and clothes? But it is a wonder if he is not a healthy, well-trained, patriotic man." So talks your Prussian; and however much of a peace-man you may be, you cannot help owning there is some truth in it. If you buy a suit of clothes, the tailor jumps up from his cross-legged position, prompt and full-chested, with tan on his face he got in campaigning; and it is hard to say he has lost more than he gained in his army training. Go into a school; the teacher, with a close-clipped beard and vigorous gait, who has a scar on his face from Königgrätz, seems none the worse for it, though he may have read a few books the less and lost his student pallor. At any rate, bad or good,

so it is; and so, says the Prussian, it must be. Eternal vigilance and preparation! I went in one day to the arsenal. The flags which Prussian armies had taken from almost every nation in Europe were ranged against the walls by the hundred; shot-shattered rags of silk, white standards of Austria embroidered with gold, Bavaria's blue checker, above all the great Napoleonic symbol, the N surrounded by its wreath. This was the memorable tapestry that hung the walls, and opposite glittered the waiting barrels and bayonets till one could almost believe them conscious, and burning to do as much as the flint-locks that won the standards. There was a needle-gun there or somewhere for every able-bodied man, and somewhere else uniform and equipments. When I landed in February on the bank of the Weser, the most prominent object was the redoubt with the North German flag. When in midsummer I crossed the Bavarian frontier among a softer people, the last marked object was the old stronghold of Coburg, battered by siege after siege for a thousand years. It was the spiked helmet at the entrance and again at the exit; and from entrance to exit, few places or times were free from some martial suggestion. It is a nation that has come to power mainly through war, and been schooled into the belief that its mailed fists alone can guaranty its life.

I visited a primary school. The little boys of six came all with knapsacks strapped to their backs for their books and dinners, instead of satchels. At the tap of a bell they formed themselves into column and marched like little veterans to the school-room door. I visited a school for boys of thirteen or fourteen. Casting my eyes into the yard, I saw the spiked helmet in the shape of the half-military manœuvres of a class which the teacher of gymnastics was training for the severer drill of five or six years later. I visited the "prima," or upper class of a gymnasium, and here was the spiked helmet in a connection that seemed at first

rather irreverent. After all, however, it was only thoroughly Prussian, and deserved to be looked upon as a comical incongruity rather than gravely blamed. A row of cheap pictures hung side by side upon the wall. First Luther, the rougher characteristics of the well-known portrait somewhat exaggerated. The shoulders were even larger than common. The bony buttresses of the forehead over the eyes, too, as they rose above the strong lower face, were emphasized, looking truly as though, if tongue and pen failed to make a way, the shoulders could push one, and, if worse came to worst, the head would butt one. Next to Luther was a head of Christ; then in the same line, with nothing in the position or quality of the pictures to indicate that the subjects were any less esteemed, a row of royal personages, whose military trappings were made particularly plain. It was all characteristic enough. The Reformer's figure stood for the stalwart Protestantism of the Prussian character, still living and militant in a way hard for us to imagine; the portraits of the royal soldiers stood for its combative loyalty, ready to meet anything for king and fatherland; and the head of Christ for its zealous faith, which, however it may have cooled away among some classes of the people, is still intense in the nation at large. I visited the best school for girls in Berlin, and it was singular among those retiring maidens even to find the spiked helmet, and this time not hung upon the wall nor outside in the yard. The teacher of the most interesting class I visited—a class in German literature—was a man of forty-five, of straight, soldierly bearing, a gray, martial mustache, and energetic eye. He told me, as we walked together in the hall, waiting for the exercise to commence, that he had been a soldier, and it so happened that among the ballads in the lesson for that day was one in honor of the Prussian troops at Rossbach. Over this the old soldier broke out into an animated lecture, which grew more and more earnest as he went forward; how the idea

of faithfulness to duty had become obscured, but was enforced again by the philosopher Kant in his teaching, and then brought into practice by the great Frederick. The veteran plainly thought there was no duty higher than that owed to the *schwarzer Adler*, the black eagle of Prussia. Then came an account of the French horse before Rossbach; how they rode out from Weimar, the troopers, before they went, ripping open the beds on which they had slept and scattering the feathers to the wind to plague the housewives,—a piece of ruthlessness that came home thoroughly to the young housekeepers; then how *der alter Fritz*, lying in wait behind Janus Hill, with General Leydlitz and Field-marshal Keith, suddenly rushed out and put them all to rout. The soldier was in a fever of patriotism and rage against the French before his description was finished, and the faces of the girls kindled in response. "They will some time," I thought, "be lovers, wives, mothers of Prussian soldiers themselves, and this training will keep alive in the home the national fire."

Admirable schools they all were, the presence of the spiked helmet notwithstanding, and crowning them in the great Prussian educational system come the famous universities. That at Berlin counts its students by thousands, its professors by hundreds. There is no branch of human knowledge without its teacher. One can study Egyptian hieroglyphics or the Assyrian arrow-head inscriptions. A new pimple can hardly break out on the blotched face of the moon, without a lecture from a professor next day to explain the theory of its development. The poor earthquakes are hardly left to shake in peace an out-of-the-way strip of South American coast or Calabrian plain, but a German professor violates their privacy, undertakes to see whence they come and whither they go, and even tries to predict when they will go to shaking again. The vast building of the University stands on Unter der Linden, opposite the palace of the king. Large as it is, its halls are

crowded at the end of every hour by the thousand or two of young men, who presently disappear within the lecture-rooms. Here in past years have been Hegel and Fichte, the brothers Grimm, the brothers Humboldt, Niebuhr, and Carl Ritter. Here now are Lepsius and Curtius, Virchow and Hoffman, Ranke and Mommsen, — the world's first scholars in the past and present. The student selects his lecturers, then goes day by day through the semester to the plain lecture-rooms, taking notes diligently at benches which have been whittled well by his predecessors, and where he too most likely will carve his own autograph and perhaps the name of the dear girl he adores, — for Yankee boys have no monopoly of the jackknife. I met face to face some of the great scholars who give glory to the University to-day, — Lepsius, one Sunday afternoon in his garden, a hale, straight man of sixty, with an abundance of white hair brushed away from a fine forehead, a ruddy, healthful, smooth-shaven face, and the keen eyes looking from behind spectacles that have learned so shrewdly to decipher the difficult record Sesostriis and the Pharaohs have left on obelisk and pyramid; Ranke, the great historian of the Popes, of the Reformation, of Prussia, still diligent in his seventy-fifth year. I saw in his study Theodor Mommsen, historian of Rome, a man great like Niebuhr, and in the front rank of the scholars of all time. He came forward, a thin figure, from his books and manuscripts, to greet the stranger, hardly past fifty, and yet bent as if with the weight of great erudition; a pale cheek, a dark eye, not quenched at all by study; a profusion of black hair, which has in part turned gray, over a good head. His voice seemed thin and weak, though under excitement it becomes strong enough. The meagre form spoke of constant toil and seclusion, and one could see what it cost to be great in his direction. His manner was somewhat stiff, but polite. He paid a high tribute to the historian Bancroft, Minister at

Berlin, saying it was not often men so worthy and scholarly were found in diplomatic positions. He spoke with interest of the honor about to be done to Bancroft by the University of Göttingen. Fifty years ago, the ambassador received there his degree of Doctor. A deputation of professors was to come to Berlin from Göttingen, a grand festivity to be held, and the degree to be renewed. He spoke cordially of America, in spite of the Cæsarism expressed in his history; and when I hinted at some of our shortcomings, said hopefully, the future belonged to us, and all would come right in time. In the midst of the talk three pretty children came laughing and dancing into the room to bid their father good night. They were plainly on the most familiar terms with him. He kissed them with pride and pleasure, the light in his fine eyes becoming playful. While the sunbeam was shining, I left the student's dusty den, with its disordered piles of books, its heaps of manuscripts, its casts and plates of Roman antiques.

Where can one find the spiked helmet in the midst of the scholastic quiet and diligence of a German university? It is visible enough in more ways than one. Here is one manifestation. Run down the long list of professors and teachers in the *Anzeige*, and you will find somewhere in the list the *Fechtmeister* instructor in fighting, master of the sword exercise, and he is pretty sure to be one of the busiest men in the company. To most German students, a sword, or *Schläger*, is as necessary as pipe or beer-mug; not a slender fencing-foil, with a button on the point, and slight enough to snap with a vigorous thrust, but a stout blade of tempered steel, ground sharp. With these weapons the students perpetrate savageries, almost unrebuked, which strike an American with horror. Duels are of frequent occurrence, taking place sometimes at grounds and on days regularly set apart for the really bloody work. The fighters are partially protected by a

sort of armor, and the wounds inflicted are generally more ghastly than dangerous ; though a son of Bismarck's is said to have been nearly killed at Bonn a few years ago, and there is sometimes serious maiming. Perhaps one may say it is nothing but very rough play, but it is the play of young savages, whose sport is nothing to them without a dash of cruel rage. The practice dates from the time when the Germans wore wolf-skins, barbarians roaring in their woods. Perhaps the university authorities find it too inveterate a thing to be done away with ; perhaps, too, they feel, thinking as it were under their spiked helmets, that after all it has a value, making the young men cool in danger and accustoming them to weapons. We, after all, cannot say too much. Often our young American students in Germany take to the schläger as gracefully and naturally as game-cocks to spurs. The most noted duellist at one of the universities last winter was a burly young Westerner, who had things at first all his own way. A still burlier Prussian from Tübingen, however, appeared at last, and so carved our valiant borderer's face, that hereafter with its criss-cross scars it will look like a well-frequented skating-ground.

To crown all, the schools and University at Berlin are magnificently supplemented in the great Museum, a vast collection where one may study the rise and progress of civilization in every race of past ages that has had a history, and the present condition of perhaps every people, civilized or wild, under the sun. In one great hall you are among the satin garments and lacquered furniture of China ; in another it is the seal-skin work of the Esquimaux stitched with sinew. Now you sit in a Tartar tent, now among the war-clubs, the conch-shell trumpets, the drums covered with human skin of the Polynesians. Here it is the feathery finery of the Caribs, here the idols and trinkets of the negroes of Soudan. There too, in still other halls, is the history of our own race ; the maces

the Teutons and Norsemen fought with, the torcs of twisted gold they wore about their necks, the sacrificial knives that slew the victims on the altars of Odin ; so, too, what our fathers have carved and spun, moulded, cast, and portrayed, until we took up the task of life. In another place you find the great collection made in Egypt by Lepsius. The visitor stands within the fac-simile of a temple on the banks of the Nile. On the walls and lotus-shaped columns are processions of dark figures at the loom, at the work of irrigation, marching as soldiers, or mourners at funerals, — exact copies of the original delineations. There are sphinx and obelisk, coffins of kings, mummies of priest and chieftain, the fabrics they wore, the gems they cut, the scrolls they engrossed, the tomb in which they were buried. Stepping into another section, you are in Assyria, with the alabaster lions and plumed genii of the men of Nineveh and Babylon. The walls again are brilliant, now with the splendor of the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar ; the captives building temples, the chivalry sacking cities, the princes on their thrones. Here too is Etruria revealed in her sculpture and painted vases ; and here too the whole story of Greece. Passing through these wonderful halls, you review a thousand years and more, almost from the epoch of Cadmus, through the vicissitudes of empire and servitude, until Constantinople is sacked by the Turks. The rude Pelasgic altar, the sculptured god of Praxiteles, then down through the ages of decay to the ugly painting of the Byzantine monk in the Dark Ages. So too the whole history of Rome ; the long heave of the wave from Romulus until it becomes crested with the might and beauty of the Augustan age ; the sad subsidence from that summit to Goth and Hun. There is architecture which the eyes of the Tarquins saw, there are statues of the great consuls of the Republic, the luxury of the later Empire. You see it not only in models, but sometimes in

actual relics. One's blood thrills when he stands before a statue of Julius Cæsar, whose sculptor, it is reasonable to believe, wrought from the life. It is broken and discolored, as it came from the Italian ruin where it had lain since the barbarian raids. But the grace has not left the toga folded across the breast, nor is the fine Roman majesty gone from the head and face, — a head small, but high, with a full and ample brow, a nose with the true eagle curve, and thin, firm lips formed to command; a statue most subduing in its simple dignity and pathetic in its partial ruin. And all this is free to the world as the air of heaven almost. No fee for admission; the only requisitions, not to handle, orderly behavior, and decent neatness in attire. Here I saw too, when I ascended the steps between the great bronze groups of statuary as I entered, and again the last thing as I left, the spiked helmet on the head of the stiff sentinel always posted at the door.

The German home is affectionate and genial. The American, properly introduced, is sure of a generous welcome, for it is hard to find a German who has not many relatives beyond the Atlantic. There are courteous observances which at first put one a little aback. Sneezing, for instance, is not a thing that can be done in a corner. If the family are a bit old-fashioned, you will be startled and abashed by hearing the "*prosits*" and "*Gesundheits*" from the company, wishes that it may be for your advantage and health sonorously given, with much friendly nodding in your direction. As you rise from the table it is the old-fashioned way, too, to go through with a general hand-shaking, and a wish to every one that the supper may set well. The Germans are long-lived, and almost every domestic hearthstone supports the easy-chairs of grandparents. Grandfather is often fresh and cheerful, the oracle and comforter of the children, treated with deference by those grown up, and presented to the guest as the central figure of the home. As

the younger ones drop off to bed and things grow quieter, grandfather's chair is apt to be the centre toward which all tend, and, of course, the old man talks about his youth. Here are the reminiscences I heard once at the end of a merry evening, and at other times I heard something not unlike: "Children and grandchildren and guest from over the sea, when I was a boy, Prussia was struggling with the first Napoleon; and when I was eighteen I marched myself under Blücher beyond the Rhine. Sometimes we went on the run, sometimes we got lifts in relays of wagons, and so I have known the infantry even to make now and then fifty miles a day. Matters were pressing, you see (*sehen Sie 'mal*). At last we crossed at Coblenz, and got from there into Belgium the first days of June. We met the French at Ligny, — a close, bitter fight, — and half my battalion were left behind there where they had stood. We were a few paces off, posted in a graveyard, when the French cavalry rode over old Marshal Vorwärts, lying under his horse. I saw the rush of the French, then the countercharge of the Prussian troopers, when they missed the General, and drove the enemy back till they found him again; though what it all meant we never knew till it was over. Then, after mighty little rest, we marched fast and far, with cannon-thunder in our ears in a constant mutter, always growing louder, until in the afternoon we came at a quickstep through a piece of woods out upon the plain by Waterloo, where they had been fighting all day. Our feet sucked in the damp ground, the wet grain brushed our knees, as our compact column spread out into more open order and went into fire. What a smoke there was about La Haye Sainte and Hogoumont, with now lines of red infantry, or a column in dark blue, or a mass of flashing cuirassiers, hidden for a moment, then reappearing! It was take and give, hot and heavy, for an hour or so about Planchenoit. A ball grazed my elbow and another went through my cap; but at sunset the

French were broken, and we swept after the rout as well as we could through the litter, along the southward roads. We were at a halt for a minute, I remember, when a rider in a chapeau, with a plume and a hooked nose underneath, trotted up, wrapped in a military cloak, and somebody said it was Wellington." Grandfather will be sure to be at a white heat before he has finished, and so, too, his audience. The athletic student grandson, with a deep scar across his cheek from a schälger cut, will rise and pace the room. The *Fräulein*, his sister, to whom the retired grenadier has told the story of the feather-beds at Weimar, will show in her eyes she remembers it all. "Yes, friend American!" breaks in the father of the family, "and it all must be done over again. Sooner or later it must come, a great struggle with France; the Latin race or the Teutonic, which shall be supreme in Europe? We are ready now; arsenals filled, horses waiting, equipments for everybody. Son Fritz there has his uniform ready, and somewhere there is one for me. *Donnerwetter!* If they get into Prussia, they'll find a tough old land-storm! Only let Vater Wilhelm turn his hand, and to-morrow close upon a million trained and well-armed troops could be stepping to the drum." It was a long evening at the end of June. Napoleon was having the finishing touches put to the new Opera House at Paris, thinking, so far as the world could tell, of nothing more important than how many imperial eagles it would do to put along the cornice. King William was packing for Ems, designing to be back at the peaceful unveiling of his father's statue the first week in August. Bismarck was at his Pomeranian estate, in poor health, it was said, plotting nothing but to circumvent his bodily trouble. In less than a month full-armed Prussia was on the march. I could understand the readiness, when I thought of the spiked helmet I had seen in the Prussian home that quiet summer night.

The German *Friedhof*, or burying-ground, has never the extent or magnificence of some American cemeteries. Even near the cities it is small and quiet, showing, however, in the well-kept mounds and stones there is no want of care. Every old church, too, is floored with the memorial tablets of those buried beneath, and bears upon walls and columns monuments in the taste of the various ages that have come and gone since the church was built. Graves of famous men, here as everywhere, are places of pilgrimage, and here as everywhere to see which are the most honored tombs, is no bad way of judging the character of the people. Among the scholars of Germany there have been no greater names than those of Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, brothers not far apart in the cradle, not far apart in death, who lived and worked together their full threescore years and ten. They were two wonderful old men, with faces — as I saw them together in a photograph shown me by Hermann Grimm, the well-known son of Wilhelm — full of intellectual strength, and yet with the sweetness and innocence of children. They lie now side by side in the Matthäi Kirchhof at Berlin, in graves precisely similar, with a lovely rose-bush scattering petals impartially on the turf above both, and solid twin stones at their heads, meant to endure apparently as long as their fame. Hither come a large and various company of pilgrims, — children who love the brothers Grimm for their fairy-tales, young students who have been kindled by their example, and gray old scholars who respect their achievements as the most marvellous work of the marvellous German erudition. The little North German city, Weimar, is closely associated with the great literary men of the last hundred years. Here several of them accomplished their best work under the patronage of an enlightened duke, and finally found their graves. An atmosphere of reverend quiet seemed to hang over it as I walked through its shaded streets, — streets where there

is never bustle, and which appear to be always remembering the great men who have walked in them. In the burying-ground in the outskirts I found the mausoleum of the ruling house, a decorated hall of marble with a crypt underneath in which are the coffins. The members of the Saxe-Weimar family for many generations are here; the warlike ancestor with his armor rusting on the dusty lid, grand-duke and duchess, and the child that died before it attained the coronet. But far more interesting than any of these are two large plain caskets of oak, lying side by side at the foot of the staircase by which you descend. In these are the bones of Goethe and Schiller. The heap of wreaths, some of them still fresh, which lay on the tops, the number on the coffin of Schiller being noticeably the larger, showed how green their memory had been kept in the heart of the nation. I was only one of a great multitude of pilgrims who are coming always, their chief errand being to see the graves of these famous dead within the quiet town. In the side of the Schloss Kirche, in the city of Wittenberg, is an old archway, with pillars carved as if twisted and with figures of saints overhead, the sharpness of the cutting being somewhat broken and worn away through time. It is the doorway which rang loud three hundred years ago to the sound of Luther's hammer as he nailed up his ninety-five theses. Within the church, about midway toward the altar and near the wall, the guide lifts an oaken trap-door and shows you beneath the slab which covers Luther's ashes. Just opposite, in a sepulchre precisely similar, lies Melanchthon, and in the chancel near by, in tombs rather more stately, the electors of Saxony that befriended the reformers. A spot worthy indeed to be a place of pilgrimage! attracting not only those who bless the men, but those who curse them. Charles V. and Alva stood once on the pavement where the visitor now stands, and the Emperor commanded the stone to be removed from the grave of Lu-

ther. Did the body turn in its coffin at the violation? It might well have been so, for never was there fiercer hate than went from them toward him and him toward them. For three centuries the generations have trooped hitherward, more often drawn in reverence, but sometimes through very hatred, a multitude too mighty to be numbered. But there is a grave in Prussia, where, if I mistake not, the pilgrims are more numerous and the interest, for the average Prussian, deeper than scholar or poet or reformer call out. The garrison church at Potsdam has a plain name and is a plain edifice, when one thinks of the sepulchre it holds. Hung upon the walls are dusty trophies; there are few embellishments besides. You make your way through the aisles among the pews where the regiments sit at service, marching from their barracks close by, then through a door beneath the pulpit enter a vault lighted by tapers along the wall. Two heavy coffins stand on the stone floor,—the older one that of Frederick William I., that despot, partially insane, perhaps, who yet accomplished great things for Prussia; the other that of his famous son, Frederick the Great, whose sword cut the path by which Prussia advanced to her great power. On the copper lid there formerly lay that sword, until the great Napoleon when he stood there, feeling a twinge of jealousy perhaps over the dead leader's fame, carried it away with him. Father and son lie quietly enough now side by side, though their relations in life were stormy. About the great soldier's sleep every hour rolls the drum-beat from the garrison close by. The tramp of the columns as they come in to worship jar the warrior's ashes. The dusky standards captured in the Seven Years' War droop about him. The hundred intervening years have blackened them, already singed in the fire of Zorndorf, Leuthen, and Torgau. The moth makes still larger the rent where the volleys passed. The spiked helmet is even here among the tombs; and schooled as the Prussians are

among the din of trumpets and smoke of wars, no other among the mighty graves in their land holds dust, in their thought, so heroic.

The Prussian church is a true church militant. There is an element of defiance and sternness in German Protestantism, brought down from old times, which never drops away. Many a German church has on its walls marks of the rapine of the Thirty Years' War. Many of the pulpits from which in the Reformation such hot resistance was preached are occupied by the ministers who give tone to the nation's present religious life. As churches and pulpits are the same, so the words of the preachers have much of the ancient spirit. Over the result of the Romish council I heard again and again last summer outbursts of most energetic protest. It was the fierce polemic fire of the fathers of Geneva and Dort, which has not even begun to smoulder in the lapse of time. In the midst of the public square in the old city of Worms, where Luther appeared at the famous diet, is the magnificent Luther memorial, one of the finest and most costly pieces of modern art, to erect which treasure was poured in from all Protestant Germany, in great part from Prussia. In the first place there is a broad square substructure of granite, along the border of which are set colossal statues of princes and scholars, and allegorical figures of cities famous in the Reformation. Coming from the outside to the centre you have the great heart of the thing. Five statues of bronze are grouped together on a base of polished sienite. Four of these represent the great forerunners, Huss, Wyckliffe, Peter Waldus, and Savonarola, the latter figure being particularly startling in its lifelike presentment. In the midst of all, from among the princes whose power shielded him, the scholars who held up his hands, and the mighty martyrs who died that the fulness of time might come and he and his work live, towers the colossal Luther. The statue is ten feet and a half high. A scholar's gown drapes it to

the feet, one of which is advanced. His clenched right fist is on the cover of a Bible he holds in his left arm. The head is bare, the face upturned, the lips parted. That giant Luther face! And beneath are cut the words which he uttered before the diet,—the heroic shout, some tone of which may have been borne in the air as far as the spot where the memorial now stands: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen." It is very, very grand, commemorating gloriously a most manly and consecrated warfare. To erect it coincided thoroughly with the spirit of Protestantism in Germany to-day. Two or three years since, at its dedication, an immense multitude came together, one of the largest Protestant gatherings of modern times, who, as they stood before the group, seemed to recognize in the spirit that filled the faces the antagonistic fire that burned in themselves. The speeches were fulminations full of the old thunder that fell on willing ears. There stood the bronze which the best genius of the land had made almost to live,—the princes with their swords, the brows of the scholars grown spare with earnest controversy, the hand of Savonarola eloquent with denunciation, and towering highest the great shoulders of Luther. There were the parted lips, the lines ploughed by spiritual struggle, the rugged brows, the clenched fist resting on the Bible, the figure braced back for a mighty shock, as if he saw in the air before him the range on range of mighty prelates and helmeted rulers, and in the background the stake and fagots. The masculine, resolute hostility toward the old enemy embodied in the memorial the vast multitude recognized as something that belonged to itself to a degree unabated; and so it is that one finds even the Prussian faith crowned with the spiked helmet.

To see Prussian recreations one must visit the pleasure-gardens. Every village has one at least, and the cities abound with them. The German summer as compared with ours is cool and

wet, and with our in-door habits such an exposure as the Germans practise could not be safely encountered. Every day in summer, however, when the weather is at all tolerable, the German family is more likely than not to be for some hours, perhaps until late in the evening, in the open air. The most famous gardens in Prussia are at the little city of Potsdam, just out of Berlin. They belong to the royal family, and contain several palaces and villas, but seem to be held by the sovereign only in trust for the benefit of the people. There is no weed in the beds, no break in the smooth, solid box massed into glistening hedges. Even the thickets are trained to be graceful, without losing the charm of wildness. Every breath is perfume. Everywhere bees hum and birds sing. In the early summer there are deep, sweet, intermittent warblings, the notes of the nightingales with which the gardens are filled. Perfect taste, perfect luxuriance, princely lavishness! hither throng the people, for all is freely thrown open. Nothing is required but orderly behavior, and a respect for such regulations as are necessary to keep the beauty unimpaired. Children play on the velvet lawns. Lovers sit in the arbors. The plain man of the people is there with his wife in company. The husband carries the baby, the wife leads the youngster just learning to walk. The rest of the wholesome, white-headed brood troop after. On one side you hear mirth or music, on the other the gurgle of the beery flood in which all Germany is steeped to the ears, poured out almost as lavishly as the water of the fountains.

In one of my visits to Potsdam I stood before the central door of the New Palace in these gardens. A cord supported on slight posts was drawn through a portion of the garden, running across green and thicket toward the palace, at the steps of which it finally ended; the light barrier serving as a hint to the public, it was desired the space beyond should be kept private. Looking over the cord into the part re-

served, I saw a groom in livery leading a pony which drew a low easy vehicle along the walk toward a side door of the palace. There it stopped, and presently a lady rather short and stout, in a light summer dress and mantle, with an easy hat, came out of the palace and took her seat in the vehicle. The appearance of the lady was so simple I did not think of her being a distinguished personage, until people near me said it was the Crown Princess. Just as the lady took her seat a group of pretty children came running from the trees near, accompanied by two or three ladies and a gentleman, their governesses and a tutor. One little princess in white ran to the carriage with a bouquet which she pressed upon her mother. The whole group bounded up, a prince running forward to pat the pony. The Crown Princess welcomed all with a most motherly smile on her good, not handsome face; and I felt that all the creditable things I had heard of her might easily be true,—of her kindness to the poor, her interest in important reforms, her pursuit of difficult branches of study, with all her maternal cares. But now in the midst of the peace and beauty of the garden stood forth—what but the spiked helmet, in the shape of a tall athletic man in the fullest vigor of his years, in an undress uniform of dark green set off with red! His face was fair, the lower part covered with a thick brown beard, the eyes blue, the whole mien quiet, simple, manly. He wore on his head a plain red-banded cap, which he touched with soldierly dignity to the tutor and the governesses as they passed by him with the children into the palace. He stood erect and quiet a moment by the carriage; then presently the pony moved forward, still led by the groom. The lady spread her parasol. The soldier walked at her side, keeping pace with the pony's progress, until presently the party disappeared among the garden-walks. It was the Crown Prince Frederick William. Seven hundred years ago his ancestor Conrad, the younger son of a

family of some rank, but quite undistinguished, riding down from the little stronghold of Hohenzollern in Swabia, with nothing but a good head and arm, won favor with the Emperor Barbarossa and became at last Burggraf of Nuremberg. I saw the old castle in which this Conrad lived and his line after him for several generations. It rises among fortifications the plan for which Albert Dürer drew, with narrow windows in the thick masonry of the towers, the battlements worn by the pacing to and fro of sentinels in armor, and an ancient linden in the court-yard, planted by an empress a thousand years ago it is said, with as green a canopy to throw over the tourist to-day as it threw over those old Hohenzollerns. Conrad transmitted to his descendants his good head and strong arm, until at length becoming masters of Baireuth and Anspach, they were Margraves and ranked among important princes. Their seat now was at Culmbach, in the great castle of the Plessenburg. I saw one May morning the gray walls of the old nest high on its cliff at the junction of the red and white Main, threatening still, for it is now a Bavarian prison. The power of the house grew slowly. In one age it got Brandenburg, in another the great districts of Ost and West Prussia; now it was possessions in Silesia, now again territory on the Rhine. Power came sometimes through imperial gift, sometimes through marriage, sometimes through purchase or diplomacy or blows. From poor soldiers of fortune to counts, from counts to princes, from princes to electors, and at last kings. Sometimes they are unscrupulous, sometimes feeble, sometimes nobly heroic and faithful; more often strong than weak in brain and hand. The Hohenzollern tortoise keeps creeping forward in its history, surpassing many a swift hare that once despised it in the race. I believe it is the oldest princely line in Europe. There is certainly none whose history on the whole is better. Margraf George of Anspach-Baireuth was perhaps the

finest character among the Protestant princes of the Reformation, without whom the good fight could not have been fought. When Charles V. besieged Metz in the winter (which, with Lorraine, had just been torn from Germany by the French), and was compelled by the cold to withdraw, it was a Hohenzollern prince, one of the first soldiers of the time, who led the rear-guard over ground which another Hohenzollern, Prince Frederick Charles, has again made famous. Later, in Frederick the Great, the house furnished perhaps the firmest hand that ever held a royal sceptre.

Standing on the University steps, looking across Unter den Linden, it is a common sight to see the gray head of old King William, as he rises from his table for a minute, and looks out good-naturedly on his subjects passing in the street. He is every inch a king in his look and bearing. His face has in it benevolence and force, and few men have a finer physique. He is of towering stature, the red facings of his uniform expanded by a most noble chest. He bows with stately courtesy to return the salute of his humblest subject. It is not his brain, to be sure, that is planning now such greatness for Prussia, nor his that has guided the enormous forces of his kingdom, as they fall in thunderbolts, now upon Austria, now upon France. He is, moreover, too much of an autocrat to suit an American, perhaps a bit of a bigot; but there is a sound heart in the king's breast and a fair share of the soldierly energy of his ancestors. It is not yet time to say what the son will be. In the garden at Potsdam he seemed like a man full of reserved power. In those days he was so quiet and devoted as a father and husband, that he was in danger of becoming unpopular, as too weakly domestic. But hardly a month from that time, the easy man I had seen keeping pace with the pony, sheltered by his wife's parasol, at Wörth and Weissembourg had applied nitro-glycerine to French prestige. Yet he is not a soldier through choice.

"I do not like war," he is reported to have said in the midst of his victories; "and if I am ever king, I shall never make war." He has other than war-like accomplishments. It was my good fortune to exchange a few words with and touch the hand of the great Greek scholar Curtius, who had the care of his education in his youth. The prince has the culture that comes from classic training, as well as the knowledge and discipline necessary to guide affairs.

The morning after the news of the rupture with France I stood under an archway in the palace of the Austrian Emperor at Vienna. Through the archway passed a street of the city; for the immense building occupies such a position that ways are broken through it to accommodate the public traffic. One of the brilliantly dressed guards always on duty came running and passed the word to a comrade that something was about to happen, I could not understand what. Immediately after, an open carriage, drawn by four fine gray horses, drove rapidly up. It passed so near me, that, as I stood in the archway, I was obliged to press close against the wall to save my feet from the wheels. Four men in uniform sat in the carriage, one of whom, on the back seat, I recognized at once, from his pictures, as the Emperor Francis Joseph II. He was wrapped in a military cloak, for the morning was rainy. His face was good, but refined rather than strong; his figure rather slight. The impression made was of elegance, not vigor. The carriage rolled forward. I heard instantly after the roll of drums, and caught sight through the archway of a line of troops in uniform of blue and white, with the flag of Austria in the midst of them, drawn up to salute. The Emperor disappeared within the palace to arrange no doubt the terms of that neutrality which it was understood within the week he would observe during the struggle.

A week later I had reached Munich, and went one evening to the royal opera house to hear the "Rheingold" of Wagner. The building is one of

the most perfect of its kind in the world. The scene was brilliant, as the great decorated spaces were filled. Suddenly the crowd sprang to their feet, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting "Hoch! Hoch!" the German cheer. It happened to be the evening of the day Bavaria decided to take part in the war. The king had just entered, and I was about to see an ovation rendered by the enthusiastic audience, who were carried away with German feeling. Looking upward from my place, I saw in the centre of the circle of seats the royal box, heavily draped with curtains, and in front, a slender, black-haired young man of twenty-five, in plain, dark attire, who bowed gracefully this side and that, acknowledging the homage. Presently the fine orchestra crashed in with the national hymn. I found it quite impossible to resist the contagion, and before I knew it fairly was shouting "Hoch!" as if I were the most loyal of subjects. The king's appearance corresponded with what is said of his character. He was slender and graceful, but with no sign of force; a patron of the fine arts, and taking more pleasure in the exercise of his delicate taste than in the rougher work of ruling.

Compare these sovereigns of the two prominent states of Southern Germany with the stalwart figure at the window, in Unter den Linden, and the masculine, self-contained soldier biding his time at Potsdam. They are all good types, perhaps, of the lands they rule; and if so, Prussia is worthy of the leadership to which she is advancing. In the cathedral of Speyer stand the statues of the mighty German Kaisers, who six hundred years ago wore the purple, and, after their wild battle with the elements of disorder about them, were buried at last in its crypts. They are majestic figures for the most part, idealized by the sculptor, and yet probably not far beyond nature; for the imperial dignity was not hereditary, but given to the man chosen for it, and the choice was often a worthy one. They were lead-

ers in character as well as station, and it is right to give their images the bearing of men strong in war and council. I felt that if the ancient dignity was to be revived in our own day, and the sceptre of Barbarossa and Rudolph of Hapsburg to be extended again over a united Germany, there had been few princes more worthy to hold it than that stately Hohenzollern whom circumstances have forced into wearing the spiked helmet against his will.

In speaking of this great people so as to give the best idea of them in a short space, I have seized on what has seemed to me the most salient thing, and described various phases of their life as pervaded by it. The fighting spirit is bred in their bones. They are a nation of warriors almost as much as the Spartans, and stand ready on the instant to obey what almost any instant they may hear, the tap of the drum calling to arms. Such constant suggestions of war are painful. The spiked helmet is never an amiable head-dress; "but," says the representative Prussian, "there is no help for it. We have been a weak people wedged in between powerful, unscrupulous neighbors, and have had a life-and-death struggle to wage almost constantly with one or the other of these, or all at once. And in what way is our situation different now? Is Russia less ambitious? How many swords has France beaten into ploughshares? What pruning-hooks have been made

from the spears of Austria? Let us know on what conditions we can live other than wearing our spiked helmets, and we will embrace them." It is not an easy matter to argue down your resolute Prussian when he turns to you warmly, after you have been crying peace to him, and talks in this way. Perhaps the best hit you can make at him is to say, "Your neighbors can make out as bad a case against you as you against them."

Perhaps it is a necessity, since the world is what it is, that Europe should still be a place of bloody discord. America, however, is practically one, not a jarring company of nations, repeating the protracted agony of the Old World. We have no question of the "balance of power" coming up in every generation, settled only to be unsettled amid devastation and slaughter. We can grow forward unhindered, with hardly more than a feather's weight of energy taken for fighting from the employments of peace. America stands indeed a nation blessed of God; and there is nothing better worth her while to pray for than that a happier time may come to her giant brother over the sea; that the strength of such an arm may not always waste itself wielding the sword; that the sensibilities of such a heart may not be forever crushed or brutalized in carnage that forever repeats itself; that the noble head may some time exchange the spiked helmet for the olive chaplet of peace.

J. K. Hosmer.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XII.

WE shall know in due time what success Kate had in pleading with Vincent to withdraw his challenge.

While the girl, aided by her grandfather, was resisting the demon of

duels in the Beaumont house, Mr. Frank McAlister was maintaining an equally dubious contest with the same monster under his paternal roof-tree.

We must hurry over the scene of his arrival at home. There had been a pleasant family drama; there had been warm welcome for the returned

wanderer. The deliberate and solemn Judge was not the kind of man to fly into a spasm of emotion, like his excitable enemy, Peyt Beaumont; but he had a calm sufficiency of the true parental stuff in him, and he was proud of his gigantic, handsome son, full of all the wisdom of the East; he gave him a vigorous hand-shaking, and looked for an instant like kissing him. Mrs. McAlister, a tall, pale, gray, mild, loving woman, took the Titan to her arms as if he were still an infant. Mary worshipped him, as girls are apt to worship older brothers, at least when they are big and handsome. Bruce, the eldest son, was all that a South Carolina gentleman should be on such an occasion. Wallace at once gloried in Frank's grandeur and beauty, and wilted wofully under a sense of his own inferiority.

The story of the shipwreck was told to affectionately breathless listeners; and then came, almost by necessity, the saving of Miss Beaumont from a watery grave.

"I have some hope," added Frank, with the blush of a man who feels far more than he says, "that the incident may pave the way to a reconciliation of the families."

"Heaven grant it!" murmured Mrs. McAlister, her face illuminated with hope of peace and perhaps with foresight of love and marriage.

"Amen!" responded the Judge in a perfunctory, head-of-the-family, not to say beadle-like, manner. One of those model men who set an example, you know; one of those saints who keep up appearances, even at home.

"By George, it ought to," muttered Wally, conscience-stricken about his duel. "It ought to bring about a reconciliation. But, by George, there's no telling."

Then, at a proper moment, when only the three brothers were together, came the story of the quarrel with Vincent. It must be understood that among the McAlisters duels were not such common property, such subjects of genial family conversation, as among

the Beaumonts. The McAlisters fought as promptly as their rivals; but, Scotch-like and Puritan-like, they treated fighting as a matter not to be bragged of and gossiped about; they drew a decorous veil over their occasional excesses in the way of homicide. When a McAlister boy got into an unpleasantness, he never mentioned it to father, mother, or sister, not even after the shots had been exchanged. The Judge believed that duelling was sometimes necessary; but he did not want to have the air of encouraging it: first, because he was a father and cared for his sons' lives; second, because he had a certain character to maintain in the district. Mrs. McAlister, a religious and tender-hearted woman, looked upon the code of honor with steady horror. Mary tormented her brothers by crying over their perils, even when those perils had passed and were become glories.

We can imagine Frank's disgust and grief when he learned that there was to be another Beaumont and McAlister duel. He pleaded against it; he inveighed against it; he sermonized against it.

"Frank, you make me think of converted cannibals coming home to preach to their tribe," said Wallace, smiling amiably, but unmoved and unconvinced.

"Who is your second?" asked Frank, hoping to find more wisdom in that assistant than in the principal.

"Bruce," replied Wallace with a queer grimace, somewhat in the way of an apology.

"Bruce! Your own brother?" exclaimed the confounded Frank. "Why, that is horrible. And is n't it something unheard of? It strikes me as an awful scandal."

"It *is* unusual," admitted Wallace. "But Vincent Beaumont makes no objection to it, and, moreover, he has chosen his own connection, Bent Armitage. Besides," he added, looking at his elder brother with an almost touching confidence, "Bruce will fight me better than any other man could."

Bruce McAlister was a man of about six feet, too slender and too lean to be handsome in a gladiatorial sense, but singularly graceful. Although not much above thirty, his face was haggard and marked by an air of lassitude. He was a consumptive. Perhaps the disease had increased the charm of his expression. His large hazel eyes, sunk as they were in sombre hollows, had a melancholy tenderness which was almost more than human. His face was so gentle, so refined, so gracious, that it charmed at first sight. There was no resisting the sweet smile, the flattering bow and petting address of this man. He put strangers at ease in an instant; he made them feel with a look that they were his valued friends; he so impressed them in a minute that they never forgot him in all their lives. It would not be easy to find another man who had such an appearance of thinking altogether of others and not at all of himself.

"It is an unusual step, Frank," said Bruce, in a mellow, deep, and yet weak voice. "It was of course not ventured upon without the full consent of the other party. I accepted the position solely with the hope of diminishing Wallace's danger."

"Well!" assented Frank with a groan. "And now, Bruce, tell me the whole thing. What is the exact value of the provocation?"

In a quiet tone and without a sign of indignation Bruce related the story of the difficulty.

"Beaumont's manner and words were irritatingly sarcastic," he concluded. "Wallace naturally resented it."

"Still, all that he said was — was parliamentary," urged Frank. "Wallace, I don't want to judge you; but it does seem to me that you might have spared your reply; it was terribly severe. Could n't you apologize? If I were in your place, I would. I would, indeed."

Wallace stared, rubbed his head meditatively, and then shook it decidedly.

"And for this you mean to fight?"

pursued Frank. "Actually mean to draw a pistol on your fellow-man? The whole thing — I mean the code duello — is a barbarity. I was brought up to reverence it. From this time I abjure it."

"Fight? Well, yes," returned Wallace, again rubbing his prematurely bald crown; not quite bald, either; simply downy. "Of course I will fight. Not that I admire fighting. It's the reasoning of beasts, sir. And as for the duello, well, I look on it as you do; I consider it out of date, barbarous. But society — our society, I mean — demands it. If society says a gentleman must — *noblesse oblige* — why, that settles it. If it says a gentleman should wear a beaver," lifting his hat and gesturing with it, "why, he must get one. Disagreeable thing, ugly and uncomfortable; just look at it. Look at my head, too. Bald at twenty-eight! That's the work of a black, hot beaver. But since it's the distinguishing topknot of a gentleman, I submit to it. Just so with the duello. I think it's blasted nonsense, and yet I can't ignore it. As for the Beaumonts, I don't want to be shooting at Beaumonts. Just as willing to let them alone as to let anybody else alone. But when a Beaumont ruffles me, and society says, 'Let's see how he takes it,' why I take it with pistols. Very sorry to do it, but don't see how I can help it. I suppose my position is a weak one. Logic don't support it, and God won't approve it. Know all that. Not going to fool myself with trying to prove that I don't know it. And, by George, I wish I could make my reason and practice agree. Wish I could, and know I can't."

"Would you mind leaving this matter to our elders?" asked Frank, the idea of a family council occurring to him as it had occurred to Colonel Kershaw.

"O Lord! don't!" begged Wallace. "You could n't beat me out of it, but you'd bother me awfully. You'd have mother on your side, sure, and she's an army. Yes, by George,

she's one of those armies that are marshalled by the Lord of hosts," declared Wallace, stopping to meditate upon the perfections of his mother. "She *is* a peacemaker," he resumed. "I've heard her say that she almost regretted having a boy; if her children were only all girls, this feud might have died out. By George, I would n't mind being one of the girls. I might have been handsomer. I might have kept my hair, too; not being obliged to wear a beaver." Here he rubbed the "fuzzy" summit of his head with rueful humor. "By heavens! bald at twenty-eight! It's an ugly defect."

He was so cheerful and resolute, notwithstanding the shadow of death which lay across his to-morrow, that Frank was in despair.

At this hopeless stage of the conversation a negro brought in word that "Mars Bent Armitage wanted to see Mars Bruce."

Bruce went to another room, received Armitage with an almost affectionate courtesy, talked with him for a few moments in a low tone, and waited on him to his horse as tenderly as if he were a lady. When he returned to his two brothers there was in his usually melancholy eyes something like a smile of pleasure.

"I am the bearer of remarkable news," he said calmly. "The duel can now be honorably avoided."

"How?" demanded the eager Frank.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Wallace.

"Hear this," continued Bruce, opening a letter. "'On behalf of my principal, Mr. Vincent Beaumont, I withdraw the challenge sent to Mr. Wallace McAlister. The sole motive of this withdrawal is the sense of obligation on the part of Mr. Beaumont and his family toward Mr. Frank McAlister for saving the life of Miss Catherine Beaumont.' Signed, Bentley Armitage."

"By George!" exclaimed Wallace, and continued to say By George for a considerable time. "I owe him an apology," he presently broke out. "If

I don't owe him one, I'll give him one. Bruce, write me an apology, won't you? By heavens, I never thought a Beaumont could be so human. Anything, Bruce; I'll sign anything. This is new times, something like the millennium. What would our ancestors say? Frank, by George, this is your work, and it's a big job. In saving the girl's life you have saved mine, perhaps, and Vincent's. Three lives at one haul! How like the Devil—I mean how like an angel—you do come down on us! By George, old fellow, I'm amazingly obliged to you. I am, indeed. Is that thing ready, Bruce? Let's have it. There! Now, Bruce, if you'll be kind enough to transmit that in your very best manner—By the way, old fellow, I'm very much obliged to you for standing by me. I'm devilish lucky in brothers."

"I do hope that this is the beginning of the ending of the family feud," was the next thing heard from Frank.

"Well, I don't mind," agreed Wallace.

"You ought to say more than that," urged Frank. "One friendly step deserves another. You have been fairly beaten so far in the race of humanity by this Beaumont."

"Yes, he has got the lead," conceded Wallace. "For once I knock under to a Beaumont. The fact confounds me; it fairly takes the breath out of me. But will he last? *Can* the blasted catamounts become friendly?"

"Try them," said Frank. "I propose a call on them."

"Wallace has apologized," observed Bruce. "The next advance should come from the Beaumont side."

"We ought to give more than we receive," sermonized Frank. "It is the part of true gentlemen, as the word is understood in our times, or should be understood."

"It is worth considering," admitted Bruce; "it is worth while to suggest the idea to our father."

"And mother," was Frank's energetic amendment, to which Bruce did

not think it best to reply. The honor of the family was very dear to him, and he did not believe that women were qualified to judge its demands, much as he respected the special good sense of his mother.

Back to the Beaumonts one must now hasten, to learn how they received the apology. Vincent glanced through Wallace's letter without changing expression, nodded as a man nods over a compromise which is only half satisfactory, read it aloud to his father and brothers (with a sister listening in the next room), and then filed it away among his valuable papers, all without a word of comment. Beaumont senior was gratified, and then suddenly enraged, and then gratified again, and so on.

"Why, Kershaw, the fellow *has* some streaks of gentility in him," he admitted, with a smile of wonder and satisfaction, walking up and down with the pacific, manageable air of a kindly, led horse. But presently he gave a start and a glare, like a tiger who hears hunters, and broke out in a snarl: "Why the deuce did n't he say all this at first? He ought to have apologized at once. The scoundrel!"

After some further thought, he added in a mellow growl: "Well, it might have been worse. After all, the block-head has made it clear that he does n't mean to take advantage of Vincent's magnanimity. Yes, magnanimity!" he trumpeted, looking about for somebody to dispute it. "By heavens, Vincent, you have been as magnanimous as a duke, by heavens!"

Here the magician who had wrought thus much of peace into the woof of hate came smiling and glowing into the room, slipped her arm through that of her eldest brother, and whispered: "So it has ended well, Vincent. I am so much obliged to you! I am so happy!"

Next she glided over to her father and possessed herself of his hairy hand, saying, "Come, your man-business has gone all right; come and show me where to put my flower-beds."

She was bent, — the audacious young thing, it seemed incredible when you looked at her sweet, girlish face, — but she was bent upon taming these fine, fighting panthers; and she was bringing to bear upon the work a beautiful combination of tenderness, of patient management and gentle imperiousness; she was inspired to attempt a labor far beyond her years. The trying circumstances which surrounded her had matured her with miraculous rapidity, and brought into bloom at once all her nobler moral and stronger mental qualities. She was like those youthful generals who have performed prodigies because they were called upon to perform prodigies, and did not yet know that prodigies were humanly impossible. No doubt it was well for the girl that Heaven had given her so much beauty and such an imposingly sweet expression of dignity and purity. A plainer daughter and sister, no matter how good and wise and resolute, might not have accomplished such wonders.

We will not follow her and her father into the garden; we will simply say that her flower-beds bore great fruit, and that shortly.

For on the following day two horsemen left the mansion of the Beaumonts and rode towards the mansion of the McAlisters. They rode mainly at a walk, the reason being that one of them was over eighty years old, while the other, although not above fifty-five, was shaky with pains and diseases. Several times during the transit of four miles the younger suddenly checked his horse and turned his nose homeward, saying, "By heavens, I can't do it, Kershaw. No, by heavens!"

"Come on, my dear Beaumont," mildly begged the venerable Colonel. "You will never regret it. It is the noblest chance you ever had to be magnanimous."

"Do you think so, Kershaw? Well, magnanimity is a gentlemanly thing. By heavens, that was a devilish fine thing that Vincent did. It put a feather in his cap as high as the plume of

the Prince of Wales. Moral courage and dignity! By heavens, I am proud of the boy."

"So am I," said Kershaw.

"Are you!" grinned the delighted Beaumont. "By heavens, I'm delighted to hear you say so. I was afraid you did n't appreciate Vincent. But I ought to have known better; every gentleman would appreciate him. The man who now does n't appreciate Vincent, he's — he's an ass and a scoundrel," declared Beaumont, beginning to tremble with rage at the thought of encountering and chastising such a miscreant. "Well, Kershaw," he added, "let us go on."

After a little he added in a tone of apology, "Some people might say that this errand is the business of a younger man. But my sons are not related to Kate as you and I are. The girl springs directly from your veins and mine; and consequently we are the proper persons to thank the man who saved her life. Don't you think so, Kershaw?"

"Certainly," replied the patient Colonel, who had already advocated that view with all his eloquence.

Presently they discovered the McAlister house, and here Beaumont came to another halt. This time his resistance was more obstinate than before; it was like the struggle of an ox when he smells the blood of the slaughter-block.

"Kershaw, I can't go to that house," he said, his face and air full of tragic dignity. "That house is the abode of the enemies of my race. There is a man in that house who has my brother's blood on his hands. I can't go there; no, Kershaw, by God!"

His voice trembled; it was full of anguish and anger; it was a groan and a menace.

The Colonel made no remonstrance and no spoken reply. He took off his hat and bared his long white hair to the sun, as if in respect to Beaumont's emotion. In this attitude he waited silently for the storm of feeling to rage itself out.

"My father never would have entered that house," continued Beaumont. "No McAlister ever crossed my threshold. There has been nothing but hate and blood between us. It has always been so, and it must always be so. I am too old to learn new ways."

Still the Colonel sat silent and uncovered, with his long silver hair shining under the hot sun. The sight of this humility and patience seemed to trouble Beaumont.

"You can't feel as I do, Kershaw," he said. "Of course you can't."

"Let us try to make the future unlike the past," returned the Colonel, in a tone which was like that of prayer.

Beaumont shook his head more in sadness than in anger.

"This young man, Frank McAlister, has already begun the work," continued the Colonel. "Shall Kate's father and grandfather foil him?"

Beaumont began to tremble in every limb; he was weak with his diseases, and this struggle of emotions was too much for him; he held on to his saddle-bow to keep himself from growing dizzy.

"I don't feel that I can do it, Kershaw," he said, in a voice which had one or two embryo sobs in it. How, indeed, weakened as he was by maladies, could he choose between all the family feelings of his past and the totally new duty now before him, without being shaken?

"Beaumont," was the closing appeal of the Colonel, "you will, I hope, allow me to go on alone and return thanks for the life of my granddaughter."

"No, by heavens!" exclaimed the father, turning his back at once on all his bygone life, its emotions, its beliefs, its acts, and traditions. "No. If you *must* go, I go with you."

"God bless you, my dear Beaumont!" said Kershaw, his voice, too, perhaps a little unsteady.

After some further riding Beaumont added: "But we will see the boy alone. Not the Judge. I won't see the Judge. If I meet that old fox, I shall quarrel

with him. I can't stand a fox when he's as big as an elephant and as savage as a hyena."

A little later he asked: "You're sure Lawson thinks well of this step?"

"He approves of it thoroughly," declared the Colonel. "He considers it the only thing we can do, since the apology has been made."

"Well, Lawson ought to know what's gentlemanly," said Beaumont. "Lawson has always been a *habitué* of our society. By heavens! if Lawson does n't know what's gentlemanly, he's an ass."

And so at last they were at the door of the McAlister mansion.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE McAlister mansion was a very similar affair to the Beaumont mansion.

Speaking with severe truthfulness, and without regard to the proud illusions of Hartland District, it had no claim to be styled a mansion, except on account of its size alone. It was a plain, widespreading mass of wood-work, in two stories, with plenty of veranda and more than enough square pillars, the white paint of the building itself rather rusty, and the green blinds not altogether free from fractures and palsy.

Negro children, a ragged, sleek, and jolly tribe of chattels, ran grinning to hold the horses of Colonel Kershaw and the Honorable Mr. Beaumont. Matthew, the Judge's special and confidential servant, waited on them with dignified obsequiousness into the long, soberly furnished parlor, and received with jesuitical calmness (covering inward immense astonishment and suspicion) their request to see Mr. Frank McAlister. After delivering this message to his young master, he added in a whisper, "Better see your shootin'-irons is all right, sah. Them Beaumonts, you know, sah."

"I never carry the cursed, barbarous traps," replied the young man, in noble

wrath, and hurried off to welcome his visitors. He was tranquil, however, when he entered the parlor; he had a wise, delicate perception that it would not do to rush upon Beaumonts with an effusion of friendships; he must in the first place try to divine from the demeanor of these potent seniors how they wished to be treated. Moreover, it was his nature, as it is that of most giants, to be tranquil in manner. When the three met, it was Colonel Kershaw, outranking the others by reason of age, who spoke first.

"My name is Kershaw," he said with simple dignity. "This is my son-in-law, Mr. Peyton Beaumont. We have called to thank you for saving the life of our dear child, Catherine Beaumont."

"Yes!!" unexpectedly added Beaumont. He had forgotten where he was; for the moment he had no emotion but gratitude; his fervent "Yes" sounded like an amen!

There was so much feeling and such undisguised feeling in what these men said, that Frank at once lost his Titanic serenity.

"Gentlemen, you overwhelm me," he burst out, wringing first one hand and then another. "You overwhelm me with your kindness. I can't express my obligations to you."

So catching was the young fellow's agitation, that Beaumont's combustible heart took fire, and he shook hands again, and astonished the listening angels by saying, "God bless you, my dear sir! God bless you!"

"I would have lost my life willingly to save her," pursued Frank, hailing these friendly hearts with difficulty out of his storm of feeling. "I never saw another human being who seemed to me so pure and noble."

Kate's father was dazed with gratified paternal affection and pride; he had not a thought for the fact that it was a McAlister who uttered these compliments; nor did it even occur to him that the young man might be simply in love with the girl.

"By heavens, I thank you," he went

on, while the hand-shaking, that mute, eloquent gratitude, also went on. "By heavens, sir, I am glad I came to see you."

Meantime he was dimly aware of, and unconsciously delighted with, the height, size, brilliant color, and noble expression of the youngster.

After a little further talk, all of this passionate, interjectional, truly meridional nature, Frank exploded a proposition which for the moment stunned Beaumont like the bursting of a shell.

"But, gentlemen, I am doing you injustice," he said. "The head of the family alone can properly respond to this compliment. Will you allow me to call my father to receive you? He would be gratified beyond measure."

Meet that enchanted wiggery, that elephantine fox, that diplomatic foe till death, that murderer of a brother, Judge McAlister! All Peyton Beaumont's breeding, all his consciousness that he was one of the representatives of South Carolina gentility and courtesy, could not restrain him from starting backward a little, with a leonine quivering of mustaches and bristling of eyebrows. He wanted to refuse; he looked at Kershaw to utter the refusal for him; and, like Hector seeking a spear of Pallas, he looked in vain. The old peacemaker had a sudden illumination to the effect that now was the time to bring about a reconciliation between the families.

"Mr. McAlister, you will do us a great favor," he said in his venerable, tremulous bass voice.

Beaumont broke out in a cold perspiration, made a slight bow, and awaited his fate in silence.

The Judge, sitting at that moment in his library, already knew of these visitors, and had decided how he would receive them, should he be called to that business. "Feud may as well fall to the ground, if it will," he had briefly reasoned. "No nonsensical sentiment about it on my side. If we were once friends with those tinder-heads of Beaumonts, we might contrive to manage them, and so always carry

the district, instead of carrying it only now and then. Moreover, this girl being the probable sole heir of Kershaw, there is a fine match there for Frank. Finally, my excellent wife would be immensely gratified by peace, and her gratification is one of the many things that I am bound to live for." Such is a brief, unadorned, and therefore unjust summary of the reflections of the Judge.

But when he was actually summoned to meet his visitors, his politic thought changed to emotions. He remembered that duel of bygone days; remembered how he (then a young man) threw down his fatal pistol and burst into tears; remembered how he had mounted his horse and fled from his lifeless victim as he would not have fled from any living being. He trembled at the thought of meeting in kindness the brother of the Beaumont whose blood was upon his soul. For a few seconds he walked the library with such a rush of emotions in his heart that it seemed to him as if the seconds were years. Then he checked himself; he rearranged his wig; he rearranged his countenance. He was once more the calm, dignified, gracious, smiling Donald McAlister, such as Hartland District had known him for twenty years past.

And so, presently, the chiefs of the Montagues and Capulets of South Carolina were face to face and inclining their venerable craniums towards each other with a stiff, dignified courtesy, which made one think of kings bowing with their crowns on. There was a hesitation about going further; the McAlister hand advanced slightly and the Beaumont hand did not stir; it seemed as if unavenged ghosts would not let them exchange the grasp of friendship. But after a moment the instinct of hand-shaking was too much for them; they met as Southern gentlemen are accustomed to meet; the once hostile hands were together.

To Frank the anxious lover, and to Kershaw the philanthropic peacemaker, it was a wondrous spectacle. A look-

er-on, unacquainted with preliminary tragedies, would, however, have seen and heard nothing remarkable. There were two grave, dignified gentlemen shaking hands with bowed heads and eyes dropped to the floor. Each said, "I hope I see you well, sir," and each replied, "I thank you, sir." No regrets over the savage past; neither reproach nor apology, not even by the most circuitous hint; not the faintest allusion, in short, to the family feud. The Judge was simply all that a gracious host in commonplace circumstances should be. He got out his blandest smile; with his own large plump hands he wheeled up arm-chairs for his visitors; he rang the bell and ordered refreshments. His mind settled by these little offices, he said as he seated himself, "Gentlemen, I am immensely indebted to you for this visit. It is one of the highest honors of my life."

"The old, palavering fox!" thought Beaumont; and replied aloud, "Judge, it is an honor to us. It is a matter of duty also," he added. "You are aware, doubtless, of our great obligations to your magnificent son here."

"I am most grateful that my son could be of service to your superb daughter," replied the Judge. "From what I hear of her I should say that no man would hesitate to risk his life on her account."

All of a sudden they were drifting towards each other at a most unexpected rate. This praising of each other's children was a sure method of touching each other's hard hearts. Insincerity? Not a bit of it; not on this subject. Who would n't admire Kate? Who would n't admire Frank? Beaumont, whose judgment was the weathercock of his feelings, ceased saying to himself at every breath that McAlister was a humbugging scoundrel, and innocently marvelled at finding in him so much of sense and goodness and truth. The Judge, though less easily cajoled than his visitor, was nevertheless so gratified with this call from his haughty old

foeman, with the glimpse of that fine possible match for Frank, and with the vistas of desirable political combinations, that he was well lubricated with satisfaction. The usually earnest and rather grim eyes of the two men were presently beaming in quite a human manner. The conversation gradually lost its tone of ceremony and became social. The serving of madeira and brandy introduced the subjects, so well known to antique South Carolina gentlemen, of vintages, cellaring, and bottling. In short, the Colonel and Frank aiding zealously, there was a comfortable unimportant talk of some twenty minutes.

This is the entire substance of that famous call of the Hon. Peyton Beaumont on Judge Donald McAlister, commonly believed to be the first friendly passage between them in their whole lives. We shall see in due time whether it came to so much in the millennial and matrimonial way as was doubtless hoped for by our gentle giant, Frank.

It was an astonishing event of the time. Beaumont rode home in a state of wonder over it, and filled his household with equal amazement when he told his adventure. Vincent, usually a prudently silent young man, stared at his father with much such an expression as he would have worn had the old gentleman confessed that he had been standing on his head. Tom wandered out of the house in a partially unsettled condition of mind, querying, perhaps, what was the further use for Beaumonts in this world, since they were no longer to fight McAlisters. Poinsett smiled and said to himself, "So my father has ventured among the enchanted wiggeries, and been somewhat deluded and humanized by them. Well, I ought to praise him for it." Which he did in his roundabout, jocose, adroit fashion.

"Yes, certainly, Poinsett," replied the reassured and gratified Beaumont. "The only thing to be done, under the circumstances. As for going any further, as for continuing to wave

olive-branches, well, we'll see how these fellows behave themselves. By heavens, we'll wait and see."

But the great reward which the father received for his embassy of gratitude came from the charming little queen who had sent him on it. It was a host of kisses; it was a clinging of fondling arms; it was a rubbing of a satin forehead against his bull neck.

"Well, am I as good as grandpapa, now?" asked Beaumont, always a little jealous of the adored Kershaw.

"Yes," laughed Kate. "You have done ever so much more to please me than he could do. I comprehend perfectly, papa, what a sacrifice you have made for my sake. Jumped on your pride, have n't you? The old Beaumont pride! And the old Beaumont pugnacity, too! O, I comprehend it all, you dear, good papa. I am not a simpleton."

"Not a bit of it," said Beaumont. And thought to himself: "What an amazingly intelligent girl! I never saw a grown woman with half her intelligence; by heavens, I never did."

"And now, what else?" he asked aloud, growling a little bit, for she might demand too much.

"Papa, I think that if the McAlisters want to make friends on this, we ought to let them."

"Well, yes," assented magnanimous papa. "That is just what I was saying to Poinsett."

He felt as if a new career of greatness were being opened to him; as if it were well worthy of his character and position to let people make friends with him, if they wanted to; as if that kind of thing might be a fitting close to the life even of a chivalrous Beaumont.

In a day or two, delightful to relate, there came a call from "those fellows," meaning the Judge and Frank and Wallace. They were received in due state and with proper setting forth of refreshments by Beaumont senior, Vincent, and Poinsett; but the beneficent Kershaw being absent, somewhat of the shadow of the old feud seemed

to fall upon the interview, notwithstanding Frank's best efforts at sunshine; and when the visitors departed it cannot be said that the hosts had any fervent desire to see them again.

Fortunately for the chances of the millennium, there were women of a truly womanly nature in both these bellicose families. Pious and maternal Mrs. McAlister and brother-worshipping Mary McAlister, longed for the holiness and salvation of lasting peace. Kate Beaumont, the sweet first cause of all pleasantness thus far, had likewise her admirable reasons for wishing to see the feud buried forever. Mrs. Chester also desired harmony, for she wanted with all her coquettish old heart to resume communications with her handsome Titan, and she was the woman to go after what she wanted with the eager scramble of a terrier after a rat. By the way, we can hardly insist too much upon the fancy of this well-preserved lady for flirting with young men. It was a passion with her; some people said it was a monomania; some went so far as to say flatly that she was insane on this point. What with her reckless imagination, her ancient habits of coquetry, and her excessive vanity, she had become thoroughly infatuated with the idea of getting Frank McAlister to dangle about her.

Accordingly, the following rose-colored sequence of events took place. Mrs. Chester, in her wild, impulsive way (such a mere child, as one kindly remembers), dropped in alone upon the McAlister ladies and prattled gleefully for two hours, denouncing the feud with the gayest of smiles and praying in the sprightliest manner that there might be no more bloodshed between the families. Hereupon Mrs. McAlister and her daughter made an immediate call at the Beaumont house, and were received with absolute festivity and pettings by the two females who there presided. The interview was all honest good-nature and gladness, unmingled with suspicion or ceremoniousness. The four ladies were in a new,

spring-like state of emotion, fit to intermingle their hearts' tendrils and bloom into quick flowers of friendship. Mrs. McAlister and Mary on one side, and Kate on the other, fell in love at first sight. Mrs. Chester remained tender towards her Titan alone, but that of course involved amicable results, at least for the present. And the visit being thus delightful, it was quickly returned and was followed by others.

Thus at last we have, not only peace, but frequent and fond communings between the Montagues and Capulets of Hartland District. An amazing olive-tree surely, and more wonderful to the beholders than any supposable amount of bloody laurels. The orange-tree of the Indian juggler, springing from the seed and producing fruit inside of twenty minutes, would not have been half so much of a marvel to Messrs. Wilkins, Duffy, and their fellow-citizens. They were a little wild in those days; they felt as though the compass no longer pointed north; as though the Gulf Stream had changed its course. Moreover, where did Hartland stand now, with its famous family feud gone to Heaven, or otherwheres? The place had lost its monument; it had begun to resemble other middle-sized villages; there was an awful likelihood that it would become dull.

Our own sole but sharp regret with regard to this reconciliation is that we have not been able to sketch it fully in all its stages, giving, for instance, a little of the thankful, saintly conversation of Mrs. McAlister, and a little more of the impish graciousities of Mrs. Chester. But time presses; the reconciliation had its sequences; we must quit the eddies and head down stream.

One result of the new order of things was that Frank McAlister, in one of his visits to the Beaumont house, had a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Chester, which the lady contrived to make very pleasant to herself. Another result was that on a second and happier occasion he met Kate Beaumont alone, some favoring fairy having sent the aunt off

on a drive with Bent Armitage, and inveigled the brothers into a hunting expedition and put the father to bed with the gout. It was the first time that the two young people had met without witnesses since the shipwreck. Naturally they talked of their great triumph, the reconciliation of the families.

"So we have won a victory," said Frank. "Or rather, you have. What wonders you have accomplished!"

"Don't overestimate me!" Kate blushed, remembering how much she had longed for this victory and how hard she had struggled for it. "Everybody has helped. I am so grateful to your father and brother and mother and sister for making the path of peace so easy to us. But my father and brothers have been amazingly good, too. You must praise them to me a little."

"I do," replied Frank, fervently. "I wish they knew how kindly I think of them. And your grandfather,—what a wonderful old man! what a god among men!"

"Is n't he?" said Kate, her eyes sparkling.

"He has the charm of a beautiful woman," declared Frank, enthusiastic about the Colonel on his own account and enthusiastic about him because he was the grandfather of Kate. "You have only to see him to worship him."

The girl was too innocent to suspect a compliment to herself, or to see an insidious advance towards love-making in this talk about beautiful women.

"Mr. McAlister, I am glad you have found him out," she said simply. "I wish you would call on him. He would be delighted to see you. He has only Major Lawson with him."

"What an excellent hearted man the Major is!" replied Frank.

"Is n't he?" said Kate, in her honest way, really liking the friendly, amiable Major.

There was not much sense of humor in these two young people. They were straightforward, earnest souls, mainly capable of seeing the interior goodness of other people, and not to be diverted

from such insight by any external oddities. What they could discern in Lawson was, not his extravagant flatteries, his sentimentalities, and his flutings, but his quickness of sympathy, his warmth of friendship, and his gentle humanity.

Well, there was a long conversation, and it led to a promenade on the veranda, Kate's fingers resting lightly on Frank's arm. While they were thus pleasantly engaged, and presenting the prettiest prophecy possible of a walk together through life, there was a sound of horses' feet, and Mrs. Chester and Bent Armitage pulled up before them. It is not possible to paint in words the glare of suspicion, jealousy, and spite which shot from the aunt's eyes as she caught sight of her niece arm in arm with Frank McAlister. The next instant she regained her self-possession and put on a smile which might have melted platinum. In a minute more she was leading in the conversation, seemingly the gayest and happiest old hoyden that ever wore tight bootees. In another minute she had separated the two—shall we venture thus early to call them lovers?

Adroit creature, Mrs. Chester. Wonderfully clever ways of bringing about her foolish ends. She did not bluntly call Frank to herself, as a duller intriguer might have done. She beckoned Kate aside to listen to some trifling household matter; then she summoned Armitage to express his opinion upon the girl's decision; then, leaving these two together, she skipped over to Frank, apologized for deserting him, and trotted him away. The result, of course, was that the young man soon found that he had finished his call and must hasten home.

Now it was that Mrs. Chester turned upon Kate and scolded her for receiving Mr. McAlister alone.

"Where was your father? Gout? He ought to have got up, if he had forty gout. He had no business to allow of such an interview. We are not on sufficiently familiar terms with

that family. It is only yesterday that we spoke to them."

Kate looked so shocked under this attack that she immediately secured the sympathy of Bent Armitage, although he too had felt a twinge at seeing her alone with McAlister. He gave her one of his queer smiles, curling it up quizzically into his cheek, and rolled his eyes at Mrs. Chester in a way which said, "Never mind her." That lady did not see the smile, but she perceived that Kate had received encouragement from some one, and she turned sharply upon Armitage.

"What is your opinion?" she demanded angrily. "You seem to have one."

"My opinion is n't yours," answered Bent, in his odd, frank way.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Chester. She was in a rage, but she said nothing further, for at that moment a new idea struck her. This Armitage, she decided with the keenness of an old flirt, had defended Kate because he liked her. It was well; he should have the chit; he should take her out of the way. From that minute Mrs. Chester elected her niece to be the wife of Bentley Armitage.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I BEGIN to be afraid that Kate is a wild sort of girl," said Mrs. Chester to Bent Armitage, as soon as she was alone with him again.

"It's astonishing you never discovered it before," replied Bent, ironically smiling on the side of his mouth which was farthest from Mrs. Chester and hidden from her vision.

Kate Beaumont wild? Bent knew better, and Mrs. Chester ought to know better, and he believed that she did know better. But the lady was quite in earnest, for she had been scared by the fact of her niece receiving Frank McAlister alone, and her alarm had given rise to a sudden suspicion, almost amounting to a belief that the girl was a daring coquette.

"I have an idea that you like wild girls," continued Mrs. Chester.

"Well, I hang about you a good deal," answered Bent, one side of his face all seriousness, and the other full of satire.

"O, pshaw!" returned the lady, not however ungrateful. "I alluded to your fancy for that dreadful coquette, your cousin Jenny."

"Jenny is so happy in being my cousin, that she does n't want to be anything nearer," said Bent. "And I am equally contented."

"Then you are pretty sure to fall in love with this other wild piece," pursued cunning Mrs. Chester. "Well, you might do worse. Kate has her good qualities."

Armitage turned grave; the lady had plainly broached a subject which to him was serious; and joker as he was, he had no jest ready for the occasion.

"Your brother married her half-sister," said Mrs. Chester, guessing that her batteries were beginning to tell. So they were; the young man was no longer laughing at her; he was listening to her eagerly and even anxiously; he was ready at the moment to look to her as a friend and counsellor.

"It would be so natural!" she went on. "I don't think any one would be astonished. She would not go out of the family."

Armitage was too profoundly moved, and we might even say disturbed, to be able to answer. The one thing that he had in his mind, or for the moment could have there, was this fact, that Mrs. Chester approved of his wooing her niece. He dropped away from her presently; in fact, he was encouraged to take his leave; and before long he was doing just what Mrs. Chester wanted him to do; that is, he was sauntering about the house to look for Kate. Not that he meant to propose to her; O no, he knew that things were not by any means far enough advanced for that; but he wanted to be near her and to try to begin a courtship.

It must be understood that social

matters were unusually lively in these days at the Beaumont place. Colonel Kershaw rode over often to take dinner or to pass the night; not a talkative man, for his good old heart was apt to utter itself mainly through his air of venerable benignity; his remarks being at once infrequent and admirable, like the rare opening of bottles of precious wine. With him always came Major Lawson, his puckered face and twinkling eyes beaming sympathy upon all, and his attuned voice fluting universal praises. (The ironical Vincent pretended to marvel that the Major did not have a slave stand behind him with a pitchpipe, like Tiberius Gracchus; and asserted that he was capable of paying extravagant compliments to the internal fires, apropos of earthquakes and other destructive convulsions.) Furthermore, the McAlisters, especially the women, and Frank, made their calls now and then, laboring to keep up the *entente cordiale*. Of other visitors, whom we have not time to know familiarly, a large proportion were dashing young fellows on horseback, attracted by the fame of a girl who was already reputed the belle of the district.

But no one was on hand so often or stayed so long as Bent Armitage. As we ought perhaps to have stated before, he was sojourning with his aunt, Mrs. Devine, the mother of Jenny, whose plantation was only two miles away. He dropped in diurnally upon the Beaumonts, sometimes with, but oftener without, his coquettish cousin, talking his copious, light-minded slang serenely to all visitors, telling countless queer stories which were the delight of the master of the house, and paying more or less sidelong, cautious courtship to Kate. Mrs. Chester helped him; she arranged traps which ended in *tête-à-têtes* between the two; she did her best to get the girl's head full of this admirer. In these days Mr. Frank McAlister was sometimes gloomily jealous of Mr. Bentley Armitage.

By similar managements and enchantments Mrs. Chester obtained

various interviews with the handsome giant, about whom she had gone bewitched. If there is a human figure more pitifully ludicrous than an old beau crazy after fresh girls, who sack him and avoid him and giggle at him, it is surely an old belle angling for the attentions of young men who bear with her wrinkled oglings simply because she is a woman. But laughable as such a creature is, she may be very inconvenient. The honest, courteous, kind-hearted Frank was as much incommoded by his alert admirer as a horse by a gadfly. He could not shake her off; for in the first place he had not the unfeeling levity which helps some men to do such things; and in the second place he was instinctively eager to stand well with all Kate's relatives. But his patience under the load of Mrs. Chester did some damage by leading her to believe that he liked to hold her. So she gave him much of her company and of her gratitude, and one might perhaps say, speaking loosely, of her love.

We are absolutely driven to risk being tedious concerning this eccentric, this almost irrational woman. Amid the many callers, and especially the many young men who now frequented the Beaumont house, she disported herself as one who is in her element, darting and dodging and chattering like a swallow. All hospitality, she rang for refreshments at every new arrival, and seriously bothered several youthful heads with the Beaumont madeira and cognac. Her voice could be heard rising above all others, except when her brother struck in with his clangorous trumpet. Loud laughter, slappings with her fan, smart pattings on the floor with the toe of her bootee, and bridlings which imitated sweet sixteen, testified to her relish of the wit of the gentlemen. She was a woman who got intoxicated with conversation, especially when there was a flavoring of flirtation in it. She was capable of dignity; but that was generally when she was miserable or angry; in her

good humors she was excited, mercurial, noisy. All day she was as busy as a bee; for when there was no company she prepared for it; shutting herself in her room to remodel and adorn old dresses; attending to the job personally in her own characteristic fashion; dashing breadths together awry, and then flinging them at Miriam to be set right,—being very proud of the rapidity with which she did things very badly. And out of all this hurly-burly she drew the only happiness that she knew.

Of course, specks of gloom would sail in among the sunshine. Once, when Mrs. Chester was perhaps a little unwell, Miriam found her shedding tears over the recollection of the trunks full of fine clothes which had gone down in the Mersey. At times she fell into great rages because certain wilful young gentlemen had showed plainly that they preferred to talk to Kate rather than to her. When sorrows like these crushed her she pouted in her room, snapped at Miriam, sniffed at her niece, and would not speak at table. Philosophically speaking, it was amazing that the same woman could be at one time such a sunburst of hilarity and at another such a cloud of sulking and snarling. Vincent once lost his temper so far as to tell her that when she was not a cataract she was a dismal swamp. But seesawing was her nature; she was nothing if not mercurial. Had some power suddenly blessed her with equanimity, she would have ceased to be Mrs. Chester.

This curious woman and her incommensurable flirtation had been a subject of study with Major Lawson. The sly, good-hearted old beau had had experience enough in flirtation to comprehend the sly, selfish old belle. He perceived that she was smitten with Frank McAlister, and he guessed that her ancient, made-over coquetties must be very embarrassing to the youngster, although the latter bore himself under them with the serenity and sweetness of a martyr. Moreover, the somewhat

sentimental Major wanted to see his Romeo and Juliet drama played out happily; he wanted the Montagues and Capulets of Hartland District united in lasting peace by a marriage between Frank and Kate. By Jove, what a delightful story it would be to recount to his lady friends in Charleston! And by Jove, too, sir, it would be a good thing, an eminently beneficent event, a result that any gentleman might desire and labor for.

"My de-ar fellow, allow me," he at last said to Frank, drawing him mysteriously to one side and patting him tenderly on the sleeve. "You are injudicious—you really are—excuse me. Why, you should n't come here alone. A wise general does not advance all his forces in one column. He sends up a faint attack to draw the enemy's fire. He occupies the hostile attention by side movements while he delivers the real assault on the vital point. My de-ar fellow, you certainly will excuse me, you must try to excuse me. I am giving advice. It is an assumption. It is an offence. Promise me that you won't be annoyed. Well, confiding in your good-nature, I venture to go on. When you call, bring an ally. Bring your brother Wallace, for instance. Let him ask for Mrs. Chester and talk to Mrs. Chester, while you ask for some one else and talk to some one else."

The young man had begun by blushing to his forehead, but he ended by bursting into a roar of laughter. He laughed with the wonder and amusement of an unsophisticated countryman to whom some one explains the mystery of the pea under the thimble.

But the hint was not lost upon him. The next time he set out for the Beaumont house he was preceded by a feinting column in the person of the good-natured, self-sacrificing Wallace, fully instructed as to the stratagem which he was to execute, and grinning to himself over the same. On arriving, Wallace asked for Mrs. Chester, and immediately took that lady off on a drive. Twenty minutes later Frank made his

appearance, and of course saw Miss Kate, "with no one nigh to hinder." This trick was played repeatedly; the brothers seeking to allay suspicion by coming sometimes separately and sometimes together; but the elder one always possessing himself of the aunt, while the other was assiduous about the niece.

"I say, Frank, this is rather heavy on me," Wallace at last remonstrated. "Sometimes the old girl is devilish sulky, and sometimes she is too loving. I don't know, by George, but what I shall have the misfortune to cut you out yet in her affections. I occasionally fear she'll make a grab at me, in spite of my bald head. (Bald at twenty-eight, by George!) I wish you'd hurry up your little matter. I don't feel as if I could stand above four or five more races with Mamma Chester in the saddle. She's a remarkably worrying jockey to go under, by George."

"O, hold on, Wally!" begged Frank, who was not making so much progress as he desired in his "little matter." Miss Kate, we have sentimental reason to fear, was in some respects an old head on young shoulders. She no doubt liked Frank better than any other young men; but she did not yet like him enough to risk all other means of happiness for his sake. Suppose she should become engaged to him, and perhaps go so far as to marry him; and suppose that then there should be another outbreak of that old, mighty feud, so full of angering memories? Where would she be with reference to her father and brothers and grandpapa? Separated from them? Their enemy? Not to be thought of! Impossible!

Meantime Mrs. Chester, not quite a fool in a general way, and in love matters not easily imposed upon except by herself, made out to see through the cutthroat game of which she was the victim. For one whole night and the following forenoon she brooded over the discovery with alternate ragings and tears. In the afternoon, when

Wallace McAlister called and sent up his compliments to know if she would ride, she had a spasm of desire to rush down stairs and pull out what hair was left him, and she with difficulty so far controlled herself as to send back regrets that she could see no one on account of a headache.

"Hurrah!" thought Wallace, and cantered away to call on Jenny Devine, totally forgetting to warn the coming Frank that Mrs. Chester would be at home. That infuriated lady watched him out of sight, and then watched for the appearing of his brother.

"Miriam!" she suddenly called. "There comes Frank McAlister to court my niece. I won't have this thing going on. Those McAlisters! Low, mean, nasty 'crackers'! I won't have it. It's my duty to prevent it. Hurry down and tell him Miss Kate is out. Do you hear me? Hurry!"

Now Miriam knew two things: she knew, in the first place, that Miss Kate was at home; in the second place she knew her mistress's silly weakness for juvenile beaux.

"I don't go for to do it," she said to herself as she walked away. "I don't tell no lies, an' I don't help out no foolishness. If Miss Marian is gwine to court young men an' gwine to hender true lovers, she may jess work at it alone. I 'se a square woman, I is. I has a conscience, bless de Lord!"

As she passed Kate's room she opened the door softly, beckoned the girl to approach, put her finger to her lips, and whispered, "Come, Miss Katy. Come down to the front do', quick. I 'se got suthin' to show ye."

Kate was of course curious; she glided down to the front door; the negro opened it; there was Frank!

"Can't tell him now she ain't to home," thought the conscientious Miriam; and walked back to her mistress with the truthful report, "Miss Kate was at the do' herself."

"Waiting for him!" almost shrieked Mrs. Chester.

"Did n' know he was thar," de-

clared Miriam. "The dear chile was puffed'ly s'prised."

"I won't have this," asseverated Mrs. Chester. "I must interfere. I am going down."

"Laws, honey, you 'se got a headache," said Miriam. "You jess better lie down."

In reply Mrs. Chester flew at her chattel, boxed her ears and drove her out of the room. Then, sobbing with rage, she threw herself on a sofa; got up presently, bathed her face and looked at it in the glass; went back to the sofa in despair and remained there.

On the evening of that day, having dragged her brother out into the moonlit garden, she began upon him with, "Well, Peyton Beaumont! You are managing things finely, I should say."

"Hullo! What's the row now?" demanded Peyton, scenting battle at once and charging with all his eyebrows.

"I 'll tell you what's the row," continued the sister. "Here is this Kershaw estate going straight out of the family."

"What the devil is the Colonel going to do with his estate?" asked the alarmed Beaumont. "Not going to cut Kate off?"

"Kate will be the heir of it, won't she? Well, Kate is being courted, and Kate will get married."

"I suppose she will, some day," sighed the father. "I suppose she will. Girls do. But how can I keep the Kershaw estate in the family! My boys can't marry their own sister."

"There is Bentley Armitage, the brother of your son-in-law. That would be in the family."

Beaumont uttered a sound between a groan and a grunt. As near as he could make out from what he heard, the brother of Bentley Armitage was not a model of husbands, and did not render his daughter Nellie very happy. Bent was a jolly fellow; he told hosts of capital stories; he was very amusing; he helped the gout. But for all

that, Beaumont did not find that he hankered after any more Armitages for sons-in-law.

"But you don't want a McAlister?" furiously remonstrated the lady.

"How a McAlister?" inquired Beaumont, with something like a shaking of the mane at the sound of the so long detested name. "What McAlister?"

"*Frank*," gasped Mrs. Chester, her naughty, sensitive old heart giving one great throb of tenderness over the monosyllable, mighty as was her jealousy and spite.

"Frank!" echoed the father, — "Frank!"

He broke away, walked a few steps in silence, turned back suddenly, and repeated in a gentle voice, "Frank?"

"Yes," trembled Mrs. Chester.

"Why, good God, Marian, he saved her life! Why, good God, what could I say to him?"

"O, it has n't gone so far as that," laughed the lady, a bit hysterically. "There is time yet to stop it from going so far as that. I don't think she cares for him yet. You can stop her from learning to care for him. You can send her off visiting."

Beaumont made no answer; he did not want to send her off visiting; he could not spare the sight of her.

"Would you make her miserable for life?" argued the anxious aunt. "Suppose she should marry this man, and then the old feud should break out again?"

"Good God, I might lose my daughter forever," returned Beaumont, aghast.

"Good God, I must send her away. Well, she must go to Randolph Armitage's. She must go to her sister."

"We can send her up under the care of Bentley Armitage," slyly added Mrs. Chester.

J. W. DeForest.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

IV.

DISEASES OF THE EYELIDS.

THE edges of the lids are often thickened and crusted, and the eyelashes fall out, in consequence of neglected disease of the roots of the lashes and the lubricating glands which open near them.

If left to themselves the lids grow more and more unsightly, the bulbs which form the eyelashes are at last destroyed, and no new growth is produced, the margin of the lid being left bare and rounded. Yet the healthy condition may be easily restored and preserved by a little care and the seasonable use of proper applications. The crusts should not be allowed to remain upon the edge of the lids and give rise to ulceration, but should be

softened with warm water and removed, without violence.

After the thickening has continued a long time, the parts are not at once restored to a normal state, and the mild remedies prescribed by the physician must be patiently continued, and should even be used occasionally after the disease has been subdued, to give a healthy tone to the parts and prevent any reappearance of the symptoms.

Rounded tumors are sometimes slowly formed in the lid, at a distance from its margin, which are seldom dispersed by local applications, but require a slight surgical operation for their removal. They should not be allowed to become very large.

Erysipelatous inflammation of the lids causes much swelling and redness, and

an abscess sometimes results. Should this occur it should be opened as soon as possible, otherwise the skin of the lid is extensively undermined by the matter which spreads beneath it. But this should be done with great care, lest the eyeball itself should be injured.

The swelling of the lids which accompanies inflammation of the tear-sac resembles that caused by erysipelas, and is often mistaken for the latter when it is so great as to close the eyes. But it may be distinguished from erysipelatos disease by the greater hardness and tenderness near the nose, over the region of the sac.

OBSTRUCTIONS OF THE TEAR-PASSAGES.

Great suffering results from want of attention to the early symptoms of obstruction to the proper flow of the discharges from the eye. The lining of the tear-passages is often at first merely thickened, and its healthy state may be easily restored; but if neglected, the lachrymal sac, the reservoir placed in the side of the nose to receive the secretions from the eye, acquires a condition of chronic inflammation, and the passage leading downward from it becomes more or less completely closed, perhaps requiring tedious and painful treatment for its restoration. When in this condition, a slight exposure may cause inflammation of the sac, with great pain and swelling of the surrounding parts, often mistaken for erysipelas. Matter rapidly forms, and if the sac is not promptly relieved, it bursts, and the pus spreads beneath the skin and at last finds its way to the surface, forming a fistula lachrymalis which is annoying and difficult to heal.

Formerly, leaden or other styles, or gold or silver tubes, were inserted into the sac and the duct leading thence to the nose, and were worn for a long time. But this unsightly and often ineffectual means has given place to milder and more successful methods of dilatation. Prevention, however, easily accomplished at first by the use

of the mildest remedies, is better than the cure of these obstructions.

STRABISMUS.

Strabismus, or squinting as it is often termed, is a deviation of the eyes from their proper direction in looking at objects. Its most common form, where one or both eyes turn towards the nose, is, as I have already shown, associated with hyperopia in a large proportion of cases. As it usually shows itself about the time when a child begins to look carefully at objects, and is especially likely to occur if the child is enfeebled by illness, its origin is often attributed to an attack of whooping-cough, measles, or other disease.

It is a great mistake to allow this abnormal turning of the eyes to continue unrelieved for years, as is too often the case. Especially is this true where the squint seems to affect one eye only; for the eye which habitually deviates does not receive images of objects which harmonize with those in the other eye, and after a time disregards the impressions made upon it and gradually loses its perceptive power. It is common for parents to wait, first "to see if the eyes will not come right," and afterwards, "to let the child decide when old enough," whether he wishes to have the deformity relieved. This would be a very proper course if it were *merely* a question of appearances, and the sight did not also become involved by delay.

If the other eye be covered, it will often be found that the child sees less well with the squinting eye; and this loss of acuteness of vision increases and becomes confirmed with time, so that, though an operation done at a later period may remove the deformity, it cannot restore the diminished visual power.

At first, the disposition to turn in is perhaps noticed only when the child is fatigued, excited, or ill; but if this becomes after a few months more and more constant, it is best not to defer treatment. This does not, however, necessarily involve an operation, for

the disposition to squint may often be controlled by suitable glasses, which take away the necessity for the excessive calling into action of the internal recti muscles. But if an operation is required, there is no excuse for postponing it, in these days of etherization, from a reluctance to subject the child to pain.

When the squint is considerable, it is often necessary to divide the muscle which is affected in both eyes, in order to insure a perfect result; the deformity and the defective optical conditions being only partially relieved by an operation on one eye only. After operation it is often essential that convex glasses should be worn, at least for study and fine work.

The opposite deviation, where the eye turns outward, is most frequently a consequence of near-sightedness, resulting in many instances from alteration of the shape of the posterior part of the eyeball, rendering its motions less free in the socket. This diseased condition makes it more difficult to remove the deformity by operative means than in convergent strabismus, and the condition of the interior of the eye should be carefully examined to ascertain if progressive and dangerous myopic changes are in progress.

Temporary or permanent strabismus may also occur where the nerves which supply the motor muscles of the eyeball are paralyzed from the action of external causes or from disease of the brain. The cure in these cases must depend on the removal, if possible, of the original paralyzing influence.

DISEASES OF THE CONJUNCTIVA.

Some of the affections of the conjunctiva, the mucous membrane covering the front of the eyeball and lining the lids, are among the most fatal to vision; and their frequency and oftentimes their severity, their tendency to linger, and the danger of their being communicated from one individual to another, give them an important place among the diseases of the eye.

INFLAMMATION IN NEW-BORN CHILDREN.

Within a few days after birth the lids of one or both eyes sometimes become red and swollen and a creamy matter begins to form. Except where the affection is slight the symptoms rapidly increase, the lids swell so much as to project beyond the eyebrows and completely close the eyes, the discharge of matter becomes so copious that it pours out in great quantity if the lids are separated, and the eyeball itself becomes involved.

If the disease is not checked, the transparent front of the eye, the cornea, is liable to more or less complete destruction from ulceration. This may take place suddenly, from the extreme severity of the inflammation; or it may occur only after the symptoms have already diminished,—the cornea holding out for a time, but at last yielding to the effects of the inflammation of the surrounding parts and the constant flowing over it of the abundant and irritating discharges.

The liability to ulceration of the cornea renders this disease a source of great anxiety to even those of most experience; yet it is common to see the management of these cases undertaken by nurses or friends, whose little knowledge is worse than ignorance, and who waste precious time in trying worthless means, until it is discovered, too late, that fatal injury has been done to vision.

Cleanliness is of the first importance in these cases, not only for the safe recovery of the eyes affected, but to lessen the danger of contagion. Many an eye has been lost in consequence of being touched with a finger or a towel or handkerchief which had been in contact with matter from the eye of the babe. The discharge must not be allowed to remain in the eye, but should be thoroughly washed out every hour or half-hour if necessary, by means of a small syringe introduced under the swollen upper lid, so as to completely cleanse the eye from the accumulated

secretions. Applications to the outside of the lids, such as poultices, etc., should be absolutely abstained from, as they are highly dangerous. It is important that the medical adviser should see the disease in its earliest stages; as its fearful progress may often then be cut short or its severity mitigated.

INFLAMMATION FROM EXPOSURE TO COLD OR DUST.

The most common affection of the external membranes of the eye results from the action of cold or dust or some similar source of irritation. It may also extend through a family or neighborhood where the same towels or wash-basins which have been used by an individual having sore eyes are made to serve for other persons.

The pain complained of is a smarting or itching, as if sand or sticks were in the eye, and matter is discharged in greater or less amount, frequently causing adhesion of the lids together during the night.

The disease is often easily relieved at the outset by suitable remedies, but if these are neglected, or if inert or too harsh measures are resorted to, the symptoms are aggravated or indefinitely prolonged, the disease having little tendency to spontaneous cure. Examples are constantly seen of the melancholy results of inattention and mismanagement. Workingmen are unwilling to lose time in attending to their eyes during the early period, and when at last they seek advice because they are unable to work any longer, the slight changes of structure at the beginning have become so great that months instead of days are required for the restoration of the healthy condition. When not absolutely neglected, the eyes are often tampered with, and with ruinous results. The catalogue of substances in popular repute as sure means of relief would be almost endless. Of these a few would be useful if employed in cases to which they were suited, but most of them are worthless and many injurious.

INFLAMMATION FROM CONTAGION.

Rapidly fatal ulceration of the cornea may ensue upon inflammation of the conjunctiva following the introduction of a minute particle of contagious matter, eyes being sometimes thus totally lost in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Immediate and skilful treatment is imperative if the eye is to be saved. Great care should be taken to preserve the other eye, as well as those of any persons who may be exposed, from inoculation with the virulent discharge by a careless touch with the fingers or with anything which may have been infected by it.

GRANULATIONS OF THE EYELIDS.

After long-continued inflammation, and frequently without this, the inner surface of the upper lid may become rough from the formation of what are termed granulations. Sometimes these are almost cartilaginous in their hardness, and their constant friction upon the cornea, a thousand times a day, every time the eye rolls or the lids wink, leads to dangerous alterations of its condition. The cornea loses its smoothness and transparency, blood-vessels are developed where none ought to be visible, and at last ulceration and perforation take place, causing more or less implication of internal parts and injury to vision.

When the front of the eye has become so entirely clouded that the person cannot find his way or do more than perceive light, great patience and confidence are required on the part both of the sufferer and his physician. Speedy removal of the morbid changes is wholly impossible: until the roughness of the eyelids has been greatly lessened the cloudiness of the cornea can be but little diminished, for the cause continuing to act the effect remains. It is hard for a person and his friends to believe that he is improving, and is even nearly well, when he cannot perceive that he sees much if at all better: yet this may be the case; it being only when the granulations

have been almost removed that the cornea recovers from the effects of their friction and its clearness is gradually restored. Therefore the sufferer should take courage if his eyelids are made more comfortable and the discharge from them grows less, and treatment should be hopefully continued till the amelioration of some of the conditions prepares the way for an evident improvement of his sight. No advantage is obtained from frequent changes of remedies in the hope of a more rapid gain.

It is important that the granulations should be *entirely* removed. Those who have been blind for months or years are too often so rejoiced at the recovery of sight, and of a comfortable state of the eyes, that they disregard the lingering of some remains of disease beneath their lids, which may be roused by slight causes to renewed activity. They are anxious to return to their occupations, and hope their eyes will go on in their course of improvement. It is unsafe, however, to indulge this hope prematurely, and treatment should not be abandoned till all parts of the lining of the lid have been brought to so healthy a state that the inconveniences and dangers of a relapse are no longer to be feared.

ULCERATIONS OF THE CORNEA IN CHILDREN.

Ulcers of the cornea, most frequently near its centre, are very common in young children. They are attended with intolerance of light, sometimes so extreme that the child gives up all his usual pleasures and even his food, to keep the lids day after day spasmodically closed and the head buried in cushions or pillows. In other cases the eyes can be opened in the afternoon or evening, though they shrink from the morning light. Children often

become restless and peevish, the whole disposition being changed during the continuance of the disease. These cases differ greatly in their duration, and if neglected may be prolonged for months, till the health suffers from want of air and exercise.

It is usually possible, by engaging the child's attention, to obtain a look at the eye in a moderate light, so as to ascertain the extent of the ulceration, without resorting to forcible opening of the lids.

Even when superficial, these ulcers usually leave behind them a temporary cloudiness of the cornea; and if they penetrate deeply they cause a permanent opacity, which, though it may lessen in extent and density, does not wholly disappear, but affects vision in a greater or less degree. It is therefore very desirable that the ulcerative process should be arrested as soon as possible, to shorten the term of suffering and avert the injury to sight.

Solutions of sugar of lead, a favorite popular remedy, should be avoided with especial care in all diseases of the eyes in children, since, where ulceration exists, the lead solution is decomposed and forms an indelible white deposit upon the ulcerated surface. Laxative medicines, or blisters, so often used as domestic prescriptions in the hope of clearing the system of "humors," are also objectionable; the child more often needing tonics and good diet than any debilitating treatment.

Small pimples, of which there may be one or several at or near the edge of the cornea upon the white of the eye, must not be mistaken for the ulcerations above referred to. They are of comparatively trivial importance, and can be disposed of in a few days by the use of mild lotions, which are better than more severe treatment.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

CHILDREN.

THE paths which lead us to God's throne
Seem worn by children's feet ;
So small, and yet so difficult,
Are ways by which we meet.

We cannot see His hidden plan,
Nor read life's story through,
Yet ofttimes we despair, as if
The work were ours to do.

Entwined cords of love and pain
Lead the young children on ;
Why, then, should we forget to hope,
And think there 's nothing done !

We cannot know their childish hearts,
We cannot learn their grief ;
Though we, too, were but children once,
And years gone by are brief.

Who saw, at night, the stealing tear
Drop on the folded sheet ;
Or guessed what formless midnight shape
Had chilled those little feet ?

Who knew the hours of waking joy
In our green garden plot ?
Those hours among the hollyhocks,
Whose beauty fadeth not !

Days when the hidden steps of Spring
Were heard, not understood ;
When music from afar swept in,
Born of her dreamful mood.

Seasons when young Love hid his face
Through joyless, restless days !
The winter of the growing soul,
Whose summer still delays.

Glad thought to light the darksome path, —
A child's grief is not long ;
Clouds but lead in the strong, bright day,
The morning mist, her song.

A. W.

III.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

SEPTEMBER 6th. — A new plot has been discovered; its headquarters in Paris itself. On the evening of the 3d the police made a descent on certain coffee-houses frequented by Germans and other Continental foreigners, and arrested a number of persons, chiefly refugees. In preparation for this raid, the Mazas prison was cleared of its ordinary occupants, to make room for these graver criminals. The next evening a great number of foreigners met at their accustomed coffee-houses to consult together, so it is said, on the occurrences of the day before. The Prefect of Police, informed, sent out several commissaries, each with a sufficient force, who presented themselves at the different coffee-houses about nine o'clock in the evening and effected the arrest of about one hundred and twenty individuals. This report of a plot occasions a great deal of anxiety, as it is impossible to know whom it may be intended to entangle in its formidable meshes. The arrests have not been confined to foreigners.

The National of yesterday says: "Among the names of citizens arrested yesterday we see some which belong to the French democracy. We shall not say that we see in this list names that have nothing in common with anarchy; justice will say it for us. This will not be the first plot which has existed only in the reactionary press and in police reports.

"We, who know nothing of the facts which have occasioned this *vazzia* of the police, almost dare to affirm that there is no conspiracy; and our reason is very simple, the democrats have no motive for conspiring.

"Why should they conspire? To change the republican form of government? It is our blood which has won it. To overthrow the Constitution? We are ready to march in its defence.

Is it even — the motive would be very small — to shorten the presidency of M. Louis Bonaparte? It is about to finish of itself. Six months, and the President, by the terms of his oath, will resign to another magistrate the temporary power which has been confided to him. No, the democrats have no motive for conspiring. Their palpable, evident interest is to preserve the public peace.

"If there are in the country germs of agitation, they are not with us. If the Republic and the Constitution are attacked, it is not by us. It is not we who have an interest in throwing everything into question. We conjure all sensible, impartial men to note that, by the facts and by the very logic of the situation, we are the true conservatives; that we preach and practise order; and that the temerities, the adventures, contempt of the laws, provocation to revolt, violation of oaths, are the daily policy of our enemies. It is vain to fill the prisons; the education of the country is made. It is little concerned about plots that it knows only through a police report, and very much about those which display themselves in broad daylight, which fill the columns of the journals of order, and make their way in the world with the stamp of public authority."

Reports of a *coup d'état* at hand have been circulating during the past week. How openly this supposed project on the part of the government is discussed, not only in conversation, but in the journals, you may judge by the following extract from a provincial paper, copied into a Paris paper: —

"There is still a good deal of talk of a *coup d'état*. It is affirmed that General Magnan has been consulted, and has declared that he does not exercise sufficient influence over the army to be sure of carrying it with him. It is sup-

posed, therefore, that the plan of a *coup d'état* by means of the army has been renounced and that General Randon is not to resign."

Treasonable designs on the part of the government almost taken for granted! Is it surprising that, when such paragraphs as this are going the rounds, the people should be agitated? that they should consult together as to the course they are to take if these reports should some day prove themselves to be founded? Does not their duty to their country require them to consider this question? By Article III. of their Constitution, the Constitution itself is confided "as a trust to the care and patriotism of all Frenchmen."

That the agitation is not greater is the only wonder. But as the Protestant pastors of old enjoined non-resistance as a mark of fidelity to the religion which would have been discredited by acts of rash resentment, so the republican chiefs now exhort the people to patience and forbearance in the name of the Republic which the elections of 1852 are to restore to them.

The steward of M. Crémieux, M. Larger, was summoned to Lyons to give evidence at the trial for conspiracy, and has been detained there a prisoner. He became known to M. Crémieux at Paris about a year and a half ago, as a member of the republican party. He fell ill and, being poor, was obliged to go to a hospital. M. Crémieux gave orders that his wife and child should wait for nothing during his illness. When he recovered, M. Larger was very desirous to acquit himself of the obligation. He declined a subscription which some of his political friends wished to raise for him, and begged earnestly that he might be provided with employment. His conduct won the esteem of M. Crémieux, who placed him in charge of his estate near Crest in Drôme.

M. Crémieux, learning, on his arrival at Lyons, the arrest of M. Larger, went the next day to see the Procureur of the Republic. "Larger is arrested?" "Yes, for a political offence." "Com-

mitted since he has been in my house?" "No." "A grave offence?" "A very grave one. He is one of the most ultra-demagogues of Paris. He compromised himself after the passage of the law of the 31st May." "But he has been for a year living more than one hundred and fifty leagues from Paris." "All I can say is, that the affair is a grave one." "Is he in secret confinement?" "He is."

What may be the duration of this poor man's imprisonment is not to be surmised. It may be long even before he is brought to trial. In the mean time, his wife and little child are thrown once more upon the charity he was so unwilling to ask.

M. Crémieux himself has just been arrested in the neighborhood of Crest. It was only a brutal jest of the police, but imagine what must be the insolence and tyranny of the police in these unfortunate republican departments, when they can venture upon offering such an insult to a man of the standing of M. Crémieux.

M. Crémieux had gone to Drôme to look after his estate. A commissary of police saw him pass, and recognizing him, "There is M. Crémieux, the republican representative," he said to a gendarme; "follow him and ask for his passport." The gendarme, going up behind him, clapped his hand on his shoulder with, "In the name of the law, I arrest you!" It must have been an unpleasant moment for M. Crémieux. The person of the representative is indeed inviolable, unless he be taken in act of crime; and even then the affair must be carried before the Assembly, and proceedings continued or stayed according to its decision. But who can tell in what day and hour this protection may cease to be one? In the present instance the affair had no consequences, except the wound to the dignity of an honorable man, and the pleasure which the police undoubtedly find in recollecting this scene and in recounting it.

The neighborhood of Crest was, in the last century, the scene of a more

tragical arrest, that of Jacques Roger, the Christian pastor. "Who are you?" asked the officer of the patrol, coming upon a stranger whose reverend mien excited his suspicion. "I am he whom you have been long seeking, and it is time you found me," answered Jacques Roger, who, more than seventy years old, might have missed the privilege of martyrdom for his faith, if it had been delayed much longer. He was carried to prison and thence to the gibbet. His body, denied burial, was dragged away and thrown into the Isère, a river which gives its name to a department formerly, like Drôme, a part of Dauphiné; now a republican department, like Drôme, and, with it, under martial law.

Last evening we were at the French Opera for the first time,—at the Academy of Music, I ought rather to say, for the name this institution received from its founder, Louis XIV., is still the formal one, although it is popularly called the French Opera and the Grand Opera. It is also known as the Theatre of the Nation. The piece was the "Huguenots."

If Louis XIV. could look in on his Academy, it would surely give him an emotion to see, instead of the polite Pagan pieces, such as "The Festivals of Cupid and Bacchus," for example, with which he inaugurated it, dramas like this, in which the interest turns on the fidelity to his religion of the Huguenot hero, and on the devotedness of a young girl, noble and beautiful, who, to share his martyrdom, embraces the proscribed faith. And yet, if Louis XIV. has much of Louis XIV. left in him, he would be too much elated with the elegance of the house, the beauty of the scenery, the perfection of the music,—in short, with the entire success of the work he originated, to be greatly discomposed by the failure of projects for which, without doubt, he would royally decline accountability.

It is Father La Chaise who ought to look in. With what eyes would he survey that calm crowd, so compla-

cently regarding the audacious scene, and from time to time graciously or feelingly applauding! Would he have some regret for all the anguish and desolation that his authority over a weak soul sent through the country whose conscience he aspired to control with the king's? For thirty-four years his fleshly hand was heavy upon France; his dead hand weighed upon her for seventy-eight years more. It was Lafayette who shook it off at last; Lafayette coming back from our War of Independence. With the first effort it was done. So mere a phantom of the night was this baleful force, irresistible only because unresisted.

When the "Huguenots" was first performed in Paris, it was not yet fifty years from the time when men of the Reformed Church had no civil rights, since the time when, in the view of the law, they could be neither husbands, fathers, nor sons. A man might have sat at the first representation of that opera, who had himself been subject to these awful disabilities. And now, it is almost impossible to believe that such a state of things has so lately existed. It is almost impossible to believe that the measures which created it could have been deliberately planned and carried out, except in what are called the dark ages. Who will venture to call the age of Louis XIV. a dark age?

Wherever despotism is there is a dark age. Despotism is the negation of the divine government. Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.

Sunday, September 7th.—We went to the church of the Oratoire. M. Coquerel preached. The question what church we are to go to is now decided. The contrast between the sermon we heard last week and the earnest, eloquent, and thoroughly satisfactory discourse of this morning was too great to permit us to hesitate. The children hardly withdrew their eyes from the preacher. They evidently felt, as I did, that the loss even of a word was indeed a loss. Willie appeared to understand perfectly well. He listened

with the closest attention, and was evidently much impressed. There was nothing in the sermon in which all Christians, of whatever sect, could not concur. There was no negation and no dogmatism. The text was from the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Or la foi est une vive représentation des choses qu'on espère, et une démonstration de celles qu'on ne voit point."

Is there anything of habit and prejudice in the preference that we have for the phraseology of the English Bible? Do the French when they read the Bible in English feel that it has lost something? M. Coquerel certainly must have felt the full force of the idea which he expounded, or he could not have made his hearers feel it as they did. And yet to me the modern French Bible, written in the language of everyday life, greatly fails of the force and sanctity of our English version. We owe an obligation the more to the inspired translators of the inspired Word, that they have preserved for us and kept familiar to us the language of a more strenuous time, to be our interpreter in great moments and in sacred hours.

September 8th. — I have mentioned that I not unfrequently saw notices of the suspension of mayors or other officials, in different parts of the country, for "demagogism," or "anarchism," or some offence of that description. I have seen to-day a letter from one of these mayors. It is addressed by M. Arnault, mayor of Montils in Loiret-Cher, to the prefect of the department: —

"You have received, you say, information in regard to my conduct, from which it results that I openly profess principles contrary to public order, and that I have not feared to make myself an agent of anarchical propagandism. I do not know, Monsieur le Préfet, who can have given you such information, but you are not, in my opinion, justified in acting upon a denunciation destitute of proof and which has not been made the subject of investigation. If you had sought the truth, this is

what you would have learned; I am a republican under the Republic, and I inculcate republican principles. I am not aware that this conduct is contrary to public order, or that republican principles are anarchical. It is in the name of these principles that you and your superiors are in possession of power.

"Not wishing to serve any longer an administration which, in a Republic, makes it a crime to be a republican, I resign my functions of mayor and of municipal councillor of the commune of Montils."

September 9th. — The new plot is named *Le complot franco-allemand*. It is called "a plot against the peace of Europe." The victims are found chiefly in the class of political refugees. Of one hundred and seventy-six persons who have been arrested at Paris, one hundred and fifty are Germans. Arrests, domiciliary visits, perquisitions, continue, both at Paris and through the departments. It is said that this persecution is set on foot in the interests and at the instigation of the despotic powers, by whose countenance Napoleon wishes to strengthen himself, and into whose association he proposes to enter.

The Napoleonist journal, *La Patrie*, has had the imprudence to reprint this article from the *Gazette de Cologne* of the 4th September, the day after the domiciliary visits and arrests, connected with this new plot, began at Paris: —

"The Schwartzemberg cabinet, convinced of the necessity of maintaining the existing state of things, has resolved to support energetically the candidature of the prince Louis Napoléon. It is desirable to avoid any sudden shock, and for that reason a prolongation of the powers of the President would be preferred."

The republican papers ask "what kind of support the Schwartzemberg cabinet is to give to an unconstitutional candidate in the next elections?" and "whether the arrests recently made for the benefit of the Emperor of Austria

have anything in common with the promised concurrence of M. Schwartz-enberg in the election of M. Bonaparte?"

The republicans, disdaining the imputations thrown out against them, of complicity in the pretended plot, espouse the cause of the refugees, and maintain it with courage and candor.

While they constantly declare their intention to make use of none but peaceful and strictly legal means to their ends, they do not deny that the Republic threatens despotisms by its existence, though it will not assail them by arms. They do not dissemble their warm sympathy with the oppressed of every nation.

"M. Carlier," says the National, "may clear the old prisons for their reception, and build new ones; he will never have room for all the republicans who conspire in their hearts the ruin of European tyranny, and who labor for the triumph of universal liberty."

September 15th. — Again reports of an impending *coup d'état*. *L'Ordre* attributes them to changes made in the army of Paris. Certain regiments which remained silent on an occasion when others cried "Vive Napoléon!" and "Vive l'Empereur!" are to be sent to a considerable distance from Paris. *L'Ordre*, in giving this explanation, disclaims any belief in the rumors which, it says, "have created a panic in some timorous minds." But it adds that the changes which have been made in the regiments composing the army of Paris "have undoubtedly a certain significance, especially since it is known that the movements of the troops are not decided at the ministry of war, but at the Elysée."

September 16th. — Martial law has been proclaimed in the department of Ardèche. This measure does not take the public by surprise. It has been for some time impending. M. Léon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, states at length his reasons for demanding it. Let us examine them, and let this example serve for all. When you see in our American papers,

"serious disturbances" have broken out in such a department of France, think of Ardèche, and understand that this item comes from some Paris government journal, which thus epitomizes reports from the interior, on which a decree of martial law is in due season to be founded.

Here are the reasons given by M. Léon Faucher, Minister of the Interior, for the imposition of martial law upon the department of Ardèche: —

"Many points of this department, and in particular the arrondissement of Largentière, have been the centre of seditious demonstrations.

"Arms and powder are manufactured and distributed clandestinely.

"The configuration of the soil, intersected by ravines and torrents, makes it the asylum of the contumacious, who flee from the other neighboring departments, placed under the *régime* of the state of siege, and the disposition to disturb order increases with the certainty of impunity.

"It is evident that the agitation is carried on in this department with the view of forming it to revolt. On recent occasions, particularly at Laurac and at Vinezac, troops of the line and the gendarmerie have been attacked by mobs, and have found themselves under the necessity of having recourse to their arms. The anarchists have not even shrunk from a crime as base as it is odious. An attempt at assassination has been directed against an agent of the public force.

"This state of things appears to be connected with a continuous system of intimidation and insurrection, organized in the department of Ardèche. Against such elements of anarchy the ordinary means of repression do not suffice. The moment is come to claim the employment of the exceptional measures authorized by Article 106 of the Constitution, and by the law of the 9th August, 1849.

"I have long hesitated to propose this measure. I was unwilling to recognize that, in yet another department, through the weakness of the good cit-

izens and the temerity of the bad, an exceptional *régime* had become necessary. But the energy of the defence must equal the audacity of the aggression."

You will observe that the Minister of the Interior cannot pretend that the disturbances, which are to subject a department of France to martial law, have cost the party of order a single life. The climax of the crimes of the supposed insurgents is *an attempt* against the life of *an* agent of the public force. Formidable leaguers, indeed, who, with the best will, cannot compass the death of a single gendarme!

The Minister of the Interior specifies the arrondissement of Largentière as the most seditious part of the department; Laurac and Vinezac as the most guilty places in the arrondissement. The occurrences at Laurac and Vinezac, which are supposed to justify this representation, have been related at length, and in a tone which shows every disposition to make the most of them, by the *Courrier de la Drôme*, published at Valence, the chief town of Drôme, one of those unhappy adjoining departments, long since under martial law, whose fugitives find shelter in the recesses of Ardèche. The facts of the narrative I send you are drawn from the account given in that journal. This account is that of the accusers. An accurate statement would probably add and subtract something. It would add, doubtless, the insolence and sneering menaces of the gendarmes; it would add, probably, the part of that branch of the police called *provocateurs*, whose business it is to get up the disturbances that are to be put down. It would, perhaps, take something from the crowd of villagers, and a great deal from their part in the "demonstrations" of the day. But let us accept the case as presented by the accusation, and see what it amounts to.

On the 10th of August the village of Laurac held its annual fête. Gendarmes were, of course, on hand, all eye and ear. They found no occasion for their services in the cause of order,

until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when they directed their steps towards an inn, understood to be the resort of men of advanced opinions. As they entered, songs struck upon their offended ears,—anarchical songs. These proceeded from a party of ultra-demagogues, a hundred in number, who had been dining together, and who, so far from obeying when the gendarmes cried silence, continued their seditious songs, intermingling them with yet more seditious cries. The threats of the gendarmes were treated as a jest, and were answered with laughter. In the mean time a crowd began to collect about the house, to the number of five or six hundred men, sympathizers with the party inside. The gendarmes, eight in number, had seized some of the "ringleaders," and were dragging them off to prison, when they were attacked by this outside crowd with sticks and stones, and obliged to relinquish their captives. They then retired "in good order" to the Mairie, where their arms were kept, took their carabines, and returned to the attack. They did not succeed in repossessing themselves of their prisoners. After a contest in which they made free use of their weapons, and in which three of their number were disabled, while all received some hard blows, they retreated once more to the Mairie, where they now shut themselves in. The crowd gathered round it. The chief of the gendarmes, seeing from the window a man on whom he could rely, despatched him to Largentière, the chief town of the arrondissement, for aid. At Largentière the *rappel* was beaten by order of the sub-prefect. Thirty or forty of the National Guard answered it, took their muskets, and set off for Laurac, as escort to the sub-prefect and the procureur. They arrived at about eleven o'clock. The crowd had disappeared. The town was tranquil. Their arrival, and the arrests which followed it, occasioned a renewal of agitation, of which, however, the outward manifestations had soon subsided. The prefect of Ardèche, M. Che-

vreau, arrived the next day. The inn which was the scene of the disturbance was closed by his order. All fêtes and meetings, of whatever kind, were interdicted for the next three months in the arrondissement of Largentière.

It does not appear that the gendarmes, heroes of the affair at Laurac, suffered seriously, for they were taken to Largentière the next morning. How it was with the villagers cannot be told. They did not boast of their wounds. The gendarmes could not themselves say how much execution they had done; they thought they had fired not more than fifteen times, but they flattered themselves that they did a good deal of damage with their swords.

The account given of the "affair of Laurac" by their accusers proves that the part of the people in it was limited to the rescue and defence of their friends, arrested for singing songs which perhaps the men who electioneered for Napoleon sang with them in 1848. After the rescue was effected the gendarmes were allowed to retire without molestation or hindrance. They went to the town-house at their leisure, took their carabines, and went back to the crowd, which evidently had not followed them. The blows they received were gained in an attempt to recapture their prisoners, during which they fired on the people at least fifteen times, and laid about them freely with their swords. When they desisted from this attempt they were allowed to withdraw to the Mairie, three of their number being, according to their account, disabled, and requiring the aid of the others, so that the whole party must have been at the mercy of the crowd. From the window of this building, surrounded, as it is asserted, by a threatening mob, the chief of the gendarmes was able to call to a man whom he recognized, and send him off with a message to Largentière. This man was not prevented from performing his commission. After his departure the five valid gendarmes, it is represented, defended themselves until the discour-

aged mob of a hundred times their number dispersed of itself. Is it not evident that the people respected the public building which sheltered their assailants? Is it not evident that they respected even the "agents of the public force," from the moment they desisted from making what were considered unjust arrests? The forbearance of the crowd appears, indeed, even in this prejudiced account, something marvellous; and the marvel would be still greater if we believe them really to have been in possession of concealed stores of arms and ammunition, as the report of M. Léon Faucher supposes. In any case, the conduct of this crowd is remarkable, which was not dispersed by being fired upon, nor yet maddened by the sight of friends and townsmen shot down and hacked down. The restraint exercised would seem almost incredible, if we did not suppose it to be the result of a principle,—a line of conduct determined on in advance, and resolutely persisted in.

The prisoners of Laurac were carried to the jail of Largentière. Things remained quiet, at least upon the surface. The authorities were persuaded that these appearances were fallacious, and that the people were brooding rescue and revenge. A report was circulated that on the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, an attack was to be made on the jail of Largentière. Formidable preparations were made to avert the threatened danger. Troops were stationed at Largentière. The prefect, who during the anxious days which intervened between the dreadful 10th and the dreaded 15th had been perpetually on the road between Privas, the capital of the department, and the scene of the projected insurrection, became, at three o'clock in the morning of the fatal day, stationary in the house of the sub-prefect at Largentière. "Desirous of sharing in every danger which threatened the place, he himself directed the measures necessary for securing the public tranquillity." The prefect played his part to admiration; and, indeed, all parties

concerned appear to have given satisfaction, except the insurgents, who, notwithstanding the preparations made on their account, absolutely failed to take the place assigned to them in the performances of the day. No wonder that those whose expectations were disappointed should be embittered against the delinquents. "Here is a new proof of the cowardice of the fomenters of disorder. When they were five hundred against eight, they could attempt assassination; and now, when the government accepts their challenge, they basely hide in the dark."

The prefect, before returning to Privas, left "the most peremptory and severe instructions" with an *aide-de-camp* of General Rostolan, who arrived from Montpellier with a battalion of the Sixty-seventh Regiment of the line.

The alarms of the day, the extraordinary fatigues of the prefect, the military preparation, must have gone far towards establishing a claim for the aid of martial law. The propriety of its application was discussed; but the prudent Minister of the Interior found its necessity not yet sufficiently apparent. It was made so by the affair of Vinezac.

Before passing to Vinezac and the sorrows of its fête day, let me note another scene of this 15th of August in Ardèche; a scene in which people and soldiery had their parts, though not those which had been marked out for them by the authorities.

Among the troops ordered to Largentière to keep the peace on that day, or to prove by their presence that it was in danger, was the Second Battalion of the Fourth Regiment of Light Infantry, stationed at Pont-Saint-Esprit, a town of the department of Gard. Marching "in all haste," according to their orders, these troops arrived at Vallon, a town in this same seditious arrondissement of Largentière, and itself recently the theatre of compromising scenes.

If they had entered Vallon in full military insolence, perhaps some defi-

ant youth would have raised the cry "Vive la république"; the bystanders might have taken it up; the commander have punished the insult; soldiers and citizens have confronted each other in hatred; and, all the rest following in course, the 15th at Vallon might have furnished new arguments for martial law in Ardèche. But it was not to be. The regiment to which this battalion belonged had been prostrated by typhoid fever. Those who had not sunk under it were enfeebled. The march had been long, under an August sun, over a broken and difficult country. For miles before, the men had been fainting and falling along the road. The Second Battalion of the Fourth Light Infantry came into Vallon suppliants, and not masters. Now was the time for the turbulent people of Ardèche to seize upon their moment of power. They thronged round and among the soldiery, and bore them away in their arms, vying with each other in affectionate cares for these their alienated brothers. "There was no need of billeting them on the people. Each and all had immediately found a home. Everything in every house was at their disposal."

Two were beyond the reach of aid; but the others were saved, for who knows what future service? But, at any rate, the peace was kept that day at Vallon.

Now for the affair of Vinezac. The 31st of August was the day on which the village of Vinezac would have celebrated its annual fête, if fêtes had not been prohibited in the arrondissement of Largentière. The sub-prefect of the arrondissement sent a party of soldiers and a force of gendarmerie to the village on the morning of that day, to secure obedience to the mandate of the prefect. No attempt was made to contravene it. The day passed off tranquilly. The armed force had found neither occasion nor pretext to interfere. In the evening the people began to throng the streets. The commandant ordered them to disperse. They dispersed. But some determined "per-

turbators" assembled again, here and there, in groups. The sound of a whistle was heard. It was ten o'clock and very dark. A party of soldiers was sent forward upon one of the seditious points. They were met by a shower of stones from unseen hands. They replied by discharging their muskets and then, rushing forward into the darkness, seized on six individuals, supposed aggressors, and carried them prisoners to Largentière.

The next morning the sub-prefect of Largentière, the procureur, and some other dignitaries, repaired to Vinezac, escorted by a force of gendarmes and a hundred soldiers. They found there a considerable number of people from the neighboring villages. The prefect at once perceived that they were there to celebrate the forbidden fête; which, only deferred, and not renounced, was, by the connivance of the mayor, to take place that day. "The number of people assembled could not escape the notice of the sub-prefect, who had reason to believe that they only waited for the departure of the armed force to compensate themselves for the interruption of their seditious pleasures. He ordered the immediate departure of all strangers."

When this order had been obeyed, the prisoners were brought forth; for, in the mean time, domiciliary visits and arrests had been going forward. "The prisoners were conducted into the most frequented place of the town. The inhabitants of Vinezac stood in silence to see their guilty fellow-citizens depart to expiate their offences in the prison of Largentière. Eleven individuals, among whom figures the mayor, have been arrested and incarcerated in consequence of the trouble of Vinezac. Such a lesson will, we hope, not be forgotten."

The writer of this account concludes with a hint to his readers that the version of this affair given by the democrats of the department will probably differ very much from this, the accurate one.

Thus it was that the village of Vine-

zac brought the doom of martial law upon the department of Ardèche.

Twelve days after this affair, on the 12th of this month, the Minister of the Interior asked and obtained of the President, in behalf of the department of Ardèche, a decree of martial law, assented to yesterday by the Permanent Committee of the Assembly, which held a special meeting for its consideration.

M. Léon Faucher finds that martial law is rendered necessary in Ardèche as much by the weakness of the good citizens as by the temerity of the bad. This admission on the part of the Minister is a significant one. It shows that the department is incredulous of danger; for the danger, if existing, is not of a kind that good citizens are indifferent to.

The people of Ardèche are among the most energetic, laborious, and worthy of France. Their country, from its natural features, would seem to promise more in scenery than in products; to be more attractive to the pleasure-tourist and the artist than to the cultivator. But they, with infinite labor, have terraced their mountains; they have carried up earth and formed successive gardens, each having its own climate, while the warm valleys have yet another; so that this little state rewards its children with the grains and fruits of northern and of southern regions. Numerous branches of industry flourish in Ardèche. In fine, what their country is capable of yielding its people make it yield, and add to the value of its productions what human ingenuity and patient toil can add.

A people like this is not prone to turbulence and uproar, nor tolerant of those who are. Such a people must be competent to maintain tranquillity within its own borders, by the ordinary means at the disposal of its magistrates.

If the Minister of the Interior thinks martial law as salutary, with a view to the good citizens as to the bad, it is because the good citizens are danger-

ous; it is because the department itself is dangerous; dangerous not to France, not to the Republic, but to the designs of those who at this moment have the Republic of France in their power.

The department of Ardèche has a history of its own, a history which, whether taken under its industrial, its religious, or its heroic aspect, is one to be proud of. The department of Ardèche represents ancient Vivarais.

One of the reasons given by the Minister of the Interior for this extreme measure of martial law is that the nature of the country makes Ardèche an asylum for the contumacious of other departments. But who are the guides of these fugitives to the rocky retreats? From whom do they receive food and covering? The impunity of starvation through cold and hunger is one that the government would not grudge them. Plainly they have friends among those who have something to give; friends trusty and zealous, who are not only ready to bring them succor, but to encounter, for their sake, the danger of needing it themselves.

Nor is it now for the first time that the people of Vivarais incur such risks for men under the ban of power. Not now for the first time does this brave little state shelter the contumacious.

These mountains which receive the refugee republicans are the Cevennes, sacred for how many centuries through this hospitality which it is no dishonor to ask, no proof of guilt to need, and which they have never foregone long enough to lose the habit of it. Within a hundred years these fastnesses have been the asylum of proscribed ministers of Christ; the only home of men honored throughout the country, and even by those of a different faith.

There are men now living who have pressed hands which have pressed those of Matthieu Majal on his journey through Vivarais to his trial and

death at Montpellier. Within twenty years there may have been people living who stood, little children, beside their parents by the roadside to have a last look from the beloved teacher, perhaps a last word from him as he passed.

Matthieu Majal was seized in the village of St. Agrève, in what is now the arrondissement from Privas, in Ardèche. When the people who poured out from the villages through which he was led came too near, they were fired upon. The prisoner forbade them to attempt his rescue by force, and they obeyed him. At Vernoux, the concourse was so great, that the officer in command, after securing his prisoner in jail, still dreaded his release, and ordered his men to go up on the rooftops and fire down upon the unarmed crowd. Several hundred were wounded and many killed. Then the people were rushing for their arms. But their pastors interposed and restrained them. Majal wrote to them from his prison, "Shed no blood." The people struggled with their rage and conquered it. They stood, silent and still, along the road, while their teachers, passing from one group to another, fortified and composed them by the promises of the Gospel.

They brought against Protestants then the same accusations they bring against republicans now. Majal is questioned in regard to concealed arms, in regard to treasonable correspondence. "Our ministers preach only patience and loyalty," answered Majal. "I know it," replied his questioner.

His judges, passing sentence upon him, could hardly pronounce it for tears. "We grieve to condemn you," said they, "but such are the orders of the king."

And this noble, useful life was cut off at twenty-six years, because such was the will of a miserable being who had no will.

M. L. P.

A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

"KEEP the American!" Miss Searle, in compliance with the injunction conveyed in her brother's telegram (with something certainly of telegraphic curtness) lost no time in expressing the pleasure it would give her to have my companion remain. "Really you must," she said; and forthwith repaired to the housekeeper, to give orders for the preparation of a room.

"How in the world," asked Searle, "did he know of my being here?"

"He learned, probably," I expounded, "from his solicitor of the visit of your friend Simmons. Simmons and the solicitor must have had another interview since your arrival in England. Simmons, for reasons of his own, has communicated to the solicitor your journey to this neighborhood, and Mr. Searle, learning this, has immediately taken for granted that you have formally presented yourself to his sister. He's hospitably inclined, and he wishes her to do the proper thing by you. More, perhaps! I have my little theory that he is the very Phoenix of usurpers, that his nobler sense has been captivated by the exposition of these men of law, and that he means gracefully to surrender you your fractional interest in the estate."

"*Je m'y perds!*" said my friend, musing. "Come what, come will!"

"You of course," said Miss Searle, reappearing and turning to me, "are included in my brother's invitation. I have bespoken your lodging as well. Your luggage shall immediately be sent for."

It was arranged that I in person should be driven over to our little inn, and that I should return with our effects in time to meet Mr. Searle at dinner. On my arrival, several hours later, I was immediately conducted to my room. The servant pointed out to me that it

communicated by a door and a private passage with that of my companion. I made my way along this passage, — a most antique and picturesque little corridor, with a long horizontal latticed casement, through which there streamed, upon a series of grotesquely sculptured oaken closets and cupboards, the lurid animating glow of the western sun, — knocked at his door, and, getting no answer, opened it. In an arm-chair by the open window sat my friend, sleeping, with arms and legs relaxed and head placidly reverted. It was a great relief to find him resting from his early excitement. I watched him for some moments before waking him. There was a faint glow of color in his cheek and a light parting of his lips, as in a smile; something nearer to brightness and peace than I had yet seen in him. It was almost happiness, it was almost health. I laid my hand on his arm and gently shook it. He opened his eyes, gazed at me a moment, vaguely recognized me, then closed them again, "Let me dream, let me dream!" he said.

"What are you dreaming about?"

A moment passed before his answer came. "About a tall woman in a quaint black dress, with yellow hair, and a sweet, sweet smile, and a soft, low, delicious voice! I'm in love with her."

"It's better to see her," I said, "than to dream about her. Get up and dress, and we shall go down to dinner and meet her."

"Dinner — dinner —" And he gradually opened his eyes again. "Yes, upon my word, I shall dine!"

"You're a well man!" I said, as he rose to his feet. "You'll live to bury Mr. Simmons." He had spent the hours of my absence, he told me, with Miss Searle. They had strolled together over the park and through the

gardens and green-houses. "You must already be intimate!" I said, smiling.

"She is intimate with me," he answered. "Heaven knows what rigmarole I've treated her to!" They had parted an hour ago, since when, he believed, her brother had arrived.

The slow-fading twilight still abode in the great drawing-room as we entered it. The housekeeper had told us that this apartment was rarely used, there being a smaller and more convenient one for the same needs. It seemed now, however, to be occupied in my comrade's honor. At the farther end of it, rising to the roof, like a ducal tomb in a cathedral, was the great chimney-piece of chiselled alabaster, in which a light fire was crackling. Before the fire stood a small short man with his hands behind him; near him stood Miss Searle, so transformed by her dress that at first I knew her not. There was in our entrance and reception something profoundly chilling and solemn. We moved in silence up the long room. Mr. Searle advanced slowly a dozen steps to meet us. His sister stood motionless. I was conscious of her masking her visage with a large white tinselled fan, and of her eyes, grave and expanded, watching us intently over the top of it. The master of Lockley Park grasped in silence the proffered hand of his kinsman, and eyed him from head to foot, suppressing, I think, a start of surprise at his resemblance to Sir Joshua's portrait. "This is a happy day," he said. And then turning to me with a bow, "My cousin's friend is my friend." Miss Searle lowered her fan.

The first thing that struck me in Mr. Searle's appearance was his short and meagre stature, less by half a head than that of his sister. The second was the flaming redness of his hair and beard. The former, fine as silk apparently in texture, scarlet almost in hue, and densely abundant, surrounded his head like a huge lurid nimbus. His beard sprang fanlike from lips and cheek and chin, as like to his amazing locks as if it had been the downward

image of them reflected in water. His face was pale and attenuated, like the face of a scholar, a dilettante, a man who lives in a library, bending over books and prints and medals. At a distance it had an oddly innocent and youthful look; but on a nearer view it revealed a number of finely etched and scratched wrinkles of a singularly aged and cunning effect. The complexion was that of a man of fifty. His nose was arched and delicate, identical almost with the nose of my friend. In harmony with the effect of his hair was that of his eyes, which were large and deep-set, with a sort of vulpine keenness and redness, but full of temper and spirit. Imagine this physiognomy — grave and solemn in tone, grotesquely solemn, almost, in spite of the bushy brightness in which it was encased — set in motion by a smile which seemed to whisper terribly, "I am *the* smile, the sole and single, the grin to command," and you will have an imperfect notion of the remarkable presence of our host; something better worth seeing and knowing, I fancied as I covertly scrutinized him, than anything our excursion had yet revealed to us. Of how thoroughly I had entered into sympathy with my companion and how effectually I had associated my sensibilities with his, I had small suspicion until, within the short five minutes which preceded the announcement of dinner, I distinctly perceived him stiffen himself into a posture (morally speaking) of indefinable protest and mistrust. To neither of us was Mr. Searle, as the Italians would say, *simpatico*. I might have fancied from her attitude that Miss Searle apprehended our thoughts. A signal change had been wrought in her since the morning; during the hour, indeed (as I read in the light of the wondering glance he cast at her), that had elapsed since her parting with her cousin. She had not yet recovered from some great agitation. Her face was pale and her eyes red with weeping. These tragic signs and tokens gave an unexpected dignity to her aspect, which was further enhanced by

the rare picturesqueness of her dress. Whether it was taste or whether it was accident, I know not; but Miss Searle, as she stood there, half in the cool twilight, half in the arrested glow of the fire as it spent itself in the vastness of its marble cave, was a figure for a cunning painter. She was dressed in the faded splendor of a beautiful tissue of combined and blended silk and crape of a tender sea-green color, festooned and garnished and puffed into a massive *bouillonnement*; a piece of millinery which, though it must have witnessed a number of stately dinners, preserved still the grand air of a noble fashion. Over her white shoulders she wore an ancient web of the most precious and venerable lace, and about her heavy throat a necklace of heavy pearls. I went with her into dinner, and Mr. Searle, following with my friend, took his arm (as the latter afterwards told me) and pretended sportively to conduct him. As dinner proceeded, the feeling grew within me that a drama had begun to be played in which the three persons before me were actors, each of a most exacting part. The part of my friend, however, seemed the most heavily charged, and I was filled with a strong desire that he should acquit himself with honor. I seemed to see him summon his shadowy faculties to obey his shadowy will, poor fellow! playing solemnly at self-esteem. With Miss Searle, credulous, passive, and pitying, he had finally flung aside all vanity and pretence, and had unpacked his fantastic heart with words. But with our host there might be no talking of nonsense nor taking of liberties; there and then, if ever, sat a double-distilled conservative, breathing the flattering fumes of hereditary privilege and peace. For an hour, then, I saw my poor friend turn painfully about to speak graciously of barren things. He was to assert himself at heart a sound American, so that his relish of this elder world might seem purely disinterested. What his kinsman had expected to find him, I know not; but, with all his poised and projected amenity, he

was unable to repress a shade of annoyance at finding him likely to speak graciously at all. Mr. Searle was not the man to show his hand, but I think his best card had been a certain implicit confidence that this exotic parasite would hardly have good manners. Mr. Searle, with great decency, led the conversation to America, talking of it rather as if it were some fabled planet, alien to the British orbit, lately proclaimed indeed to have the proportion of atmospheric gases required to support animal life, but not, save under cover of a liberal afterthought, to be admitted into one's regular conception of things. I felt nothing but regret that the spheric smoothness of his universe should be strained to cracking by the intrusion of our square shoulders.

"I knew in a general way," said our host, "of my having relations in America; but you know one hardly realizes those things. I could hardly more have imagined people of our blood there, than I could have imagined being there myself. There was a man I knew at college, a very odd fellow, a nice fellow too; he and I were rather cronies; I think he afterwards went to America; to the Argentine Republic, I believe. Do you know the Argentine Republic? What an extraordinary name, by the way! And then, you know, there was that great-uncle of mine whom Sir Joshua painted. He went to America, but he never got there. He was lost at sea. You look enough like him to have one fancy he did *get* there, and that he has lived along till now. If you *are* he, you've not done a nice thing to show yourself here. He left a bad name behind him. There's a ghost who comes sobbing about the house every now and then, the ghost of one against whom he wrought a great evil!"

"O brother!" cried Miss Searle, in simple horror.

"Of course you know nothing of such things," said Mr. Searle. "You're too sound a sleeper to hear the sobbing of ghosts."

"I'm sure I should like immensely

to hear the sobbing of a ghost!" said my friend, with the light of his previous eagerness playing up into his eyes. "Why does it sob? Unfold the wondrous tale."

Mr. Searle eyed his audience for a moment gaugingly; and then, as the French say, *se recueillit*, as if he were measuring his own imaginative force.

He wished to do justice to his theme. With the five finger-nails of his left hand nervously playing against the tinkling crystal of his wineglass, and his bright eye telling of a gleeful sense that, small and grotesque as he sat there, he was for the moment profoundly impressive, he distilled into our untutored minds the sombre legend of his house. "Mr. Clement Searle, from all I gather, was a young man of great talents but a weak disposition. His mother was left a widow early in life, with two sons, of whom he was the older and the more promising. She educated him with the utmost fondness and care. Of course, when he came to manhood, she wished him to marry well. His means were quite sufficient to enable him to overlook the want of means in his wife; and Mrs. Searle selected a young lady who possessed, as she conceived, every good gift save a fortune,—a fine proud, handsome girl, the daughter of an old friend,—an old lover, I fancy, of her own. Clement, however, as it appeared, had either chosen otherwise or was as yet unprepared to choose. The young lady discharged upon him in vain the battery of her attractions; in vain his mother urged her cause. Clement remained cold, insensible, inflexible. Mrs. Searle possessed a native force of which in its feminine branch the family seems to have lost the trick. A proud, passionate, imperious woman, she had had great cares and a number of lawsuits; they had given her a great will. She suspected that her son's affections were lodged elsewhere, and lodged amiss. Irritated by his stubborn defiance of her wishes, she persisted in her importunities. The more she watched him

the more she believed that he loved in secret and beneath him. He went about sombre, sullen and preoccupied. At last, with the fatal indiscretion of an angry woman, she threatened to bring the young lady of her choice—who, by the way, seems to have been no shrinking blossom—to stay in the house. A stormy scene was the result. He threatened that if she did he would leave the country and sail for America. She probably disbelieved him: she knew him to be weak, but she overrated his weakness. At all events, the fair rejected arrived and Clement departed. On a dark December day he took ship at Southampton. The two women, desperate with rage and sorrow, sat alone in this great house, mingling their tears and imprecations. A fortnight later, on Christmas eve, in the midst of a great snow-storm long famous in the country, there came to them a mighty quickening of their bitterness. A young woman, soaked and chilled by the storm, gained entrance to the house and made her way into the presence of the mistress and her guest. She poured out her tale. She was a poor curate's daughter of Hereford. Clement Searle had loved her,—loved her all too well. She had been turned out in wrath from her father's house; his mother, at least, might pity her,—if not for herself, then for the child she was soon to bring forth. The poor girl had reckoned too fondly. The women, in scorn, in horror, with blows, possibly, turned her forth again into the storm. In the storm she wandered, and in the deep snow she died. Her lover, as you know, perished in that hard winter weather at sea; the news came to his mother late, but soon enough. We are haunted by the curate's daughter."

There was a pause of some moments. "Ah, well we may be!" said Miss Searle, with a great pity.

Searle blazed up into enthusiasm. "Of course, you know,"—and suddenly he began to blush violently,— "I should be sorry to claim any identity with my faithless namesake, poor

fellow. But I shall be hugely tickled if this poor ghost should be deceived by my resemblance and mistake me for her cruel lover. She's welcome to the comfort of it. What one *can* do in the case I shall be glad to do. But can a ghost haunt a ghost? I *am* a ghost!"

Mr. Searle stared a moment, and then smiling superbly: "I could almost believe you are!" he said.

"O brother — cousin," cried Miss Searle, with the gentlest yet most appealing dignity, "how can you talk so horribly?"

This horrible talk, however, evidently possessed a potent magic for my friend; and his imagination, chilled for a while by the frigid contact of his kinsman, begun to glow again with its earlier fire. From this moment he ceased to mind his *p*'s and *q*'s, to care what he said or how he said it, so long as he expressed the passionate satisfaction which the scene about him infused into his heart. As he talked I ceased even mentally to protest. I have wondered since that I should not have resented the exhibition of so rank and florid an egotism. But a great frankness for the time makes its own law, and a great passion its own channel. There was, moreover, an immense sweetness in the manner of my friend's speech. Free alike from either adulation or envy, the very soul of it was a divine apprehension, an imaginative mastery, free as the flight of Ariel, of the rich facts beneath whose earthly shadow our entertainers sat darkened and at loss, unable, as the saying goes, to see the forest on account of the trees.

"How does the look of age come?" he demanded, at dessert. "Does it come of itself, unobserved, unrecorded, unmeasured? Or do you woo it and set baits and traps for it, and watch it like the dawning brownness of a meerschaum pipe, and nail it down when it appears, just where it peeps out, and light a votive taper beneath it and give thanks to it daily? Or do you forbid it and fight it and resist it, and yet feel

it settling and deepening about you, as irresistible as fate?"

"What the deuce is the man talking about?" said the smile of our host.

"I found a gray hair this morning," said Miss Searle.

"Good heavens! I hope you respected it," cried Searle.

"I looked at it for a long time in my little glass," said his cousin, simply.

"Miss Searle, for ten years to come, can afford to be amused at gray hairs," I said.

"Ten years hence I shall be forty-three."

"That's my age," said Searle. "If I had only come here ten years ago! I should have had more time to enjoy the feast, but I should have had less of an appetite. I needed to get famished for it!"

"Why did you wait for the starving-point?" asked Mr. Searle. "To think of these ten years that we might have been enjoying you!" And at the thought of these wasted ten years Mr. Searle broke into a violent nervous laugh.

"I always had a notion, — a stupid, vulgar notion, if there ever was one, — that to come abroad properly one ought to have a pot of money. My pot was too nearly empty. At last I came with my empty pot!"

Mr. Searle coughed with an air of hesitation. "You're a — you're in 'limited circumstances'?"

My friend apparently was vastly tickled to have his bleak situation called by so soft a name. "Limited circumstances!" he cried with a long, light laugh: "I'm in no circumstances at all!"

"Upon my word!" murmured Mr. Searle, with an air of being divided between his sense of the indecency and his sense of the rarity of a gentleman taking just that tone about his affairs. "Well — well — well!" he added, in a voice which might have meant everything or nothing; and proceeded, with a twinkle in his eye, to finish a glass of wine. His sparkling eye, as he drank,

encountered mine over the top of his glass, and, for a moment, we exchanged a long deep glance, — a glance so keen as to leave a slight embarrassment on the face of each. "And you," said Mr. Searle, by way of carrying it off, "how about your circumstances?"

"O, his," said my friend, "his are unlimited! He could buy up Lockley Park!" He had drank, I think, a rather greater number of glasses of port — I admit that the port was infinitely drinkable — than was to have been desired in the interest of perfect self-control. He was rapidly drifting beyond any tacit dissuasion of mine. A certain feverish harshness in his glance and voice warned me that to attempt to direct him would simply irritate him. As we rose from table he caught my troubled look. Passing his arm for a moment into mine, "This is the great night!" he whispered. "The night of experience, the night of destiny!"

Mr. Searle had caused the whole lower region of the house to be thrown open and a multitude of lights to be placed in convenient and effective positions. Such a marshalled wealth of ancient candlesticks and flambeaux I had never beheld. Nighed against the dark panellings, casting great luminous circles upon the pendent stiffness of sombre tapestries, enhancing and completing with admirable effect the vastness and mystery of the ancient house, they seemed to people the great rooms, as our little group passed slowly from one to another, with a dim, expectant presence. We had a delightful hour of it. Mr. Searle at once assumed the part of *cicerone*, and — I had not hitherto done him justice — Mr. Searle became agreeable. While I lingered behind with Miss Searle, he walked in advance with his kinsman. It was as if he had said, "Well, if you want the old place, you shall have it, metaphysically, at least!" To speak vulgarly, he rubbed it in. Carrying a great silver candlestick in his left hand, he raised it and lowered it and cast the light hither and thither, upon

pictures and hangings and bits of carving and a hundred lurking architectural treasures. Mr. Searle knew his house. He hinted at innumerable traditions and memories, and evoked with a very pretty wit the figures of its earlier occupants. He told a dozen anecdotes with an almost reverential gravity and neatness. His companion attended, with a sort of brooding intelligence. Miss Searle and I, meanwhile, were not wholly silent.

"I suppose that by this time," I said, "you and your cousin are almost old friends."

She trifled a moment with her fan, and then raising her homely candid gaze: "Old friends, and at the same time strangely new! My cousin — my cousin," — and her voice lingered on the word, — "it seems so strange to call him my cousin; after thinking these many years that I had no cousin! He's a most singular man."

"It's not so much he as his circumstances that are singular," I ventured to say.

"I'm so sorry for his circumstances. I wish I could help him in some way. He interests me so much." And here Miss Searle gave a rich, mellow sigh. "I wish I had known him a long time ago. He told me that he is but the shadow of what he was."

I wondered whether Searle had been consciously playing upon the fancy of this gentle creature. If he had, I believed he had gained his point. But in fact, his position had become to my sense so charged with opposing forces, that I hardly ventured wholly to rejoice. "His better self just now," I said, "seems again to be taking shape. It will have been a good deed on your part, Miss Searle, if you help to restore him to soundness and serenity."

"Ah, what can I do?"

"Be a friend to him. Let him like you, let him love you! You see in him now, doubtless, much to pity and to wonder at. But let him simply enjoy awhile the grateful sense of your nearness and dearness. He will be a bet-

ter and stronger man for it, and then you can love him, you can respect him without restriction."

Miss Searle listened with a puzzled tenderness of gaze. "It's a hard part for poor me to play!"

Her almost infantine gentleness left me no choice but to be absolutely frank. "Did you ever play any part, at all?" I asked.

Her eyes met mine, wonderingly; she blushed, as with a sudden sense of my meaning. "Never! I think I have hardly lived."

"You've begun now, perhaps. You have begun to care for something outside the narrow circle of habit and duty. (Excuse me if I am rather too outspoken: you know I'm a foreigner.) It's a great moment: I wish you joy!"

"I could almost fancy you are laughing at me. I feel more trouble than joy."

"Why do you feel trouble?"

She paused, with her eyes fixed on our two companions. "My cousin's arrival," she said at last, "is a great disturbance."

"You mean that you did wrong in recognizing him? In that case, the fault is mine. He had no intention of giving you the opportunity."

"I did wrong, after a fashion! But I can't find it in my heart to regret it. I never shall regret it! I did what I thought proper. Heaven forgive me!"

"Heaven bless you, Miss Searle! Is any harm to come of it? I did the evil; let me bear the brunt!"

She shook her head gravely. "You don't know my brother!"

"The sooner I *do* know him, then, the better!" And hereupon I felt a dull irritation which had been gathering force for more than an hour explode into sudden wrath. "What on earth *is* your brother?" I demanded. She turned away. "Are you afraid of him?" I asked.

She gave me a tearful sidelong glance. "He's looking at me!" she murmured.

I looked at him. He was standing with his back to us, holding a large Venetian hand-mirror, framed in *rococo* silver, which he had taken from a shelf of antiquities, in just such a position that he caught the reflection of his sister's person. Shall I confess it? Something in this performance so tickled my sense of the picturesque, that it was with a sort of blunted anger that I muttered, "The villain!" Yet I felt passion enough to urge me forward. It seemed to me that by implication I, too, was being covertly watched. I should not be watched for nothing! "Miss Searle," I said, insisting upon her attention, "promise me something."

She turned upon me with a start and the glance of one appealing from some great pain. "O, don't ask me!" she cried. It was as if she were standing on the verge of some sudden lapse of familiar ground and had been summoned to make a leap. I felt that retreat was impossible, and that it was the greater kindness to beckon her forward.

"Promise me!" I repeated.

Still with her eyes she protested. "O, dreadful day!" she cried, at last.

"Promise me to let him speak to you, if he should ask you, any wish you may suspect on your brother's part notwithstanding."

She colored deeply. "You mean," she said, — "you mean that he — has something particular to say."

"Something most particular!"

"Poor cousin!"

I gave her a deeply questioning look. "Well, poor cousin! But promise me."

"I promise," she said, and moved away across the long room and out of the door.

"You're in time to hear the most delightful story!" said my friend, as I rejoined the two gentlemen. They were standing before an old sombre portrait of a lady in the dress of Queen Anne's time, with her ill-painted flesh tints showing livid in the candlelight against her dark drapery and back-

ground. "This is Mistress Margaret Searle, — a sort of Beatrix Esmond, — who did as she pleased. She married a paltry Frenchman, a penniless fiddler, in the teeth of her whole family. Fair Margaret, I honor you! Upon my soul, she looks like Miss Searle! Pray go on. What came of it all?"

Mr. Searle looked at his kinsman for a moment with an air of distaste for his boisterous homage and of pity for his crude imagination. Then resuming, with a very effective dryness of tone: "I found a year ago, in a box of very old papers, a letter from Mistress Margaret to Cynthia Searle, her elder sister. It was dated from Paris and dreadfully ill-spelled. It contained a most passionate appeal for — a — for pecuniary assistance. She had just been confined, she was starving and neglected by her husband; she cursed the day she left England. It was a most dismal effusion. I never heard that she found means to return."

"So much for marrying a Frenchman!" I said, sententiously.

Mr. Searle was silent for some moments. "This was the first," he said, finally, "and the last of the family who has been so d—d un-English!"

"Does Miss Searle know her history?" asked my friend, staring at the rounded whiteness of the lady's heavy cheek.

"Miss Searle knows nothing!" said our host, with zeal.

This utterance seemed to kindle in my friend a generous opposing zeal. "She shall know at least the tale of Mistress Margaret," he cried, and walked rapidly away in search of her.

Mr. Searle and I pursued our march through the lighted rooms. "You've found a cousin," I said, "with a vengeance."

"Ah, a vengeance?" said my host, stiffly.

"I mean that he takes as keen an interest in your annals and possessions as yourself."

"O, exactly so!" and Mr. Searle burst into resounding laughter. "He

tells me," he resumed, in a moment, "that he is an invalid. I should never have fancied it."

"Within the past few hours," I said, "he's a changed man. Your place and your kindness have refreshed him immensely."

Mr. Searle uttered the little shapeless ejaculation with which many an Englishman is apt to announce the concussion of any especial courtesy of speech. He bent his eyes on the floor frowningly, and then, to my surprise, he suddenly stopped and looked at me with a penetrating eye. "I'm an honest man!" he said. I was quite prepared to assent; but he went on, with a sort of fury of frankness, as if it was the first time in his life that he had been prompted to expound himself, as if the process was mightily unpleasant to him and he was hurrying through it as a task. "An honest man, mind you! I know nothing about Mr. Clement Searle! I never expected to see him. He has been to me a — a —" And here Mr. Searle paused to select a word which should vividly enough express what, for good or for ill, his kinsman had been to him. "He has been to me an *amazement*! I have no doubt he is a most amiable man! You'll not deny, however, that he's a very odd style of person. I'm sorry he's ill! I'm sorry he's poor! He's my fiftieth cousin! Well and good! I'm an honest man. He shall not have it to say that he was not received at my house."

"He, too, thank Heaven! is an honest man!" I said, smiling.

"Why the deuce, then," cried Mr. Searle, turning almost fiercely upon me, "has he established this underhand claim to my property?"

This startling utterance flashed backward a gleam of light upon the demeanor of our host and the suppressed agitation of his sister. In an instant the jealous soul of the unhappy gentleman revealed itself. For a moment I was so amazed and scandalized at the directness of his attack that I lacked words to respond. As soon as he had

spoken, Mr. Searle appeared to feel that he had struck too hard a blow. "Excuse me, sir," he hurried on, "if I speak of this matter with heat. But I have seldom suffered so grievous a shock as on learning, as I learned this morning from my solicitor, the monstrous proceedings of Mr. Clement Searle. Great Heaven, sir, for what does the man take me? He pretends to the Lord knows what fantastic passion for my place. Let him respect it then. Let him, with his tawdry parade of imagination, imagine a tithe of what I feel. I love my estate; it's my passion, my life, myself! Am I to concede a round fraction of it to a beggarly foreigner, a man without means, without proof, a stranger, an adventurer, a Bohemian? I thought America boasted that she had land for all men! Upon my soul, sir, I have never been so shocked in my life."

I paused for some moments before speaking, to allow his passion fully to expend itself and to flicker up again if it chose; for on my own part it seemed well that I should answer him once for all. "Your really absurd apprehensions, Mr. Searle," I said, at last,—"your terrors, I may call them,—have fairly overmastered your common sense. You are attacking a man of straw, a creature of base illusion; though I'm sadly afraid you have wounded a man of spirit and of conscience. Either my friend has no valid claim on your estate, in which case your agitation is superfluous; or he has a valid claim—"

Mr. Searle seized my arm and glared at me, as I may say; his pale face paler still with the horror of my suggestion, his great keen eyes flashing, and his radiant hair erect and quivering with the force of sensation.

"A valid claim!" he whispered. "Let him try it!"

We had emerged into the great hall of the mansion and stood facing the main doorway. The door stood open into the noble porch, through whose stone archway I saw the garden glittering in the blue light of a full moon.

As Mr. Searle uttered the words I have just repeated, I beheld my companion come slowly up into the porch from without, bareheaded, bright in the outer moonlight, dark then in the shadow of the archway, and bright again in the lamplight on the threshold of the hall. As he crossed the threshold the butler made his appearance at the head of the staircase on our left, faltered visibly a moment on seeing Mr. Searle; but then, perceiving my friend, he gravely descended. He bore in his hand a small plated salver. On the salver, gleaming in the light of the suspended lamp, lay a folded note. Clement Searle came forward, staring a little and startled, I think, by some fine sense of a near explosion. The butler applied the match. He advanced toward my friend, extending salver and note. Mr. Searle made a movement as if to spring forward, but controlled himself. "Tottenham!" he shouted, in a strident voice.

"Yes, sir!" said Tottenham, halting.

"Stand where you are. For whom is that note?"

"For Mr. Clement Searle," said the butler, staring straight before him as if to discredit a suspicion of his having read the direction.

"Who gave it to you?"

"Mrs. Horridge, sir." (The house-keeper.)

"Who gave it Mrs. Horridge?"

There was on Tottenham's part just an infinitesimal pause before replying.

"My dear sir," broke in Searle, completely sobered by a scene of violated courtesy, "is n't that rather my business?"

"What happens in my house is my business; and mighty strange things seem to be happening." Mr. Searle had become exasperated to that point that, a rare thing for an Englishman, he compromised himself before a servant.

"Bring me the note!" he cried. The butler obeyed.

"Really, this is too much!" cried my companion, affronted and helpless.

I was disgusted. Before Mr. Searle had time to take the note, I possessed myself of it. "If you have no regard for your sister," I said, "let a stranger, at least, act for her." And I tore the disputed thing into a dozen pieces.

"In Heaven's name," cried Searle, "what does this horrid business mean?"

Mr. Searle was about to break out upon him; but at this moment his sister appeared on the staircase, summoned evidently by our high-pitched and angry voices. She had exchanged her dinner-dress for a dark dressing-gown, removed her ornaments, and begun to disarrange her hair, a heavy tress of which escaped from the comb. She hurried downward, with a pale, questioning face. Feeling distinctly that, for ourselves, immediate departure was in the air, and divining Mr. Tottenham to be a butler of infinite intuitions and extreme celerity, I seized the opportunity to request him, *sotto voce*, to send a carriage to the door without delay. "And put up our things," I added.

Our host rushed at his sister and seized the white wrist which escaped from the loose sleeve of her dress. "What was in that note?" he demanded.

Miss Searle looked first at its scattered fragments and then at her cousin. "Did you read it?" she asked.

"No, but I thank you for it!" said Searle.

Her eyes for an instant communed brightly with his own; then she transferred them to her brother's face, where the light went out of them and left a dull, sad patience. An inexorable patience he seemed to find it: he flushed crimson with rage and the sense of his unhandsomeness, and flung her away. "You're a child!" he cried. "Go to bed."

In poor Searle's face as well the gathered serenity was twisted into a sickened frown and the reflected brightness of his happy day turned to blank confusion. "Have I been dealing these

three hours with a madman?" he asked, plaintively.

"A madman, yes, if you will! A man mad with the love of his home and the sense of its rounded integrity! I have held my tongue till now, but you have been too much for me. Who are you, what are you? From what paradise of fools do you come, that you fancy I shall cut off a piece of my land, my home, my heart, to toss to you? Forsooth, I shall break my diamond! Prove your infernal claim! There is n't *that* in it!" And he kicked one of the bits of paper on the floor.

Searle received this broadside gaping. Then turning away, he went and seated himself on a bench against the wall and rubbed his forehead amazedly. I looked at my watch, and listened for the wheels of our carriage.

Mr. Searle went on. "Was n't it enough that you should have practised against my property? Need you have come into my very house to practise against my sister?"

Searle put his two hands to his face. "Oh, oh, oh!" he softly roared.

Miss Searle crossed rapidly and dropped on her knees at his side.

"Go to bed, you fool!" shrieked her brother.

"Dear cousin," said Miss Searle, "it's cruel that you are to have thus to think of us!"

"O, I shall think of you!" he said. And he laid a hand on her head.

"I believe you have done nothing wrong!" she murmured.

"I've done what I could," her brother pursued. "But it's arrant folly to pretend to friendship when this abomination lies between us. You were welcome to my meat and my wine, but I wonder you could swallow them. The sight spoiled my appetite!" cried the furious little man, with a laugh. "Proceed with your case! My people in London are instructed and prepared."

"I have a fancy," I said to Searle, "that your case has vastly improved since you gave it up."

"Oho! you don't feign ignorance then!" and he shook his flaming *chevalure* at me. "It is very kind of you to give it up!" And he laughed resoundingly. "Perhaps you will also give up my sister!"

Searle sat in his chair in a species of collapse, staring at his adversary. "O miserable man!" he moaned at last. "I fancied we had become such friends!"

"Boh! you imbecile!" cried our host.

Searle seemed not to hear him. "Am I seriously expected," he pursued, slowly and painfully,—"am I seriously expected—to—to sit here and defend myself—to prove I have done nothing wrong? Think what you please." And he rose, with an effort, to his feet. "I know what *you* think!" he added, to Miss Searle.

The carriage wheels resounded on the gravel, and at the same moment the footman descended with our two portmanteaus. Mr. Tottenham followed him with our hats and coats.

"Good God!" cried Mr. Searle; "you are not going away!" This ejaculation, under the circumstances, had a grand comicality which prompted me to violent laughter. "Bless my soul!" he added; "of course, you're going."

"It's perhaps well," said Miss Searle, with a great effort, inexpressibly touching in one for whom great efforts were visibly new and strange, "that I should tell you what my poor little note contained."

"That matter of your note, madam," said her brother, "you and I will settle together!"

"Let me imagine its contents," said Searle.

"Ah! they have been too much imagined!" she answered simply. "It was a word of warning. I knew something painful was coming."

Searle took his hat. "The pains and the pleasures of this day," he said to his kinsman, "I shall equally never forget. Knowing you," and he offered his hand to Miss Searle, "has been

the pleasure of pleasures. I hoped something more was to come of it."

"A deal too much has come of it!" said our host, irrepressibly.

Searle looked at him mildly, almost benignantly, from head to foot; and then closing his eyes with an air of sudden physical distress: "I'm afraid so! I can't stand more of this." I gave him my arm and crossed the threshold. As we passed out I heard Miss Searle burst into a torrent of sobs.

"We shall hear from each other yet, I take it!" cried our host, harassing our retreat.

Searle stopped and turned round on him sharply, almost fiercely. "O foolish man!" he cried.

"Do you mean to say you shall not prosecute?" screamed the other. "I shall force you to prosecute! I shall drag you into court, and you shall be beaten—beaten—beaten!" And this gentle verb continued to ring in our ears as we drove away.

We drove, of course, to the little wayside inn whence we had departed in the morning so free, in all broad England, of either enemies or friends. My companion, as the carriage rolled along, seemed utterly overwhelmed and exhausted. "What a dream!" he murmured stupidly. "What an awakening! What a long, long day! What a hideous scene! Poor me! Poor woman!" When we had resumed possession of our two little neighboring rooms, I asked him if Miss Searle's note had been the result of anything that had passed between them on his going to rejoin her. "I found her on the terrace," he said, "walking a restless walk in the moonlight. I was greatly excited; I hardly know what I said. I asked her, I think, if she knew the story of Margaret Searle. She seemed frightened and troubled, and she used just the words her brother had used, 'I know nothing.' For the moment, somehow, I felt as a man drunk. I stood before her and told her, with great emphasis, how sweet Margaret Searle had

married a beggarly foreigner, in obedience to her heart and in defiance of her family. As I talked the sheeted moonlight seemed to close about us, and we stood in a dream, in a solitude, in a romance. She grew younger, fairer, more gracious. I trembled with a divine loquacity. Before I knew it I had gone far. I was taking her hand and calling her 'Margaret!' She had said that it was impossible; that she could do nothing; that she was a fool, a child, a slave. Then, with a sudden huge conviction, I spoke of my claim against the estate. 'It exists, then?' she said. 'It exists,' I answered, 'but I have foregone it. Be generous! Pay it from your heart!' For an instant her face was radiant. 'If I marry you,' she cried, 'it will solve the trouble.' 'In our marriage,' I affirmed, 'the trouble will melt away like a raindrop in the ocean.' 'Our marriage!' she repeated, wonderingly; and the deep, deep ring of her voice seemed to shatter the crystal walls of our illusion. 'I must think, I must think!' she said; and she hurried away with her face in her hands. I walked up and down the terrace for some moments, and then came in and met you. This is the only witchcraft I have used!"

The poor fellow was at once so excited and so exhausted by the day's events, that I fancied he would get little sleep. Conscious, on my own part, of a stubborn wakefulness, I but partly undressed, set my fire a-blasting, and sat down to do some writing. I heard the great clock in the little parlor below strike twelve, one, half past one. Just as the vibration of this last stroke was dying on the air the door of communication into Searle's room was flung open, and my companion stood on the threshold, pale as a corpse, in his nightshirt, standing like a phantom against the darkness behind him. "Look at me!" he said, in a low voice, "touch me, embrace me, revere me! You see a man who has seen a ghost!"

"Great Heaven, what do you mean?"

"Write it down!" he went on. "There, take your pen. Put it into dreadful words. Make it of all ghost-stories the ghostliest, the truest! How do I look? Am I human? Am I pale? Am I red? Am I speaking English? A woman! A ghost! What was I born for? What have I lived for? To see a ghost!"

I confess there came upon me, by contact, a great supernatural shock. I shall always feel that I, too, have seen a ghost. My first movement — I can't smile at it even now — was to spring to the door, close it with a great blow, and then turn the key upon the gaping blackness from which Searle had emerged. I seized his two hands; they were wet with perspiration. I pushed my chair to the fire and forced him to sit down in it. I knelt down before him and held his hands as firmly as possible. They trembled and quivered; his eyes were fixed, save that the pupil dilated and contracted with extraordinary force. I asked no questions, but waited with my heart in my throat. At last he spoke. "I'm not frightened, but I'm — O, EXCITED! This is life! This is living! My nerves — my heart — my brain! They are throbbing with the wildness of a myriad lives! Do you feel it? Do you tingle? Are you hot? Are you cold? Hold me tight — tight — tight! I shall tremble away into waves — waves — waves, and know the universe and approach my Maker!" He paused a moment and then went on: "A woman — as clear as that candle — far clearer! In a blue dress, with a black mantle on her head, and a little black muff. Young, dreadfully pretty, pale and ill, with the sadness of all the women who ever loved and suffered pleading and accusing in her dead dark eyes. God knows I never did any such thing! But she took me for my elder, for the other Clement. She came to me here as she would have come to me there. She wrung her hands and spoke to me. 'Marry me!' she moaned; 'marry me and right me!' I sat up in bed just as I sit here, looked at her,

heard her, — heard her voice melt away, watched her figure fade away. Heaven and earth! Here I am!"

I make no attempt either to explain my friend's vision or to discredit it. It is enough that I felt for the hour the irresistible contagion of his immense sensation. On the whole, I think my own vision was the more interesting of the two. He beheld but the transient, irresponsible spectre; I beheld the human subject, hot from the spectral presence. Nevertheless, I soon recovered my wits sufficiently to feel the necessity of guarding my friend's health against the bad results of excitement and exposure. It was tacitly established that, for the night, he was not to return to his room; and I soon made him fairly comfortable in his place by the fire. Wishing especially to obviate a chill, I removed my bedding and wrapped him hugely about with multitudinous blankets and counterpanes. I had no nerves left either for writing or sleep; so I put out my lights, renewed the fire and sat down on the opposite side of the hearth. I found a kind of solemn entertainment in watching my friend. Silent, swathed and muffled to his chin, he sat rigid and erect with the dignity of his great adventure. For the most part his eyes were closed; though from time to time he would open them with a vast steady expansion and gaze unblinking into the firelight, as if he again beheld, without terror, the image of that blighted maid. With his cadaverous, emaciated face, his tragic wrinkles, intensified by the upward glow from the hearth, his drooping black mustache, his transcendent gravity, and a certain high fantastical air in the flickering alternations of his brow, he looked like the vision-haunted knight of *La Mancha*, nursed by the Duke and Duchess. The night passed wholly without speech. Towards its close I slept for half an hour. When I awoke the birds had begun to twitter of another day. Searle sat unperturbed, staring at me. We exchanged a long look; I felt with a pang that his glittering eyes had tasted

their last of natural sleep. "How is it? are you comfortable?" I asked.

He gazed for some time without replying. Then he spoke with a strange, innocent grandiloquence and with pauses between his words, as if an inner voice were slowly prompting him. "You asked me, when you first knew me, what I was. 'Nothing,' I said, — 'nothing.' Nothing I have always deemed myself. But I have wronged myself. I'm a personage! I'm rare among men! I'm a haunted man!"

Sleep had passed out of his eyes: I felt with a deeper pang that perfect sanity had passed out of his voice. From this moment I prepared myself for the worst. There was in my friend, however, such an essential gentleness and conservative patience that to persons surrounding him the worst was likely to come without hurry or violence. He had so confirmed a habit of good manners that, at the core of reason, the process of disorder might have been long at work, without finding a faithless servant to transmit its messages or subverting these serried and investing sentinels. As morning began fully to dawn upon us, I brought our grotesque vigil to an end. Searle appeared so weak that I gave him my hands to help him to rise from his chair; he retained them for some moments after rising to his feet, from an apparent inability to keep his balance. "Well," he said, "I've seen one ghost, but I doubt of my living to see another. I shall soon be myself as brave a ghost as the best of them. I shall haunt Mr. Searle! It can only mean one thing, — my near, dear death."

On my proposing breakfast, "This shall be my breakfast!" he said; and he drew from his travelling-sack a phial of some habitual narcotic. He took a strong dose and went to bed. At noon I found him on foot again, dressed, shaved, and apparently refreshed. "Poor fellow!" he said, "you have got more than you've bargained for, — a ghost-encumbered comrade. But it won't be for long." It

immediately became a question, of course, whither we should now direct our steps. "As I have so little time," said Searle, "I should like to see the best, the best alone." I answered that, either for time or eternity, I had imagined Oxford to be the best thing in England; and for Oxford in the course of an hour we accordingly departed.

Of Oxford I feel small vocation to speak in detail. It must long remain for an American one of the supreme gratifications of travel. The impression it produces, the thoughts it generates, in an American mind, are too large and various to be compassed by words. It seems to embody with an undreamed completeness and overwhelming massiveness a dim and sacred ideal of the Western intellect, — a scholastic city, an appointed home of contemplation. Truly, no other spot in Europe, I imagine, extorts from our barbarous hearts so passionate an admiration. A braver pen than mine must enumerate the splendid devices by which it performs this great office. I can bear testimony only to the dominant tone of its effect. Passing through the streets innumerable in which the obverse longitude of the hoary college walls seem to maintain an antique stillness, a mediæval vacancy, you feel this to be the most dignified of towns. Over all, through all, the great corporate fact of the University prevails and penetrates, like some steady bass in a symphony of lighter chords, like the mediæval and mystical presence of the Empire in the linked dispersion of lesser states. The plain Gothic of the long street-fronts of the colleges — blessed seraglios of culture and leisure — irritate the fancy like the blank harem-walls of Eastern towns. Within their arching portals, however, you perceive more sacred and sunless courts and the dark verdure grateful and restful to bookish eyes. The gray-green quadrangles stand forever open with a noble and trustful hospitality. The seat of the humanities is stronger in the admonitory shadow of her great name than

in a marshalled host of wardens and beadles. Directly after our arrival my friend and I strolled vaguely forth in the luminous early dusk. We reached the bridge which passes beneath the walls of Magdalen and saw the eight-spired tower, embossed with its slender shaftings, rise in temperate beauty — the perfect prose of Gothic — wooing the eyes to the sky, as it was slowly drained of day. We entered the little monkish doorway and stood in that dim, fantastic outer court, made narrow by the dominant presence of the great tower, in which the heart beats faster and the swallows niche more lovingly in the tangled ivy, I fancied, than elsewhere in Oxford. We passed thence into the great cloister, and studied the gaunt stone images along the entablature of the arcade, which transmit to the smiling present the grim conceits of the founders. I was pleased to see that Searle became extremely interested; but I very soon began to fear that the influence of the place would prove too potent for his unbalanced imagination. I may say that from this time forward, with my unhappy friend, I found it hard to distinguish between the play of fancy and the labor of thought, and to fix the balance between perception and illusion. He had already taken a fancy to confound his identity with that of the earlier Clement Searle; he now began to speak almost wholly as from the imagined consciousness of his Old-World kinsman.

"This was my college, you know," he said; "the noblest in all Oxford. How often I have paced this gentle cloister, side by side with a friend of the hour! My friends are all dead, but many a young fellow as we meet him, dark or fair, tall or short, reminds me of them. Even Oxford, they say, feels about its massive base the murmurs of the tide of time; there are things eliminated, things insinuated! Mine was ancient Oxford, — the fine old haunt of rank abuses, of precedent and privilege. What cared I, who was a perfect gentleman, with my pockets

full of money? I had an allowance of two thousand a year."

It became evident to me, on the following day, that his strength had begun to ebb, and that he was unequal to the labor of any large exploration. He read my apprehension in my eyes, and took pains to assure me that I was right. "I am going down hill. Thank Heaven it's an easy slope, coated with English turf and with an English churchyard at the foot." The almost hysterical emotion produced by our adventure at Lockley Park had given place to a broad, calm satisfaction, in which the scene around us was reflected as in the depths of a lucid lake. We took an afternoon walk through Christ-Church Meadow, — worthy of its sounding name! — and at the river-bank procured a boat, which I pulled up the stream to Iffley, to "Iffley church, the church that crowns the hill," and to the slanting woods of Nuneham, — the sweetest, flattest, reed-iest stream-side landscape that the heart need demand. Here, of course, we encountered in hundreds the mighty lads of England, clad in white flannel and blue, immense, fair-haired, magnificent in their youth, lounging down the current in their idle punts, in friendly couples, or in solitude possibly pregnant of scholastic honors; or pulling in straining crews and hoarsely exhorted from the near bank. When with this freighted channel of masculine motion, you think of the verdant quietude and the blooming sanctities of the college gardens, you can't but esteem that the youth of England have their porridge well salted. As my companion found himself less and less able to walk, we repaired on three successive days to these various gardens and spent long hours sitting in their greenest places. The perfect weather continued, securely transmitted from hour to hour, hushing them each into a golden silence of gratitude, fitfully broken by a breezy murmur of disbelief. These scholastic domains seemed to us the fairest possible things in England and the ripest and sweetest fruits

of the English system. Locked in their antique verdure, guarded (as in the case of New College) by gentle battlements of silver gray, outshouldering the matted leafage of centenary vines, filled with perfumes and privacy and memories, with students lounging bookishly on the turf (as if tenderly to spare it the pressure of their boot-heels), and with the great conservative presence of the college front appealing gravely from the restless outer world, they seem places to lie down on the grass in forever, in the happy faith that life is all a vast old English garden, and time an endless English afternoon. This charmed seclusion was especially grateful to my friend, and his sense of it reached its climax, I remember, on the last afternoon of our three, as we sat worshipping in the spacious garden of St. John's. The long college façade here broods over the lawn with a more effective air of property than elsewhere. Searle fell into unceasing talk and exhaled his swarming impressions with a tender felicity and an odd union of wisdom and folly which I can but partly reproduce. Every student who passed us was the subject of an extemporized romance, and every feature of the place the theme of a lyric rhapsody. My friend's whole being, indeed, seemed now more and more to tremble with the racking act of vision; and if I had been asked on what sole condition his life might be prolonged, I would have said on that of sudden blindness.

"Is n't it all," he demanded, "a delightful lie? Might n't one fancy this the very central point of the world's heart, where all the echoes of the world's life arrive only to falter and die? Listen! The air is thick with arrested voices. It is well there should be such places, shaped in the interest of factitious needs; framed to minister to the book-begotten longing for a medium in which one may dream unwaked, and believe unconfuted; to foster the sweet illusion that all is well in this weary world, all perfect and rounded, mellow and complete in this sphere

of the pitiful unachieved and the dreadful uncommenced. The world's made! work's over! Now for leisure! England's safe! Now for Theocritus and Horace, for lawn and sky! What a sense it all gives one of the composite life of England, and how essential a factor of the educated British consciousness one omits in not thinking of Oxford! Thank Heaven they had the wit to send me here in the other time. I'm not much with it, perhaps; but what should I have been without it? The misty spires and towers of Oxford, seen far off on the level, have been all these years one of the constant things of memory. Seriously, what does Oxford do for these people? Are they wiser, gentler, richer, deeper? At moments, when its massive influence surges into my mind like a tidal wave, I feel a certain injury in the shock; I beseech the waters with a passionate voice. My soul reverts to the naked background of our own education, the dead white wall before which we played our parts. I assent to it all with a sort of desperate calmness; I bow to it with a dogged pride. We are nursed at the opposite pole. Naked come we into a naked world. There is a certain grandeur in the absence of a *mise en scène*, a certain heroic strain in those young imaginations of the West, which find nothing made to their hands, which have to concoct their own mysteries and raise high into our morning air, with a ringing hammer and nails, the castles in which they dwell. *Noblesse oblige*: Oxford obliges. What a horrible thing not to respond to the obligations here contracted! If you pay the pious debt to the last farthing of interest, you bear upon your forehead her great benediction; but if you let it stand unhonored, you are far more blankly uncredited, I deem, than the most unschooled and unstamped of Americans. But for better or worse, in a myriad private hearts, think how she must be loved! How the youthful sentiment of mankind seems visibly to brood upon her! Think of the young lives

now taking color in her corridors and cloisters. Think of the centuries' tale of dead lads, — dead alike with the close of the young days to which these haunts were a present world and the ending of the larger lives which a sterner mother-scene has gathered into her massive history. What are those two young fellows kicking their heels over on the grass, there? One of them has the Saturday Review; the other — upon my soul, the other has Artemus Ward! Where do they live, how do they live, to what end do they live? Miserable boys! How can they read Artemus Ward under those windows of Elizabeth? What do you think loveliest in all Oxford? The poetry of certain windows. Do you see that one yonder, the second of those lesser bays, with the broken mullion and open casement? That used to be the window of a Pylades of mine, a hundred years ago. Remind me to tell you the story of that broken mullion. Don't tell me it's not a common thing to have one's Pylades at another college. Pray, was I pledged to common things? He was a charming fellow. By the way, he was a good deal like you. Of course his cocked hat, his long hair in a black ribbon, his cinnamon velvet suit, and his flowered waistcoat, made a difference! We gentlemen used to wear swords."

There was something surprising and impressive in my friend's gushing magniloquence. The poor disheartened *flâneur* had turned rhapsodist and seer. I was particularly struck with his having laid aside the diffidence and shy self-consciousness, which had marked him during the first days of our acquaintance. He was becoming more and more a disembodied observer and critic; the shell of sense, growing daily more transparent and tenuous, transmitted unallayed the tremor of his quickened spirit. He revealed an unexpected faculty for becoming acquainted with the lounging gownsmen whom we met in our vague peregrinations. If I left him for ten minutes, I was sure to find him, on my return, in

earnest conversation with some affable wandering scholar. Several young men with whom he had thus established relations invited him to their rooms and entertained him, as I gathered, with boisterous hospitality. For myself, I chose not to be present on these occasions ; I shrunk partly from being held in any degree responsible for his vagaries, and partly from witnessing that painful aggravation of them which I feared might be induced by champagne and youthful society. He reported those adventures with less eloquence than I had fancied he might use ; but, on the whole, I suspect that a certain method in his madness, a certain firmness in his most melting *bonhomie*, had insured him perfect respect. Two things, however, became evident, — that he drank more champagne than was good for him, and that the boyish grossness of his entertainers tended rather, on reflection, to disturb in his mind the pure image of Oxford. At the same time it completed his knowledge of the place. He dined in Hall in half a dozen colleges, and al-luded afterwards to these banquets with a sort of religious brevity and relish. One evening, at the close of one of these entertainments, he came back to the hotel in a cab, accompanied by a friendly student and a physician, and looking deadly pale and exhausted. He had swooned away on leaving table, and had remained so stubbornly unconscious as to excite great alarm among his companions. The following twenty-four hours, of course, he spent in bed ; but on the third day he declared himself strong enough to go out. On reaching the street his strength again forsook him, and I insisted upon his returning to his room. He besought me with tears in his eyes not to shut him up. "It's my last chance," he said. "I want to go back for an hour to that garden of St. John's. Let me look and feel ; to-morrow I die." It seemed to me possible that with a Bath-chair the expedition might be accomplished. The hotel, it appeared, possessed such an article : it

was immediately produced. It became necessary hereupon that we should have a person to propel the chair. As there was no one available on the spot, I prepared to perform the office ; but just as Searle had got seated and wrapped (he had come to suffer acutely from cold), an elderly man emerged from a lurking-place near the door, and, with a formal salute, offered to wait upon the gentleman. We assented, and he proceeded solemnly to trundle the chair before him. I recognized him as an individual whom I had seen lounging shyly about the hotel doors, at intervals during our stay, with a depressed air of wanting employment and a hopeless doubt of finding any. He had once, indeed, in a half-hearted way, proposed himself as an amateur *cicerone* for a tour through the colleges ; and I now, as I looked at him, remembered with a pang that I had declined his services with untender curtness. Since then, his shyness, apparently, had grown less or his misery greater ; for it was with a strange, grim avidity that he now attached himself to our service. He was a pitiful image of shabby gentility and the dinginess of "reduced circumstances." He imparted an original force to the term "seedy." He was, I suppose, some fifty years of age ; but his pale, haggard, unwholesome visage, his plaintive, drooping carriage, and the irremediable decay of his apparel, seemed to add to the burden of his days and experience. His eyes were bloodshot and weak-looking, his handsome nose had turned to purple, and his sandy beard, largely streaked with gray, bristled with a month's desperate indifference to the razor. In all this rusty forlornness there lurked a visible assurance of our friend's having known better days. Obviously, he was the victim of some fatal depreciation in the market value of pure gentility. There had been something terribly pathetic in the way he fiercely merged the attempt to touch the greasy rim of his antiquated hat into a rounded and sweeping bow, as from jaunty equal to

equal. Exchanging a few words with him as we went along, I was struck with the perfect refinement of his tone and manner of speech.

"Take me by some long roundabout way," said Searle; "so that I may see as many college walls as possible."

"You can wander without losing your way?" I said to our attendant.

"I ought to be able to, sir," he said, after a moment, with pregnant gravity. And as we were passing Wadham College, "That's my college, sir," he added.

At these words Searle commanded him to stop and come and stand in front of him. "You say that is *your* college?" he demanded.

"Wadham might deny me, sir; but Heaven forbid I should deny Wadham. If you'll allow me to take you into the quad, I'll show you my windows, thirty years ago!"

Searle sat staring, with his huge, pale eyes, which now had come to usurp the greatest place in his wasted visage, filled with wonder and pity. "If you'll be so kind," he said, with immense politeness. But just as this degenerate son of Wadham was about to propel him across the threshold of the court, he turned about, disengaged his hands, with his own hand, from the back of the chair, drew him alongside of him and turned to me. "While we are here, my dear fellow," he said, "be so good as to perform this service. You understand?" I smiled sufferance at our companion, and we resumed our way. The latter showed us his window of thirty years ago, where now a rosy youth in a scarlet smoking-fez was puffing a cigarette in the open lattice. Thence we proceeded into the little garden, the smallest, I believe, and certainly the sweetest of all the bosky resorts in Oxford. I pushed the chair along to a bench on the lawn, wheeled it about toward the façade of the college, and sat down on the grass. Our attendant shifted himself mournfully from one foot to the other. Searle eyed him open-mouthed. At length he broke

out: "God bless my soul, sir, you don't suppose that I expect you to stand! There's an empty bench."

"Thank you," said our friend, bending his joints to sit.

"You English," said Searle, "are — *impayables*! I don't know whether I most admire you or protest against you! Now tell me: who are you? what are you? what brought you to this?"

The poor fellow blushed up to his eyes, took off his hat and wiped his forehead with a ragged handkerchief. "My name is Rawson, sir. Beyond that, it's a long story."

"I ask out of sympathy," said Searle. "I have a fellow-feeling! You're a poor devil; I'm a poor devil, too."

"I'm the poorer devil of the two," said the stranger, with a little emphatic nod of the head.

"Possibly. I suppose an English poor devil is the poorest of all poor devils. And then you have fallen from a height. From Wadham College as a gentleman commoner (is that what they called you?) to Wadham College as a Bath-chair man! Good heavens, man, the fall's enough to kill you!"

"I did n't take it all at once, sir. I dropped a bit one time and a bit another."

"That's me, that's me!" cried Searle, clapping his hands.

"And now," said our friend. "I believe I can't drop further."

"My dear fellow," and Searle clasped his hand and shook it, "there's a perfect similarity in our lot."

Mr. Rawson lifted his eyebrows. "Save for the difference of sitting in a Bath-chair and walking behind it!"

"O, I'm at my last gasp, Mr. Rawson."

"I'm at my last penny, sir."

"Literally, Mr. Rawson?"

Mr. Rawson shook his head, with a world of vague bitterness. "I have almost come to the point," he said, "of drinking my beer, and buttoning my coat figuratively; but I don't talk in figures."

Fearing that the conversation had taken a turn which might seem to cast a rather fantastic light upon Mr. Rawson's troubles, I took the liberty of asking him with great gravity how he made a living.

"I don't make a living," he answered, with tearful eyes, "I can't make a living. I have a wife and three children, starving, sir. You would n't believe what I have come to. I sent my wife to her mother's, who can ill-afford to keep her, and came to Oxford a week ago, thinking I might pick up a few half-crowns by showing people about the colleges. But it's no use. I have n't the assurance. I don't look decent. They want a nice little old man with black gloves, and a clean shirt, and a silver-headed stick. What do I look as if I knew about Oxford, sir?"

"Dear me," cried Searle, "why did n't you speak to us before?"

"I wanted to; half a dozen times I have been on the point of it. I knew you were Americans."

"And Americans are rich!" cried Searle, laughing. "My dear Mr. Rawson, American as I am, I'm living on charity."

"And I'm not, sir! There it is. I'm dying for the want of charity. You say you're a pauper; it takes an American pauper to go bowling about in a Bath-chair. America's an easy country."

"Ah me!" groaned Searle. "Have I come to Wadham gardens to hear the praise of America?"

"Wadham gardens are very well!" said Mr. Rawson; "but one may sit here hungry and shabby, so long as one is n't too shabby, as well as elsewhere. You'll not persuade me that it's not an easier thing to keep afloat yonder than here. I wish I were there, that's all!" added Mr. Rawson, with a sort of feeble-minded energy. Then brooding for a moment on his wrongs: "Have you a brother? or you, sir? It matters little to you. But it has mattered to me with a vengeance! Shabby as I sit here, I have a brother with his five

thousand a year. Being a couple of years my senior, he gorges while I starve. There's England for you! A very pretty place for *him*!"

"Poor England!" said Searle, softly.

"Has your brother never helped you?" I asked.

"A twenty-pound note now and then! I don't say that there have not been times when I have sorely tried his generosity. I have not been what I should. I married dreadfully amiss. But the devil of it is that he started fair and I started foul; with the tastes, the desires, the needs, the sensibilities of a gentleman,—and nothing else! I can't afford to live in England."

"This poor gentleman," said I, "fancied a couple of months ago that he could n't afford to live in America."

"I'd change chances with him!" And Mr. Rawson gave a passionate slap to his knee.

Searle reclined in his chair with his eyes closed and his face twitching with violent emotion. Suddenly he opened his eyes with a look of awful gravity. "My friend," he said, "you're a failure! Be judged! Don't talk about chances. Don't talk about fair starts and foul starts. I'm at that point myself that I have a right to speak. It lies neither in one's chance nor one's start to make one a success; nor in anything one's brother can do or can undo. It lies in one's will! You and I, sir, have had none; that's very plain! We have been weak, sir; as weak as water. Here we are, sitting staring in each other's faces and reading our weakness in each other's eyes. We are of no account!"

Mr. Rawson received this address with a countenance in which heartfelt conviction was oddly mingled with a vague suspicion that a proper self-respect required him to resent its unflattering candor. In the course of a minute a proper self-respect yielded to the warm, comfortable sense of his being understood, even to his light dishonor. "Go on, sir, go on," he said. "It's

wholesome truth." And he wiped his eyes with his dingy handkerchief.

"Dear me!" cried Searle. "I've made you cry. Well! we speak as from man to man. I should be glad to think that you had felt for a moment the side-light of that great undarkening of the spirit which precedes — which precedes the grand illumination of death."

Mr. Rawson sat silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground and his well-cut nose more deeply tinged by the force of emotion. Then at last, looking up: "You're a very good-natured man, sir; and you'll not persuade me that you don't come of a good-natured race. Say what you please about a chance, when a man's fifty — degraded, penniless, a husband and father — a chance to get on his legs again is not to be despised. Something tells me that my chance is in your country, — that great home of chances. I can starve here, of course; but I don't want to starve. Hang it, sir, I want to live. I see thirty years of life before me yet. If only, by God's help, I could spend them there! It's a fixed idea of mine. I've had it for the last ten years. It's not that I'm a radical. I've no ideas! Old England's good enough for me, but I'm not good enough for England. I'm a shabby man that wants to get out of a room full of staring gentlefolks. I'm forever put to the blush. It's a perfect agony of spirit. Everything reminds me of my younger and better self. O, for a cooling, cleansing plunge into the unknown and the unknown! I lie awake thinking of it."

Searle closed his eyes and shivered with a long-drawn tremor which I hardly knew whether to take for an expression of physical or of mental pain. In a moment I perceived it was neither. "O my country, my country, my country," he murmured in a broken voice; and then sat for some time abstracted and depressed. I intimated to our companion that it was time we should bring our *séance* to a close, and he, without hesitating, possessed himself

of the little hand-rail of the Bath-chair and pushed it before him. We had got half-way home before Searle spoke or moved. Suddenly in the High Street, as we were passing in front of a chop-house, from whose open doors there proceeded a potent suggestion of juicy joints and suet puddings, he motioned us to halt. "This is my last five pounds," he said, drawing a note from his pocket-book. "Do me the favor, Mr. Rawson, to accept it. Go in there and order a colossal dinner. Order a bottle of Burgundy and drink it to my immortal health!" Mr. Rawson stiffened himself up and received the gift with momentarily irresponsive fingers. But Mr. Rawson had the nerves of a gentleman. I saw the titillation of his pointed finger-tips as they closed upon the crisp paper; I noted the fine tremor in his empurpled nostril as it became more deeply conscious of the succulent flavor of the spot. He crushed the crackling note in his palm with a convulsive pressure.

"It shall be Chambertin!" he said, jerking a spasmodic bow. The next moment the door swung behind him.

Searle relapsed into his feeble stupor, and on reaching the hotel I helped him to get to bed. For the rest of the day he lay in a half-somnolent state, without motion or speech. The doctor, whom I had constantly in attendance, declared that his end was near. He expressed great surprise that he should have lasted so long: he must have been living for a month on a cruelly extorted strength. Toward evening, as I sat by his bedside in the deepening dusk, he aroused himself with a purpose which I had vaguely felt gathering beneath his quietude. "My cousin, my cousin," he said, confusedly. "Is she here?" It was the first time he had spoken of Miss Searle since our exit from her brother's house. "I was to have married her," he went on. "What a dream! That day was like a string of verses, rhymed hours. But the last verse is bad measure. What's the rhyme to 'love'? *Above*. Was she a simple person, a sweet person?"

Or have I dreamed it? She had the healing gift; her touch would have cured my madness. I want you to do something. Write three lines, three words: 'Good by; remember me; be happy.' And then after a long pause: "It's strange a man in my condition should have a wish. Need a man eat his breakfast before his hanging? What a creature is man! what a farce is life! Here I lie, worn down to a mere throbbing fever-point; I breathe and nothing more, and yet I *desire*! My desire lives. If I could see her! Release it and let me die."

Half an hour later, at a venture, I despatched a note to Miss Searle: "*Your cousin is rapidly dying. He asks to see you.*" I was conscious of a certain unkindness in doing so. It would bring a great trouble, and no power to face the trouble. But out of her distress, I fondly hoped a sufficient energy might be born. On the following day my friend's weakness became so complete that I began to fear that his intelligence was altogether gone. But towards evening he rallied awhile, and talked in a maundering way about many things, confounding the memories of the past weeks and those of bygone years in a ghastly monotonous jumble. "By the way," he said suddenly, "I have made no will. I have n't much to bequeath. Yet I've something." He had been playing listlessly with a large signet ring on his left hand, which he now tried to draw off. "I leave you this," working it round and round vainly, "if you can get it off. What mighty knuckles! There must be such knuckles in the mummies of the Pharaohs. Well, when I'm gone! Nay, I leave you something more precious than gold, — the sense of a great kindness. But I have a little gold left. Bring me those trinkets." I placed on the bed before him several articles of jewelry, relics of early elegance: his watch and chain, of great value, a locket and seal, some shirt-buttons and scarf-pins. He trifled with them feebly for some moments, murmuring va-

rious names and dates associated with them. At last, looking up with a sudden energy, "What's become of Mr. Rawson?"

"You want to see him?"

"How much are these things worth?" he asked, without heeding me. "How much would they bring?" And he held them up in his weak hands. "They have a great weight. Two hundred pounds? I am richer than I thought! Rawson — Rawson — you want to get out of this awful England?"

I stepped to the door and requested the servant, whom I kept in constant attendance in the adjoining sitting-room, to descend and ascertain if Mr. Rawson was on the premises. He returned in a few moments, introducing our shabby friend. Mr. Rawson was pale, even to his nose, and with his grave agitation had an air of great distinction. I led him up to the bed. In Searle's eyes, as they fell on him, there shone for a moment the light of a high fraternal greeting.

"Great God!" said Mr. Rawson, fervently.

"My friend," said Searle, "there is to be one American the less. Let there be one the more. At the worst, you'll be as good a one as I. Foolish me! Take these trinkets; let them help you on your way. They are gifts and memories, but this is a better use. Heaven speed you! May America be kind to you. Be kind, at the last, to your own country!"

"Really, this is too much; I can't," our friend protested in a tremulous voice. "Do get well, and I'll stop here!"

"Nay; I'm booked for my journey, you for yours. I hope you don't suffer at sea."

Mr. Rawson exhaled a groan of helpless gratitude, appealing piteously from so awful a good fortune. "It's like the angel of the Lord," he said, "who bids people in the Bible to rise and flee!"

Searle had sunk back upon his pillow, exhausted: I led Mr. Rawson back into the sitting-room, where in

three words I proposed to him a broad valuation of our friend's trinkets. He assented with perfect good-breeding; they passed into my possession and a second bank-note into his.

From the collapse into which this beneficent interview had plunged him, Searle gave few signs of being likely to emerge. He breathed, as he had said, and nothing more. The twilight deepened: I lit the night-lamp. The doctor sat silent and official at the foot of the bed; I resumed my constant place near the head. Suddenly Searle opened his eyes widely. "She'll not come," he murmured. "Amen! she's an English sister." Five minutes passed. He started forward. "She has come, she is here!" he whispered. His words conveyed to my mind so absolute an assurance, that I lightly rose and passed into the sitting-room. At the same moment, through the opposite door, the servant introduced a lady. A lady, I say; for an instant she was simply such; tall, pale, dressed in deep mourning. The next moment I had uttered her name — "Miss Searle!" She looked ten years older.

She met me, with both hands extended, and an immense question in her face. "He has just spoken your name," I said. And then, with a fuller consciousness of the change in her dress and countenance: "What has happened?"

"O death, death!" said Miss Searle. "You and I are left."

There came to me with her words a sort of sickening shock, the sense of some grim *escamotage* of poetic justice. "Your brother?" I demanded.

She laid her hand on my arm, and I felt its pressure deepen as she spoke. "He was thrown from his horse in the park. He died on the spot. Six days have passed. — Six months!"

She took my arm. A moment later we had entered the room and approached the bedside. The doctor withdrew. Searle opened his eyes and looked at her from head to foot. Suddenly he seemed to perceive her mourning. "Already!" he cried, audibly; with a smile, as I believe, of pleasure.

She dropped on her knees and took his hand. "Not for you, cousin," she whispered. "For my poor brother."

He started in all his deathly longitude as with a galvanic shock. "Dead! *he* dead! Life itself!" And then, after a moment, with a slight rising inflection: "You are free?"

"Free, cousin. Sadly free. And now — *now* — with what use for freedom?"

He looked steadily a moment into her eyes, dark in the heavy shadow of her musty mourning veil. "For me," he said, "wear colors!"

In a moment more, death had come, the doctor had silently attested it and Miss Searle had burst into sobs.

We buried him in the little churchyard in which he had expressed the wish to lie; beneath one of the mightiest of English yews and the little tower than which none in all England has a softer and older gray. A year has passed. Miss Searle, I believe, has begun to wear colors.

H. James Jr.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

SUN-SPOTS appear to have been noticed occasionally for more than a thousand years, being mistaken at first for planets crossing the disk of the sun. One of the first fruits of the invention of the telescope was their discovery by Galileo and Fabricius to be appendages to the sun; and its rotation on its own axis, in a little less than a month, determined from them. From that time they have been objects of frequent observation and increasing interest, as the principal means of studying the physical constitution of the sun; and never so much so as at the present time, when the spectroscopic and photography are added to the means of observation.

Many theories have been advanced with regard to them. Galileo thought they were pitchy scum, surmounted by clouds, thrown up from the heated body of the sun, and wafted round on an illuminated atmosphere. But his means of observation were imperfect. It did not occur to him to use a colored glass, and his observations were confined to periods when the sun was near the horizon or veiled by clouds or fog. When they came to be better observed, this theory was abandoned, as well as many others that succeeded it. About 1773 Professor Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, advanced another theory, founded upon a careful examination of the aspect of the spots; which, with some modifications from late discoveries, obtains at the present time. His idea was that they were conical cavities in the illuminated surface of the sun, analogous to cyclones in the atmosphere of the earth, showing a darker stratum of the sun at the bottom. The normal condition of a well-developed sun-spot may be described as consisting of a very dark centre, varying in shape, called the umbra, which is the lower and darker stratum at the bottom of the vortex,

surrounded by a gray marginal disk, much larger, called the penumbra, which is the conical or funnel-shaped cavity in the luminous surface. Sometimes a still darker spot is seen on the umbra, called the nucleus, which is presumed to be an opening into a still lower stratum. The sun rotates in about $25\frac{1}{2}$ days; but as the earth advances in its orbit in the same direction, its apparent rotation to us is 27.3 days; and the average passage of a spot across the disk is about $13\frac{1}{2}$ days. As the spot first makes its appearance on the eastern edge of the hemisphere, it is seen only as a long, narrow line of the penumbra, — as if one were approaching the crater of a volcano from a level, and got sight of the opposite side of the crater. The next day, as it advances, a glimpse of the umbra is seen, as if over the edge of the nearest side of the cone, and so on, till it approaches the centre of the disk, and gives a view into the whole cavity, as if one were suspended in a balloon directly over the crater. As the spot rotates towards the western edge these aspects are reversed. It was from these appearances that Wilson founded his theory. We know now, that what we see of the sun, except through these spots, and at the time of a total eclipse, is an intensely luminous envelope, called the photosphere, consisting of incandescent metallic gases, in which iron, copper, sodium and many other metals are held in a gaseous condition by the intense heat. The idea now is that these gases, becoming cooled by contact with external space, or a cooler external atmosphere, are precipitated, and rush in descending currents towards the centre, breaking away the photosphere, and exposing lower and less luminous strata. This is confirmed by the spectroscopic, which shows the presence of descending currents in the penumbra; and by stereo-

scopic views, which present the spots as funnel-shaped cavities. It was once thought that the umbra was part of a solid crust of the sun, if there is anything solid there, but the spectro-scope shows it to be composed of incandescent gases, in constant agitation, and it would doubtless appear luminous, were it not in such juxtaposition with the photosphere.

But this is not the only aspect of sun-spots. They are often seen in small patches of dark umbra, without any penumbra, sometimes singly, but oftener in groups; appearing, through a telescope of moderate size, like black beads dropped upon the luminous surface. They must be several hundred miles in diameter, however, to be seen at all. Many of these close up without any further development; and late observations this season suggest the possibility that they may sometimes be vents, through which ascending currents of flame may be rising. Others increase in size, develop the penumbra, and assume the normal type. In this condition they seem to be endowed with a degree of permanence; not only passing across the disk of the sun, but returning in subsequent rotations. A few have been traced through six rotations. Sometimes they appear and disappear quite suddenly. Well-developed spots, two or three times the diameter of the earth, were seen one day last summer, where there was nothing but the unbroken photosphere the day before; others have disappeared in one or two days. Sometimes they increase to vast proportions, separate into fragments, throw off large patches of penumbra, with little or no umbra, scatter, and disappear. In this last condition the cavities seem to become much more shallow than before, and the penumbra widely diffused, so that the umbra may be traced quite near the edge of the sun.

Accompanying the spots are to be seen lines and wreaths of luminous matter, more brilliant than the photosphere, reminding one of snow-drifts seen in sunshine, which are called

flaculæ. Stereoscopic views show them to be elevated ridges of the luminous matter of the photosphere, crowded up into corrugations by the disturbing forces which form the spots.

Sun-spots have received more or less attention from almost every astronomer since their discovery. But two men have distinguished themselves by their devotion to them,—Holfath Schwabe of Dessau, and Richard C. Carrington of Red Hill in England. Schwabe has spent forty years in observing them, and collecting and analyzing all the information to be obtained from other sources. Carrington erected an observatory for their examination, and made very accurate drawings of them, from a graduated screen, every fine day for eight years, from 1853 to 1861; the result of which was published in a beautiful quarto volume, which received the gold medal from the French Academy of Science. From all these sources some progress has been made in the study of their habits. It has been ascertained that they are governed by periodic laws. They increase gradually, in numbers and size, till they reach a maximum; and then decrease to a minimum, going through the cycle in about $10\frac{1}{2}$ years. During the maximum not a day passes without their appearance, and they may be often counted by scores and hundreds, while the region they frequent is corrugated with flaculæ. In the minimum they become very rare, many weeks passing without one, and the surface of the photosphere is quite smooth. This periodicity is found to coincide with the distance of the planet Jupiter from the sun, the maximum with the greatest distance; though the nature of the relation has not yet been ascertained. A careful analysis of Carrington's observations has lately shown other minor fluctuations, which coincide with the movements of Venus and the Earth, thus confirming the probability of planetary influence; and it will be fair to infer that the other planets exert similar influences, in proportion to their size and distance.

This becomes very suggestive with regard to the phenomena of those variable stars which periodically vary in brilliancy. It has been calculated that the difference in the luminous surface of our sun, at the maximum and minimum of spots, is sufficient to make it a variable star, with a cycle of $10\frac{1}{2}$ years. We have only to suppose a variable star to be accompanied by planets of adequate size, or orbits sufficiently eccentric, to account for almost any amount of variability.

It has also been ascertained that the spots are chiefly confined to two zones, between the latitude of 10° and 30° , corresponding to the cyclonic regions on the earth. At the minimum periods a few lap over into the equatorial regions; then, as they increase, they break out about the latitude of 30° and gradually spread over the whole zone. A few extend beyond 30° , but never into the polar regions. In five thousand three hundred observed by Carrington, but one reached the latitude of $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$.

While they rotate with the photosphere they also have a proper motion of their own, the laws of which are not yet established. They recede from, and approach each other. The late W. C. Bond noted one that passed over the sun's disk in twelve days, which would indicate a movement of its own of more than ten thousand miles a day. Carrington found that they moved faster in low latitudes than in high, and that they had a drift towards the equator. Whether these movements are owing to proper motions in the spots, or currents in the photosphere, is yet to be ascertained. There seems to be a disposition in them to preponderate in the northern hemisphere. It has been decidedly so this season; and one side of the sun has been more spotted than the opposite. This suggests the question, whether they may not be connected with tides in the photosphere. We know it is relatively thin, and an ocean of gas must be much more sensitive to external influences than one of water.

It has also been ascertained that

the maxima and minima coincide with the variations of the magnet on the earth, thus establishing a correlation with our planet. This has been sometimes manifested in a more spasmodic manner by magnetic storms and brilliant auroras. The most remarkable of these occurred on the 1st September, 1859. On that day Messrs. Carrington and Hodgson were simultaneously observing the same spot, at places remote from each other, when they were surprised by the sudden appearance and passage of a brilliant stream of light over the umbra. It was found that at the same moment the self-registering magnets at Kew indicated a violent and unusual oscillation, which was followed by a great magnetic and electric storm. Telegraphic communication was interrupted. In this country the operators disconnected the batteries and worked by the fluid with which the atmosphere was surcharged. Some stations were set on fire, and some operators injured by excessive discharges of electricity; and very brilliant auroras were seen in both hemispheres for two or three days, that at the north extending to Cuba. Thus the whole earth seemed to thrill in response to this movement on the sun.

There is a strong impression that hot and dry weather on land is coincident with the maximum of sun-spots. But we have not yet accumulated accurate meteorological observations sufficiently extended in time and space to decide this question. During the past year we have been passing through one of the maximum periods of demonstration, and not a day has passed without their appearance, while they have often been present in scores and even hundreds. Sometimes large spots, groups, and bands have been perfectly visible to the eye, only screened by a colored or smoked glass. In March there was a magnificent pear-shaped cluster, probably one hundred and fifty thousand miles long, nearly twenty times the diameter of the earth. In November an immense spot was visible, apparently breaking up, throw-

ing off large patches of penumbra, and exhibiting an uncommonly large nucleus. In the latter half of August a grand procession of groups occupied the northern zone, visible to the screened eye as a dusky girdle, like one of the bands of Jupiter. When the opposite side of the sun was turned, only three small spots were seen, the minimum of the season. But on the next rotation the whole procession reappeared, somewhat altered, but quite recognizable. One of those spots was very remarkable, passing through extraordinary changes and most picturesque forms. On the 20th of September it was measured at an observatory in England, the penumbra found to be seventy-two thousand miles long and fifty thousand miles wide, and the umbra thirty-one thousand five hundred miles long. There was room enough on the penumbra to place fifty spheres the size of the earth. On the 26th it had separated into two penumbrae, each containing two pear-shaped umbra, with all their apices pointing towards a common centre of motion, while a vast river of penumbra, marked with small dots of umbra, flowed around the southern spot and through the space between them, more than one hundred thousand miles long, towards the sun's centre. But another interest attaches to this spot.

It is well known that when the sun is totally eclipsed, there are tongues or columns of rosy light, seen here and there along the edge of the sun, projecting beyond the disk of the moon, called prominences or protuberances, which are entirely invisible at other times to the most powerful telescope, owing to the superior brilliancy of the photosphere, and which the spectroscope has shown to be luminous gas, in which the lines of hydrogen and magnesium have been found. During the last two years these have not only been analyzed, but also revealed to sight by the spectroscope.

During the past summer Professor C. A. Young of Dartmouth College has been diligently observing them, with a

new compound spectroscope, designed by himself, and constructed by Alvan Clark and Sons of Cambridgeport. He has not only seen them around the sun, but also on its disk, and has even photographed one of them. One of them he describes as rising in a column of light ninety thousand miles high, and then spread out in the shape of a mushroom: Others rose in parallel columns, and were then deflected at right angles towards each other. One was composed of separate luminous clouds ten or fifteen thousand miles long, one above the other, as if thrown out in separate jets. Once he caught sight of a single cloud soaring up diagonally at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in a second; all indicating the existence of an extensive atmosphere outside the photosphere.

On the 28th of September, at 4 P. M. he was observing the southern umbra of this spot, when he discovered one of these protuberances issuing, or as he expresses it "originating from," this spot. He held it in sight for an hour, during which it gradually faded. He analyzed it, and found it identical with the protuberances around the edge of the sun. He drew its form. He measured it and found it to be one hundred and thirty thousand miles long; thus establishing for the first time a connection between the spots and the protuberances. This spot, considering the vast area over which it was spread, the velocity of motion indicated by its rapid changes of form, and its connection with the protuberance, is the most interesting of the season, and illustrates in a striking manner the prodigious forces active on the sun's surface.

It will be seen that sun-spots are of much interest as objects of astronomical observation, and important as elucidating that great problem which is now exercising so many acute minds, What is a sun? Whence does it derive its light and heat, the sources, under Providence, of all life and energy to the surrounding planets? We have just been passing through one of the inter-

esting periods of their maximum demonstration, and yet no regular and systematic observations of these spots have been made at any New England observatory; not for want of interest, but for lack of means. At Cambridge, with a telescope and meridional circle unsurpassed in size and excellence, and a superintendent able, skilful, and earnest, the funds are insufficient to employ an adequate corps of observers to work the instruments to their full capacity of usefulness. At Dartmouth

one of our ablest observers is deficient in both instruments and assistants. Will not some of our wealthy men, who are looking for wise methods of bestowing their abundance, place our observatories in a condition of efficiency? They are means of education, not local or temporary, but for the whole world and all time.

NOTE. I learn from Professor Young that the magnetic record at Greenwich for 28th September indicated an unusual disturbance, simultaneous with the appearance of the protuberance which he observed.

J. J. Dixwell.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

IV.

I AM glad, my young friend, you have been reading so many of Hawthorne's books since we last met, and I do not at all wonder at the deep impression his style has made upon you. He was, indeed, a consummate artist, and I do not remember a single slovenly passage in all his acknowledged writings. It was a great privilege, and one that I can never sufficiently estimate, to have known him personally through so many years. He was unlike any other author I have met, and there were qualities in his nature so sweet and commendable, that, through all his shy reserve, they sometimes asserted themselves in a marked and conspicuous manner. I have known rude people, who were jostling him in a crowd, give way at the sound of his low and almost irresolute voice, so potent was the gentle spell of command that seemed born of his genius.

Although he was apt to keep aloof from his kind, and did not hesitate frequently to announce by his manner that

"Solitude to him
Was blithe society, who filled the air
With gladness and involuntary songs,"

I ever found him, like Milton's Ra-

phael, an "affable" angel, and inclined to converse on whatever was human and good in life.

I will go on, if you care to hear them, and read to you some more extracts from the letters he wrote to me, while he was engaged on "The Marble Faun." On the 11th of February, 1860, he writes from Leamington in England (I was then in Italy):—

"I received your letter from Florence, and conclude that you are now in Rome, and probably enjoying the Carnival,—a tame description of which, by the by, I have introduced into my Romance.

"I thank you most heartily for your kind wishes in favor of the forthcoming work, and sincerely join my own prayers to yours in its behalf, but without much confidence of a good result. My own opinion is, that I am not really a popular writer, and that what popularity I have gained is chiefly accidental, and owing to other causes than my own kind or degree of merit. Possibly I may (or may not) deserve something better than popularity; but looking at all my productions, and especially this latter one, with a cold or critical eye, I can see that they do not make their appeal to the popular

mind. It is odd enough, moreover, that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them.

"To return to my own moonshiny Romance; its fate will soon be settled, for Smith and Elder mean to publish on the 28th of this month. Poor Ticknor will have a tight scratch to get his edition out contemporaneously; they having sent him the third volume only a week ago. I think, however, there will be no danger of piracy in America. Perhaps nobody will think it worth stealing. Give my best regards to William Story, and look well at his Cleopatra, for you will meet her again in one of the chapters which I wrote with most pleasure. If he does not find himself famous henceforth, the fault will be none of mine. I, at least, have done my duty by him, whatever delinquency there may be on the part of other critics.

"Smith and Elder persist in calling the book 'Transformation,' which gives one the idea of Harlequin in a pantomime; but I have strictly enjoined upon Ticknor to call it 'The Marble Faun; a Romance of Monte Beni.'"

In one of his letters written at this period, referring to his design of going home, he says:—

"I shall not have been absent seven years till the 5th of July next, and I scorn to touch Yankee soil sooner than that. . . . As regards going home I alternate between a longing and a dread."

Returning to London from the Continent, in April, I found this letter, written from Bath, awaiting my arrival:—

"You are welcome back. I really began to fear that you had been assassinated among the Apennines or killed in that outbreak at Rome. I have taken passages for all of us in the steamer which sails the 16th of June. Your berths are Nos. 19 and

20. I engaged them with the understanding that you might go earlier or later, if you chose; but I would advise you to go on the 16th; in the first place, because the state-rooms for our party are the most eligible in the ship; secondly, because we shall otherwise mutually lose the pleasure of each other's company. Besides, I consider it my duty towards Ticknor and towards Boston, and America at large, to take you into custody and bring you home; for I know you will never come except upon compulsion. Let me know at once whether I am to use force.

"The book (*The Marble Faun*) has done better than I thought it would; for you will have discovered, by this time, that it is an audacious attempt to impose a tissue of absurdities upon the public by the mere art of style and narrative. I hardly hoped that it would go down with John Bull; but then it is always my best point of writing, to undertake such a task, and I really put what strength I have into many parts of this book.

"The English critics generally (with two or three unimportant exceptions) have been sufficiently favorable, and the review in the *Times* awarded the highest praise of all. At home, too, the notices have been very kind, so far as they have come under my eye. Lowell had a good one in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Hillard an excellent one in the *Courier*; and yesterday I received a sheet of the May number of the *Atlantic* containing a really keen and profound article by Whipple, in which he goes over all my works, and recognizes that element of unpopularity which (as nobody knows better than myself) pervades them all. I agree with almost all he says, except that I am conscious of not deserving nearly so much praise. When I get home, I will try to write a more genial book; but the Devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand, and I can only exorcise him by pensful at a time.

"I am coming to London very soon, and mean to spend a fortnight of next

month there. I have been quite homesick through this past dreary winter. Did you ever spend a winter in England? If not, reserve your ultimate conclusion about the country until you have done so."

We met in London early in May, and, as our lodgings were not far apart, we were frequently together. I recall many pleasant dinners with him and mutual friends in various charming seaside and country-side places. We used to take a run down to Greenwich or Blackwall once or twice a week, and a trip to Richmond was always grateful to him. Bennoch was constantly planning a day's happiness for his friend, and the hours at that pleasant season of the year were not long enough for our delights. In London we strolled along the Strand, day after day, now diving into Bolt Court, in pursuit of Johnson's whereabouts, and now stumbling around the Temple, where Goldsmith at one time had his quarters. Hawthorne was never weary of standing on London Bridge, and watching the steamers plying up and down the Thames. I was very much amused by his manner towards importunate and sometimes impudent beggars, scores of whom would attack us even in the shortest walk. He had a mild way of making a severe and cutting remark, which used to remind me of a little incident which Charlotte Cushman once related to me. She said a man in the gallery of a theatre (I think she was on the stage at the time) made such a disturbance, that the play could not proceed. Cries of "Throw him over" arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle female voice was heard in the pit, exclaiming, "No! I pray you don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but — *kill him where he is.*"

One of our most royal times was at a parting dinner at the house of Barry Cornwall. Among the notables present were Kinglake and Leigh Hunt. Our kind-hearted host and his admirable

wife greatly delighted in Hawthorne, and they made this occasion a most grateful one to him. I remember when we went up to the drawing-room to join the ladies after dinner, the two dear old poets, Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, mounted the stairs with their arms round each other in a very tender and loving way. Hawthorne often referred to this scene as one he would not have missed for a great deal.

His renewed intercourse with Motley in England gave him peculiar pleasure, and his genius found an ardent admirer in the eminent historian. He did not go much into society at that time, but there were a few houses in London where he always seemed very happy.

I met him one night at a great evening party, looking on from a nook a little removed from the full glare of the *soirée*. Soon, however, it was whispered about that the famous American romance writer was in the room, and an enthusiastic English lady, a genuine admirer and intelligent reader of his books, ran for her album and attacked him for "a few words and his name at the end." He looked dismally perplexed, and turning to me said imploringly in a whisper, "For pity's sake, what shall I write? I can't think of a word to add to my name. Help me to something." Thinking him partly in fun, I said, "Write an original couplet, — this one for instance, —

'When this you see,
Remember me,'"

and to my amazement he stepped forward at once to the table, wrote the foolish lines I had suggested, and shutting the book, handed it very contentedly to the happy lady.

We sailed from England together in the month of June, as we had previously arranged, and our voyage home was, to say the least, a very unusual one. We had calm, summer, moonlight weather, with no storms. Mrs. Stowe was on board, and in her own cheery and delightful way she enlivened the passage with some capital stories of her early life.

When we arrived at Queenstown, the captain announced to us that, as the ship would wait there six hours, we might go ashore and see something of our Irish friends. So we chartered several jaunting-cars, after much tribulation and delay in arranging terms with the drivers thereof, and started off on a merry exploring expedition. I remember there was a good deal of racing up and down the hills of Queenstown, much shouting and laughing, and crowds of beggars howling after us for pence and beer. The Irish jaunting-car is a peculiar institution, and we all sat with our legs dangling over the road in a "dim and perilous way." Occasionally a horse would give out, for the animals were sad specimens, poorly fed and wofully driven. We were almost devoured by the ragamuffins that ran beside our wheels, and I remember the "sad civility" with which Hawthorne regarded their clamors. We had provided ourselves before starting with much small coin, which, however, gave out during our first mile. Hawthorne attempted to explain our inability further to supply their demands, having, as he said to them, nothing less than a sovereign in his pocket, when a voice from the crowd shouted, "Bedad, your honor, I can change that for ye"; and the knave actually did it on the spot.

Hawthorne's love for the sea amounted to a passionate worship; and while I (the worst sailor probably on this planet, as you know, from yachting experiences with me, my dear Jack,) was longing, spite of the good company on board, to reach land as soon as possible, Hawthorne was constantly saying, in his quiet, earnest way, "I should like to sail on and on forever, and never touch the shore again." He liked to stand alone in the bows of the ship and see the sun go down, and he was never tired of walking the deck at midnight. I used to watch his dark, solitary figure under the stars, pacing up and down some unfrequented part of the vessel, musing and half melancholy. Sometimes he would lie down

beside me and commiserate my unquiet condition. Seasickness, he declared, he could not understand, and was constantly recommending most extraordinary dishes and drinks, "all made out of the *artist's* brain," which he said were sovereign remedies for nautical illness. I remember to this day some of the preparations which, in his revelry of fancy, he would advise me to take, a farrago of good things almost rivalling "Oberon's Feast," spread out so daintily in Herrick's "Hesperides." He thought, at first, if I could bear a few roc's eggs beaten up by a mermaid on a dolphin's back, I might be benefited. He decided that a gruel made from a sheaf of Robin Hood's arrows would be strengthening. When suffering pain, "a right gude willie-waught," or a stiff cup of hemlock of the Socrates brand, before retiring, he considered very good. He said he had heard recommended a dose of salts distilled from the tears of Niobe, but he did n't approve of that remedy. He observed that he had a high opinion of hearty food, such as potted owl, with Minerva sauce, airy tongues of sirens, stewed ibis, livers of Roman Capitol geese, the wings of a Phoenix, not too much done, love-lorn nightingales cooked briskly over Aladdin's lamp, chicken-pies made of fowls raised by Mrs. Carey, Nautilus chowder, and the like. Fruit, by all means, should always be taken by an uneasy victim at sea, especially Atalanta pippins and purple grapes raised by Bacchus & Co. Examining my garments one day as I lay on deck, he thought I was not warmly enough clad, and he recommended, before I took another voyage, that I should fit myself out in Liverpool with a good warm shirt from the shop of Nessus & Co. in Bold Street, where I could also find stout seven-league boots to keep out the damp. He knew another shop, he said, where I could buy raven-down stockings, and sable clouds with a silver lining, most warm and comfortable for a sea voyage.

His own appetite was excellent, and day after day he used to come on

deck after dinner and describe to me what he had eaten. Of course his accounts were always exaggerations, for my amusement. I remember one night he gave me a running catalogue of what food he had partaken during the day, and the sum total was convulsing from its absurdity. Among the viands he had consumed, I remember he stated there were "several yards of steak," and a "whole warrenful of Welsh rabbits." The "divine spirit of Humor" was upon him during many of those days at sea, and he revelled in it like a careless child.

That was a voyage, indeed, long to be remembered, and I shall always look back upon it as the most satisfactory "sea turn" I ever happened to experience. I have sailed many a weary, watery mile since then, dear Jack, but *Hawthorne* was not on board!

The summer after his arrival home he spent quietly in Concord, at the Wayside, and illness in his family made him at times very sad. In one of his notes to me he says:—

"I am continually reminded nowadays of a response which I once heard a drunken sailor make to a pious gentleman, who asked him how he felt: 'Pretty d—d miserable, thank God!' It very well expresses my thorough discomfort and forced acquiescence."

Occasionally he wrote requesting me to make a change, here and there, in the new edition of his works then passing through the press. On the 23d of September, 1860, he writes:—

"Please to append the following note to the foot of the page, at the commencement of the story called 'Dr. Heidegger's Experiment,' in the 'Twice-Told Tales': 'In an English Review, not long since, I have been accused of plagiarizing the idea of this story from a chapter in one of the novels of Alexander Dumas. There has undoubtedly been a plagiarism, on one side or the other; but as my story was written a good deal more than twenty years ago, and as the novel is of considerably more recent date, I take pleasure in thinking that M.

Dumas has done me the honor to appropriate one of the fanciful conceptions of my earlier days. He is heartily welcome to it; nor is it the only instance, by many, in which the great French romancer has exercised the privilege of commanding genius by confiscating the intellectual property of less famous people to his own use and behoof.'"

Hawthorne was a diligent reader of the Bible, and when sometimes, in my ignorant way, I would question, in a proof-sheet, his use of a word, he would almost always refer me to the Bible as his authority. It was a great pleasure to hear him talk about the Book of Job, and his voice would be tremulous with feeling, as he sometimes quoted a touching passage from the New Testament. In one of his letters he says to me:

"Did not I suggest to you, last summer, the publication of the Bible in ten or twelve 12mo volumes? I think it would have great success, and, at least (but, as a publisher, I suppose this is the very smallest of your cares), it would result in the salvation of a great many souls, who will never find their way to heaven, if left to learn it from the inconvenient editions of the Scriptures now in use. It is very singular that this form of publishing the Bible in a single bulky or closely printed volume should be so long continued. It was first adopted, I suppose, as being the universal mode of publication at the time when the Bible was translated. Shakespeare, and the other old dramatists and poets, were first published in the same form; but all of them have long since been broken into dozens and scores of portable and readable volumes; and why not the Bible?"

During this period, after his return from Europe, I saw him frequently at the Wayside, in Concord. He now seemed very happy in the dwelling he had put in order for the calm and comfort of his middle and later life. He had added a tower to his house, in which he could be safe from intrusion,

and where he could muse and write. Never was poet or romancer more fitly shrined. Drummond at Hawthornden, Scott at Abbotsford, Dickens at Gad's Hill, Irving at Sunnyside, were not more appropriately sheltered. Shut up in his tower, he could escape from all the tumult of life, and be alone with only the birds and the bees in concert outside his casement. The view from this apartment, on every side, was lovely, and Hawthorne enjoyed the charming prospect as I have known few men to enjoy nature.

His favorite walk lay near his house, indeed it was part of his own grounds, a little hillside, where he had worn a foot-path, and where he might be found in good weather, when not employed in the tower. While walking to and fro on this bit of rising ground, he meditated and composed innumerable romances that were never written, as well as some that were. Here he first announced to me his plan of "*The Doltiver Romance*," and, from what he told me of his design of the story as it existed in his mind, I always thought it would have been the greatest of his books. A very enchanting memory is left of that morning when he laid out the whole story before me as he intended to write it. The plot was a grand one, and I tried to tell him how much I was impressed by it. Very soon after our interview, he wrote to me:—

"In compliance with your exhortations, I have begun to think seriously of that story, not, as yet, with a pen in my hand, but trudging to and fro on my hilltop. . . . I don't mean to let you see the first chapters, till I have written the final sentence of the story. Indeed the first chapters of a story ought always to be the last written. . . . If you want me to write a good book, send me a good pen; not a gold one, for they seldom suit me; but a pen flexible and capacious of ink, and that will not grow stiff and rheumatic the moment I get attached to it. I never met with a good pen in my life."

Time went on, the war broke out, and he had not the heart to go on with his

new Romance. During the month of April, 1862, he made a visit to Washington with his friend Ticknor, to whom he was greatly attached. While on this visit to the capital, he sat to Leutze for a portrait. He took a great fancy to the artist, and, while he was sitting to him, wrote a long letter to me. I will read an extract from it:—

"I stay here only while Leutze finishes a portrait, which I think will be the best ever painted of the same unworthy subject. One charm it must needs have,—an aspect of immortal jollity and well-to-doness; for Leutze, when the sitting begins, gives me a first-rate cigar, and when he sees me getting tired, he brings out a bottle of splendid champagne; and we quaffed and smoked yesterday, in a blessed state of mutual good-will, for three hours and a half, during which the picture made a really miraculous progress. Leutze is the best of fellows."

In the same letter he thus describes the sinking of the *Cumberland*, and I know of nothing finer in its way:—

"I see in a newspaper that Holmes is going to write a song on the sinking of the *Cumberland*; and feeling it to be a subject of national importance, it occurs to me that he might like to know her present condition. She lies with her three masts sticking up out of the water, and careened over, the water being nearly on a level with her maintop,—I mean that first landing-place from the deck of the vessel, after climbing the shrouds. The rigging does not appear at all damaged. There is a tattered bit of a pennant, about a foot and a half long, fluttering from the tip-top of one of the masts; but the flag, the ensign of the ship (which never was struck, thank God), is under water, so as to be quite invisible, being attached to the gaff, I think they call it, of the mizzen-mast; and though this bald description makes nothing of it, I never saw anything so gloriously forlorn as those three masts. I did not think it was in me to be so moved by any spectacle of the kind. Bodies still occasionally float up from it. The

Secretary of the Navy says she shall lie there till she goes to pieces, but I suppose by and by they will sell her to some Yankee for the value of her old iron.

"P. S. My hair really is not so white as this photograph, which I enclose, makes me. The sun seems to take an infernal pleasure in making me venerable, — as if I were as old as himself."

Hawthorne has rested so long in the twilight of impersonality, that I hesitate sometimes to reveal the man even to you, my dear boy. This very day Sainte-Beuve has made me feel a fresh reluctance in unveiling my friend, and there seems almost a reproof in these words, which I will read to you, *en passant*, from the eloquent French author: —

"We know nothing or nearly nothing of the life of La Bruyère, and this obscurity adds, it has been remarked, to the effect of his work, and, it may be said, to the piquant happiness of his destiny. If there was not a single line of his unique book, which from the first instant of its publication did not appear and remain in the clear light, so, on the other hand, there was not one individual detail regarding the author which was well known. Every ray of the century fell upon each page of the book and the face of the man who held it open in his hand was veiled from our sight."

Beautifully said, as usual with Sainte-Beuve, but I venture, notwithstanding such eloquent warning, to proceed.

After his return home from Washington, Hawthorne sent to me, during the month of May, an article for the Atlantic Monthly, which he entitled "Chiefly about War-Matters." The paper, excellently well done throughout, of course, contained a personal description of President Lincoln, which I thought, considered as a portrait of a living man, and drawn by Hawthorne, it would not be wise or tasteful to print. The office of an editor, dear Jack, is a disagreeable one sometimes, and the case of Hawthorne on Lincoln disturbed me not a little. After reading the man-

uscript, I wrote to the author, and asked his permission to omit his description of the President's personal appearance. As usual, for he was the kindest and sweetest of contributors, the most good-natured and the most amenable man to advice I ever knew, he consented to my proposal, and allowed me to print the article with the alterations. If you turn to the paper, dear Jack (you will find it in the number for July, 1862), you will observe there are several notes; all of these were written by Hawthorne himself. He complied with my request without a murmur, but he always thought I was wrong in my decision. He said the whole description of the interview and the President's personal appearance were, to his mind, the only parts of the article worth publishing. "What a terrible thing," he complained, "it is to try to let off a little bit of truth into this miserable humbug of a world." President Lincoln is dead, and as Hawthorne once wrote to me, "Upon my honor, it seems to me the passage omitted has an historical value," I will read to you, verbatim, what I advised my friend, both on his own account and the President's, not to print nine years ago. Hawthorne and his party had gone into the President's room, annexed, as he says, as supernumeraries to a deputation from a Massachusetts whip-factory, with a present of a splendid whip to the Chief Magistrate: —

"By and by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passage-way, and in lounged a tall, loose-jointed figure, of an exaggerated Yankee port and demeanor, whom (as being about the homeliest man I ever saw, yet by no means repulsive or disagreeable) it was impossible not to recognize as Uncle Abe.

"Unquestionably, Western man though he be, and Kentuckian by birth, President Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the

strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked-for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him, and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state, — where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council-table, and tell the Cabinet Ministers a story. There is no describing his lengthly awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street; so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerated still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country schoolmaster as soon as anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock-coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a nightcap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow: his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

“The whole physiognomy is as coarse as one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated,

softened, and brightened, by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense; no bookish cultivation, no refinement; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly, — at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank, rather than to make a bull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I liked this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

“Immediately on his entrance, the President accosted our member of Congress, who had us in charge, and, with a comical twist of his face, made some jocular remark about the length of his breakfast. He then greeted us all round, not waiting for an introduction, but shaking and squeezing everybody’s hand with the utmost cordiality, whether the individual’s name was announced to him or not. His manner towards us was wholly without pretence, but yet had a kind of natural dignity, quite sufficient to keep the forwardest of us from clapping him on the shoulder and asking for a story. A mutual acquaintance being established, our leader took the whip out of its case, and began to read the address of presentation. The whip was an exceedingly long one, its handle wrought in ivory (by some artist in the Massachusetts State Prison, I believe), and ornamented with a medallion of the President, and other equally beautiful devices; and along its whole length there was a succession of golden bands and ferrules. The address was shorter than the whip, but equally well made, consisting chiefly of an explanatory description of these artistic designs, and closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one, and

that the President would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put.

"This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President's Yankee aptness and not-to-be-caughtness stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wiggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity that was entirely in character; although, without his gesticulation of eye and mouth, — and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching up a pair of fat horses, — I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was, that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment; and, this great affair over, we retired out of the presence in high good-humor, only regretting that we could not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them

are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, and funniest little things imaginable: though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or on the immaculate page of the Atlantic."

So runs the passage which caused some good-natured discussion nine years ago, between the contributor and the editor. I see by your looks, dear Jack, that you think I was squeamish, perhaps, not to have been willing to print this matter at that time. Others, no doubt, will share your opinion, but as both President and author have long ago met on the other side of criticism and magazines, we will leave the subject to their decision, they being most interested in the transaction. I did what seemed best in 1862. In 1871 "circumstances have changed" with both parties, and I venture to-day what I hardly dared then.

And now, dear boy, let us take an energizing walk as far as Cory's Hill, before dinner. We shall see the new moon over our right shoulders, if we are careful to look in the proper direction, and thus secure to ourselves good luck for the whole month.

COUNT RUMFORD.*

THE name of Count Rumford was a very familiar one in the ears of our fathers and grandfathers. For many years he was a very famous man on both sides of the Atlantic, and his fame was an honest one, of which his fellow-countrymen, though not his fellow-citizens, might be justly proud. Though his American contemporaries

had lived during the days of the Revolutionary War and felt the natural antipathy to such of their countrymen as had taken sides with the Crown in that great struggle, they seem to have condoned the offence of Benjamin Thompson sooner and more entirely than that of many others who were no greater sinners than he. The eminence which he attained so early and maintained so long, his civil and scientific distinction, and his reputation as a philanthropist and a philosopher, as well

* Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford. With Notices of his Daughter. By GEORGE E. ELLIS. Published in connection with an edition of his Complete Works, by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Boston. 1871.

as his success as a courtier, probably had a softening influence upon their patriotic prejudices, or rather their just censures, in regard to him. He had given intelligence and counsel to the Ministry of Lord North in the closet, and had drawn his sword in the field to reduce the rebellious subjects of George III. to obedience and loyalty, and had received the honor of knighthood as a mark of his Majesty's sense of his services. But the brilliant career upon which he entered and the European fame which he acquired soon after the independence of the United States was established, gratified the pride and touched the imagination of the people whom he always loved though he had turned his back upon them, and led them to forgive and forget the sins or the errors of his youth. And he himself made what amends he could for his youthful endeavors to defeat the independence of his country by liberal endowments for her advancement in science and the useful arts. The lapse of five-and-fifty years since his death have naturally swept him and his memory beyond the knowledge of the mass of the present generation. Very many doubtless have no idea whatever excited by his name, or only that of the "Roasters" bearing it, which may yet possibly survive in some old-fashioned kitchens as well as in the memories which go back to the old days of smoke-jacks and wood-fires, when that invention was the latest of economical devices. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, therefore, have done wisely as well as gratefully in collecting and reprinting the works of Count Rumford, their chiefest benefactor, and thus providing the monument to his memory that would have best pleased himself; and, yet more, in procuring his *Life* to be written by the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, who has brought to his work a zeal, a skill, and an industry which has exhausted his subject and given to literature one of the most interesting biographies in the language. In the brief monograph for which only the crowded pages of

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the Atlantic can find room, all we can hope to do is, to direct the curiosity of its readers to the fuller and richer narrative of Count Rumford's biographer.

The career of Count Rumford, though romantic from the changes of condition, the diversities of scene, and the varieties of society through which it conducted him, was the natural result of opportunities well seized and ably improved. Its several steps followed each other regularly enough; but they never could have led him up to the social heights he reached, had he not had the original constitution and the acquired aptitude that enabled him to make sure of each successive foothold in his ascent. He came of a good New England yeoman race, which took root in the soil at the time of the emigration of Winthrop, and had flourished well there. He was born March 26, 1753, in the pleasant town of Woburn, where the farm-house in which its most famous son first saw the light is yet shown with an honest pride. In the frugal plenty of a New England farmer's family Benjamin Thompson passed his childhood, a handsome, lively, intelligent boy. His father dying when he was but three years old, his mother married a neighboring farmer, whom Dr. Ellis takes pains to vindicate from some charges of step-parental unkindness which Count Rumford was understood by some of his European friends to have made against him. His warm affection for his mother, of which he gave abundant proofs as long as she lived, would seem to show that his home could not have been an unhappy one. He went to the excellent school of Master Fowle, where a few things were taught well, as was the old-fashioned way of those times. Happily for him school grammars were not yet invented, and consequently he wrote easy, idiomatic English all his life. He had a marked turn for the mathematics and for mechanics, and began unconsciously to prepare himself for his later labors by his boyish inventions and contrivances. But he

had no vocation whatever for the business of the farm, and so an apprenticeship to trade was looked out for him, and an advantageous one was found in Salem, under the roof and behind the counter of Mr. John Appleton. Whether he relished the details of the shop any better than those of the farm would seem doubtful, but he did not waste his time in idleness. In his leisure hours, and possibly in hours when he should have been otherwise busy, he improved himself greatly in drawing, in which he became a proficient, and in algebra, geometry, astronomy, and the higher mathematics, so that before he was fifteen he had calculated an eclipse. In these studies he was probably assisted by the Rev. Thomas Barnard, the minister on the North Parish, and his son Thomas, then keeping the grammar school, and afterwards an eminent divine and man of science. In 1769 he left Salem and became apprentice to Mr. Hopestill Capen, a dealer in the multifarious matters known then as dry goods, of his residence with whom and his value as a shopboy there appears to be but little record. That he still continued his pursuit of knowledge *under difficulties* appears from an account in a memorandum-book he kept of the various articles he procured to make an electrical machine. Two years later, in 1771, he turned his back upon the shop and his face towards the more attractive study of medicine. In those days before medical schools, the student in a manner apprenticed himself to some doctor by courtesy, — for as yet M. D.'s were not, — and young Thompson became an inmate of the family and a pupil, in what he could teach, of Dr. John Hay of Woburn. Here he was diligent in business and showed his zeal for improvement by walking from Woburn to Cambridge, about eight miles, to attend the lectures of John Winthrop, LL. D., the Hollisian Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. That eminent man little thought that the travel-stained lad who sat at his feet, grateful for the

privilege of his instructions, would be within ten years his associate in that learned and illustrious body. In his youth Thompson enjoyed one of the greatest blessings which can be bestowed on a young man of promise, — an intelligent, steady, judicious friend, several years older than himself. This was Loammi Baldwin, afterwards colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and subsequently an engineer of the first class. This friendship endured as long as Colonel Baldwin lived, and was inherited by his three sons, all of them eminent men in the same line as their father, and by the daughter of Count Rumford. To the youngest of these gentlemen, Mr. George Rumford Baldwin, who is still living, Dr. Ellis was indebted for much valuable material for his work.

But fate had higher things in store for young Thompson than the life of a New England country doctor. Going to Rumford in New Hampshire, now Concord, to keep the grammar school there, his handsome face, fine person, and the native elegance of his manners, won the affections of a rich widow, Rolfe by name, who bestowed upon him her fortune and mature charms. He was but nineteen, while she was thirty-three, with one son, to whom a daughter was added in fullness of time, who was afterwards the Countess Sarah de Rumford. This marriage may be regarded as the point upon which his fortunes turned, as it was the occasion of introducing him into a higher sphere of society than any he had yet entered, whose political coloring naturally gave a tinge to the opinions of an ambitious youth. His predecessor, Colonel Rolfe, was one of the principal gentlemen of the Province, whose respectability Mr. Carlyle himself must admit, as it is established by the fact of his keeping, not "a gig," but a curricule. Mrs. Thompson's father, too, the Rev. Timothy Walker, was a man of public as well as parochial importance, who had been sent three times to England on provincial business. On their wedding tour, therefore, the bride naturally

directed the wheels of the curricule to the centre of New Hampshire high life at Portsmouth, where she introduced her young husband to Governor John Wentworth, afterwards Sir John and a baronet, in recognition of his loyal services, who graduated at Harvard in 1755 along with a man of a very different career, President John Adams. The colonial discontents were then fast ripening into rebellion, and Governor Wentworth doubtless was on the lookout for promising young men whom he could attract or secure to the royal side in the conflict likely to ensue. The manners, appearance, and position, through his rich marriage, of young Thompson, drew his Excellency's attention to him, and he appointed him Major of the Second New Hampshire Regiment. The officers over whose heads he was thus summarily raised were naturally ill-pleased at this arbitrary interference with their promotion, and this was doubtless an element of the suspicions as to Thompson's patriotism, which helped decide his choice of sides. He had also been with his wife to Boston, and received flattering attentions from Governor Gage and the brilliant circle of Tory society of which he was the head, and the extinction of which was a serious, if an unavoidable, loss to Massachusetts and the country. At any rate, with cause or without, violent suspicions were excited as to the patriotism of Thompson, and he was summoned before a committee of the inhabitants of Concord to give an account of himself. Though no evidence could be found against him to justify his condemnation even by such a tribunal, a few months later he had intelligence of an intended visit of a mob, and only avoided its violence by a timely retreat to Woburn. Thither, however, the same jealous suspicions pursued him and at last resulted in his arrest and confinement for trial. He was discharged after a trial by the town of Woburn, to whom his case had been referred by the Provincial Congress, after which he visited Cambridge, and, it has been supposed, endeavored to

obtain a commission from Washington. If so, he was disappointed, the doubts as to the sincerity of his patriotism probably standing in his way, confirmed by the undisguised distrust of the New Hampshire officers, who refused to have anything to do with him. Thompson, who was not inclined to be a martyr, and who certainly was no hero, determined to seek his fortune elsewhere. So he was driven by his half-brother to some point on the shore of Narragansett Bay, in October, 1775, and took boat for the Scarborough man-of-war, by which he was brought round to Boston, then closely besieged by the Continental army.

Thompson soon proceeded to England and reported himself at the War Office. Either the information he could give, or his attractive manners and appearance, recommended him to the especial notice of Lord George Germain, the War Secretary. He received a clerkship in the office, and was in such favor with his chief that he dined and supped almost every day at his Lordship's house. He pursued his scientific experiments in his leisure hours, which were directed mainly at that time to improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder and of artillery. His undoubted talents, aided by his agreeable address, introduced him to men of rank and to men of science, — among others to Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society. At five or six and twenty he was elected a Fellow of that Society, — we rather think the only man who attained that distinction at so early an age. It must have been an intoxicating success for a young man so fond of pleasure and distinction, to find himself transported from the narrow and provincial circles in which his life had been passed, to the society of the great and the learned of the metropolis and received by them on a footing of such gratifying equality. At seven-and-twenty he was made Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department, which office he retained till the impending fall of Lord George Germain, his especial patron, —

compelled by the ill-success of the war and the persistent and fierce attacks of the mighty Opposition of that day, — caused him to resign. During these years of prosperity Thompson must have been the subject of much talk and we fear of some envy to the unfortunate little colony of impoverished loyalists who were living from hand to mouth in London. One of the most respectable of them, Samuel Curwen of Salem, must have been particularly struck by the changes which a dozen years had produced, when he found himself humbly soliciting the interposition in his favor of “a young man,” who “when a shop-lad to his next neighbor, ever appeared active, good-natured, and sensible,” and who was then an Under Secretary! On leaving this office, Thompson was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel, and proceeded to America some time in the autumn of 1781, to raise his regiment. He was probably on the ocean at the time when the Surrender of Cornwallis gave the finishing stroke to the war for the subjugation of America. On arriving at Charleston he received the command of what was left of the royal cavalry there. The only actual brush with the enemy which he appears ever to have had was a successful one, and the more flattering as it was against “Marion’s Men,” famous in story and song. For this success he was thanked in General Orders by General Leslie. He soon proceeded to New York, and was employed in no glorious services on Long Island, where his memory is yet unfragrant in men’s minds. Still they were such as to call forth high praise in the despatches of Sir Guy Carleton and to procure for him the full rank of colonel in the army, which secured him half-pay for life.

Had Thompson’s career ended here he would have been remembered, if at all, only as a lucky adventurer, promoted above his deserts for ignoble services against the country of his birth. A higher destiny awaited him, which he proceeded at once to meet. The general peace having fortunately closed

the career of arms to his ambition, he obtained leave to travel on the Continent. His crossing of the Channel is immortalized by a letter of Gibbon, who was his fellow-passenger, to Lord Sheffield, and who calls him “Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thompson.” The great historian records also the fact that his companion had three horses with him, which were not the most agreeable fellow-passengers. Oddly enough, the prosperous Tory had also for a fellow-passenger one who had suffered a year’s imprisonment in the Tower for the treason of serving their common country, and who could hardly have regarded the well-mounted Colonel with much complacency. This was Henry Laurens, sometime President of Congress, and one of the commissioners for negotiating the Treaty of 1783. At Strasburg Colonel Thompson met Prince Maximilian, the nephew of the reigning Elector of Bavaria, a young man of twenty-seven. The graces of Thompson’s person and address doubtless recommended him to the favor of the young prince, who introduced him to his uncle. This petty sovereign must have had a discerning of spirits, for he almost immediately sought the services of the new-comer both in a civil and military capacity. Not inclined to baffle Fortune, Thompson returned to England to obtain the royal permission. This was not only granted, but the honor of knighthood superadded, and he returned to Munich Sir Benjamin Thompson, soon to reach higher honors. On his arrival the Elector made him General Aide de Camp and Colonel of Cavalry, and took him into his most intimate confidence. Although his first promotion in the Electoral service was military, the attention of Sir Benjamin was mainly given to the organizing of those victories of peace on which his just renown depends.

For the details of the reformatory he introduced into the military and civil affairs of Bavaria we must refer our readers to the exhaustive and deeply interesting pages of Dr. Ellis. We

have room only for the briefest outline of them. Suffice it to say that he succeeded in solving the difficult problem of reconciling the apparently incompatible conditions of a regular soldier and an industrious husbandman and intelligent laborer, improving his moral and physical surroundings while adding to his comfort and increasing his efficiency. His second labor was a more truly herculean one than this, and was completely successful. Bavaria was eaten up by pauperism and beggary, in town and country. This had been long the despair of her ministers of state and of religion. It was reserved for an adventurer from beyond seas to free the state from these cleaving mischiefs. Thompson laid his plans so wisely and took his precautions so prudently that the miracle was accomplished in one day. On the morning of the 1st of January, 1790, the hosts of beggary went forth in their strength to spoil the land. Before night they were all under arrest and the next morning humanely provided for. The helpless and impotent were made more comfortable than they had ever been before, while the sturdy and able-bodied were set to work and made useful members of society. And this was done with so much discretion and wise humanity, that no vested interest or even prejudice was disturbed, while the whole population breathed freer at being released from this odious burden. Even the ancient guild of the beggars was so tenderly dealt with that they blessed the change which had abolished it; and on one occasion when their benefactor was ill, they went in procession to the cathedral to offer up prayers for his recovery; and on another, they set apart an hour every day for the same service in his behalf. For his other efforts in the direction of agriculture, of the improvement of breeds, of the introduction of new edibles and notably of the potato, of economy in the preparation of food, all tending to the material and physical comfort of all classes, but especially of the poor, we must again refer the reader to Dr. Ellis. One of

his achievements, however, must not be omitted. Near Munich lay a neglected waste of forest and swamp, which had neither use nor beauty, though capabilities for both. These he seized and literally made the desert blossom, turning it into a picturesque park, with pleasure-grounds and a model farm, for the pleasure of the inhabitants; it is still known as "the English Garden," and fitly marked by a monument in honor of its contriver.

After the death of the Emperor Joseph II., in February, 1790, the Elector of Bavaria exercised the imperial functions as Vicar of the Empire, until the election of Leopold II. He used his temporary authority to elevate his American friend to the rank of a count of the Holy Roman Empire, — of which Voltaire once sneeringly said that it was neither Holy nor Roman, nor an Empire, — and in selecting the place from which his title was to be taken the new count made choice of Rumford, the scene of his earliest worldly prosperity. He also received the order of the White Eagle, having been before invested with that of St. Stanislas. Neither his public duties nor his honors, however, diverted Count Rumford from his scientific experiments, especially as to heat, nor from the preparation of his essays, the object of which was to spread the knowledge of his various successful attempts to improve the condition of mankind. All his philosophical speculations had this end in view; and to whatever parts of the Continent his travels might take him, he endeavored to leave behind him improved conditions as to the economy of heat, applied to cookery and the saving of fuel. In 1795 he returned to England for the purpose of printing his Essays, and renewing his old associations there. He was received with great distinction. During his residence in London he took great pains to make known his various inventions for the construction of fireplaces, the cure of smoky chimneys, the economical application of heat for the warmth of houses and in the preparation of food,

giving his own personal attention to the least inviting details. It was at this visit that he established the fund for the Rumford Medals to be awarded by the President and Council of the Royal Society to the author of the most useful discovery as to Light or Heat. The first award was made to himself. About the same time he made a similar foundation for America, and intrusted its charge and the dispensation of the medals it was to furnish to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. By his last will Count Rumford made Harvard College his residuary legatee for the purpose of founding a professorship to teach the application of Science to the Arts of Life. To the professorship thus established the University has owed the public instructions of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Mr. Daniel Treadwell, Mr. E. N. Horsford, and it is now worthily filled by Dr. Wolcott Gibbs.

All this time the wife and daughter of Count Rumford remained in America, where the former died in 1792, in her fifty-third year. His marriage had been no doubt, on his side, a *mariage de convenance*, and he appears to have borne the absence of his elderly wife with much resignation. We do not know that there is any evidence as to how she felt about this separation, the years of which she spent at Concord, New Hampshire, in the house built by her first husband, Colonel Rolfe, perhaps as happily, and certainly more tranquilly, than if she had followed her volatile husband in all his erratic career. Their only daughter, Sarah, whom he had left a child of two or three years old, was now grown up to womanhood and her father "wished exceedingly to be personally acquainted" with her. This not unnatural or unreasonable desire was gratified in the spring of 1796, when the young Countess Sarah rejoined her father in London. She was in her twenty-second year, a well-grown young woman, not uncomely, and with as good an education as was given in those days to girls. Her father treated her with

great kindness, though now and then annoyed by the mistakes into which she fell through her inexperience in etiquette and in economy. In her old age she wrote down, for the gratification of one of her friends, her recollections of her life, which Dr. Ellis was permitted to use, and from which he has judiciously made ample extracts. It makes no pretensions to literary excellence, but is an artless, ingenuous, lively account of her adventures, her love-passages, her differences with her father, her experience of society, and of the way of living, so new to her, of London and Munich, such as a cheerful old lady, in gossiping mood, might give to an intimate and intelligent friend, over the tea-table or the embroidery-frame. We only regret that the inexorable limitations of this article must preclude our giving our readers such extracts as we would gladly lay before them. In London the young Countess was introduced into the circle of her father's friends, among whom, were Lord and Lady Palmerston, the parents of the famous minister, and Sir Joseph and Lady Banks. At the house of the latter she was occasionally admitted to the dinners which the President gave to the Fellows of the Royal Society, and thus had an opportunity, which she properly esteemed, of listening to the conversation of many of the most eminent men of the time. In the autumn of the same year the Count and his daughter returned to Munich, and arrived at the moment when the independence of Bavaria was threatened by the French under Moreau on the one side, and the Austrians under the Archduke Charles on the other. The Elector, on leaving his dominions for Saxony, invested Rumford with full civil and military authority in his place, and it was owing to the spirit and skill with which the Count exercised these functions that the neutrality of the Electorate was maintained for a while longer.

On the return of the Elector to Munich, Count Rumford was appointed to the head of the Department of General

Police, which we take to have been the most responsible and important ministry in the government. These duties he performed in an admirable manner, all the time continuing his speculations and experiments for the improvement of men's condition. The account given by his daughter, in the sketch just mentioned, of the court life at Munich, of their manner of living, of her lovers and friends, and of the tours she took with her father, are entertaining in a high degree, and his readers will thank Dr. Ellis for having given them so much of it. But we must pass it all over in reluctant silence. In 1798 the Elector, as a marked proof of his approbation and friendship, appointed Count Rumford his Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, and he and his daughter proceeded thither in the early autumn. To his great regret and mortification, the king refused to receive him in his diplomatic capacity, on the ground that he was still a British subject, and, as such, could not properly represent a foreign sovereign. At this time he had serious thoughts of returning to America and settling in Cambridge for the rest of his life. And the knowledge of this fact, made known to Mr. Adams's government by Mr. Rufus King, then in London on public business, procured for him the offer of the organization and superintendence of the Military Academy, then in contemplation, and the post of Inspector-General of Artillery. Count Rumford's purpose of coming to America, which he seems very sincerely to have intended, was deferred by the plan, long contemplated, which he was now able to carry into effect, of an institution which should bring science more immediately in contact with the daily life and actual business of mankind, and especially of the laboring portion of it. As soon as his rejection as Bavarian plenipotentiary was decided, he applied himself, with his usual zeal and skill in organizing, to the establishment of the Royal Institution for the Diffusion of Science and Useful Knowledge and the

Encouragement of Useful Inventions and Improvements. His proposals were met with great liberality, and the necessary funds at once subscribed,—a result largely due, doubtless, to the reputation their author had already acquired and the confidence felt in his knowledge and experience. The Royal Institution was chartered in 1800, and is still in active and useful existence, an enduring monument of its founder. Rumford's original plan was to make it the means of "teaching the practical application of scientific discoveries to the improvement of arts and manufactures and to the increase of domestic comfort and convenience." And his plan included a museum, so to speak, of various useful inventions, with models actually at work for the instruction of mechanics, and particularly such as related to the economical application of heat to warming houses and cooking food, though all other inventions were to be welcomed. The Institution went into successful operation on the 25th of March, being Lady Day, 1800, and remained for some time under the superintendence of Count Rumford himself, who had rooms in the building provided for it in Albemarle Street. This must have been a sacrifice of his personal comfort, as it required him to leave a house in Brompton Row, which he had fitted up after his own heart as a model private residence. It was long shown as one of the curiosities of London; but we believe it was never imitated in all its eccentric arrangements by any one else. To this home he returned after living at the Institution for some eighteen months, and resided there mainly till he finally left England, in May, 1802.

The interesting details touching the Royal Institution our readers will find set forth at large by Dr. Ellis. It is enough to say here, that the plan of Count Rumford was found to be impracticable to the extent he had proposed for it, and that the Institution gradually became a means for the advancement of science itself, rather

than for its application to the immediate uses of life. But as Science always sooner or later descends from her airy heights to dwell among the homes and haunts of men, the philanthropic purpose of the founder of the Institution cannot be said to have been defeated or hardly delayed. It has been of infinite value for the impulse it has given to chemistry, through the labors of Davy and Faraday, of which it was the scene, while the lectures of Sydney Smith, and Sir John Lubbock and Max Müller, among many others, show that metaphysics, the philosophy of human origin, and philological research, have not been neglected. The intense labors of Count Rumford for many years, the jealousies and vexations to which his later years in the Elector's service had subjected him, and the mortification incident to his rejection as a *diplomate*, had affected his health and his temper also. It is a melancholy fact, that philosophers are not always philosophical, and there is too much reason to believe that the later months of his connection with his Institution were embittered by differences, not to say quarrels, with his associates and subordinates. And his personal interest in it, after leaving England, was naturally diminished by what he must have regarded as its perversion from the uses for which he had devised it. But the impress of his genius which he left upon it, and the vitality his energy imparted to it, still remain full and perfect, and will keep his memory fresh in the minds of those who receive its benefits as long as it shall exist.

We have now seen Count Rumford at the height of his reputation, which was very great and extensive at the beginning of this century, and at the summit of his prosperity. The favor of the Elector he found undiminished on his visits to Munich, and he had every gratification that public and private recognition of his good service to mankind could give him. After the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens had opened France to English travel,

Count Rumford visited Paris, where he had a most brilliant and gratifying reception, which he described as "simply enchantment." It was the culmination of his happier days. The later years of his life were darkened by imperfect health and domestic infelicities. During this visit to Paris he made the acquaintance of Madame Lavoisier, the widow of the great chemist, who, when condemned to the guillotine by the Revolutionary tribunal, asked in vain for a few days more of life, merely that he might finish some experiments on which he was engaged. She was a handsome woman, of fine manners and a large fortune, and of suitable age, being four years younger than he, and there seemed to be every probability that the marriage which was arranged between them, and which took place in 1804, would be a congenial and happy one. They had a large house, with two acres of land about it, in the very heart of Paris, near the Champs Elysées, where they received the best company in Paris. A dinner every Monday to philosophers, members of the Institute, and celebrated ladies, and a reception, as it would be called in this country, every Thursday to all the polite world, made the house in the Rue d'Anjou a gay centre of science and of fashion. But though gay, it was not a happy one. Indeed, the young Countess implies that the very gayety was a main cause of the domestic discrepancies of her father and step-mother. His taste was for retirement and study, and these interruptions irritated and annoyed him. Then he had lived for twenty years a bachelor's life, and had been accustomed to find ladies only too yielding and affectionately inclined towards him, for his principles and his life were by no means free from the laxity, in that regard, of the countries in which he had lived so long. His manners, too, by the evidence of his admiring friend Cuvier, had suffered change since the days of their earlier fascination, and it is likely that his disagreements with Madame Lavoisier de Rumford—as she chose to be styled, to the disgust of the

Count — were not marked by the suavity and grace of his antenuptial courtesy. That "there were faults on both sides," according to the good-natured formula of the world in such cases, we think is plain as to this one. If it were true, as he wrote to his daughter, that after their grand Monday's dinners, they "lived on the bits the rest of the week," it hardly justified him in locking the gate of the porter's lodge and taking away the keys in the faces of a large party which had been invited, as he thought, for the express purpose of vexing him. But then again, great as was her provocation, when she poured boiling water over his beautiful flowers, of which he was passionately fond, we think it must be allowed that Madame transcended the allowable limits of matrimonial expostulation. When matters had reached this pass the wisest thing that they could do was to undo, as far as possible, the foolish thing they had done in ever coming together. So on the 30th of June, 1809, they separated, amicably as far as money matters were concerned, the Count removing to a house at Auteuil and Madame remaining in that in the Rue d'Anjou. Though separated, they remained on civil terms and occasionally met; and when the daughter presently arrived from America, whither she had returned ten years before, her step-mother showed her kindly attentions. In this house, remarkable as having been the residence of Madame Helvetius, between whom and Franklin the gossips of the day had made a match, and in our time as the scene of the murder of Victor Noir by that worthy scion of the *lowest* Empire, Pierre Bonaparte, the Count spent the rest of his life, and here he died after a very short illness, on the 21st of August, 1814, in his sixty-second year.

Count Rumford was neither a hero nor a saint. He loved pleasure and distinctions and celebrity, and his life was filled to overflowing with all these. But he won his fame and his rank by good service to mankind, the benefits of which survive him to this day. He

was the first to look at the dreadful problems of pauperism and mendicity in the light of science and the laws of human nature, and to endeavor to solve them on scientific and humane principles. His success was great in this direction, and showed how society might be relieved in a good measure of the burden of pauperism and mendicity, while at the same time improving the habits and the comfort of the dependent classes. His precepts are at this moment applied to practice in the public charitable institutions of this city. Besides his efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the very poorest classes, he gave most of his time and attention to considering how the comforts of all conditions might be increased and cheapened by improvements in chimneys, in grates and fireplaces, in kitchen apparatus, and in the preparation of food. Many of his specific inventions may have become obsolete, but almost every one that has taken their place, having for its object the economizing of heat and the saving of fuel, owes its perfection, if not its existence, to the principles which he developed. His "Roasters" have passed away; but the ovens of our best anthracite ranges are constructed, as we believe, on precisely his idea of the best method of conducting heat around the cavity containing the food. The angle which the backs of our open fireplaces make with the mouth of the chimney, improving the draught and increasing the warmth, we owe to him. Indeed, we enter into the labors of Count Rumford every day of our lives, without knowing it or thinking of him. And he had his exceeding great reward. His homely efforts for the daily comfort of mankind led him to the discoveries which have made his name illustrious as a philosopher. His great contributions to science in the development of the correlation and indestructibility of forces, of the relations or rather the identity of force and heat, place him among the foremost discoverers in the world of science. By his experiments he over-

threw the theories as to the nature of heat, which had been taken for granted by natural philosophers from the time of Aristotle, and established the true doctrine upon which every succeeding advance of knowledge in that direction rests, and without which none could have been made. The mighty and beneficent agents of light and heat were the objects of his intense study, that he might ascertain how they could best be made to answer the benevolent intentions of the Creator in promoting the happiness of mankind. And his forecasting mind provided fit honors to be bestowed, on either continent, after his death, on his successors in the same line of investigation and discovery. Dr. Ellis's account of the methods and results of Rumford's experiments is lucid and interesting in a high

degree, and we doubt not will lead many of his readers to the Essays themselves, from which it is taken. We again commend this very valuable and most entertaining work, which, it is proper to say, is a labor of love on the part of the author and a free gift to the Academy of Arts and Sciences, to the reading public, assured that they will think we have spoken none too highly of the industry, candor, and literary skill which mark its execution. And we also believe that they will leave it with the conviction that its subject, whatever may have been his vanities, his weaknesses, and his infirmities of temper and of life, was one who loved his fellow-men, and who deserved, by his services in their behalf, the great and beneficent name he has left behind him as a philosopher and a philanthropist.

Edmund Quincy.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Sixth Edition, revised, with Additions. Two Volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THIS was the earliest of the series of admirable books in which Mr. Parkman has recounted the story of the struggle between the French and English for supremacy on this continent. The volumes first appeared twenty years ago. Since that time American history has been enriched by nothing so much as by the author's successive books relating to the Jesuit missions, to the enterprises of La Salle, to the Huguenots in Florida, and to the career of Champlain. In his Preface to the present edition of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" Mr. Parkman expresses his hope of continuing the series up to the extinction of French power in North America, and says that the present history will then form a sequel, "and its introductory chapters will be in a certain sense a summary of what has preceded."

Few historians have had so free, so wide,

so rich a field. It contains nearly all that is picturesque and romantic in our early annals, and it is opulent in what other epochs and aspects of our national life are lamentably poor in. Mr. Parkman has been worthy his opportunity, and, as is now well known, has brought to his work, not only taste, sympathy, and skill, but the ceaseless and conscientious industry in which alone the great histories of our day are written. He has not only made thorough research into all the written and printed materials of history, he has not only profoundly studied it, but he has as far as possible lived it; and when he tells us concerning the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," "I chose the subject of this book as affording better opportunities than any other portion of American history for portraying forest life and the Indian character, and I have never seen reason to change this opinion," we are to receive his confirmed judgment as that of one who has taken the testimony of savage life by actual acquaintance with it, and of the wilderness by sojourn in it. This personal contact, as we may call it, with his theme, gives Mr. Parkman's book a

high and almost unique value ; and at every step we feel that we follow a guide who is not only perfectly familiar with the way, but has no disposition to romance any of its features. Yet his very truth enchants us, and the effect of his long patience, his faithful study, his experience and observation, is to fascinate us with the picture he paints.

It is, to be sure, a tragical picture, and the fascination is rarely a pleasant one. When the English, in 1763, took possession of all the French territory west of the Mississippi, they made their dominion, as they were apt to do, positive, insolent, and aggressive, and rendered it easy for Pontiac, a great chief of the Ottawas, to unite the alarmed and offended tribe in a war against the forts and settlements. This war began with the siege of Detroit, and the destruction of all the other military posts on the Lakes, and it continued for nearly two years along the whole English frontier, from New York to the Carolinas, ending of course with the temporary reduction of the Indians and the death of Pontiac. Mr. Parkman sketches the French war which preceded this conspiracy, but mainly devotes himself to the study of the Indian insurrection in all its circumstances of treachery, outrage, and mutual atrocity. A series of events which otherwise could only become known through the partial and desultory narratives of the times, restores under his pen the whole epoch to the reader, and that wild, picturesque, perilous frontier life of a hundred years ago breathes again on his page. We share the hopes and fears of the remote beleaguered garrison of Detroit ; we witness the terrible fate of the other garrisons ; we see the havoc and the misery of the settlements ; we feel the dead passions of the day against the terrible foe ; we take sides in the quarrels of Quakers and Presbyterians, and condemn or palliate the Paxton Boys in their massacres ; we behold the motives that guide the savages ; we follow them to their camps and councils ; we march with Bouquet on his romantic invasion of the far-off wilderness of Ohio, and receive with him the submission of the desperate, unreconciled tribes. Yes, it is a fascinating book, rich in adventure, in chance of field and foray, and in the sombre pathos which attaches to the fate of a race so hopelessly wild that it seems scarcely to have the right of life at the cost of so much more life to a civilized people. Seems ; for

who shall decide whether it would have been well to leave for their hunting-grounds the vast harvest-fields that feed our millions, and whether they had a real claim to the lands they feebly and sparsely possessed before us ? On the whole, the impression one gets from Mr. Parkman is that of great forbearances on the part of the English toward the Indians at the close of the war ; in reward of which, perhaps, the English have multiplied, and the Indians have utterly perished. Happily for our repute for generosity and mercy, it was found impracticable or unnecessary to infect the hostile tribes with small-pox, as the commander-in-chief recommended, though we have always acted upon the suggestion of a subordinate officer to decimate them with rum. The idea of hunting them with dogs, which there was not time to put in effect at that time, was afterwards felicitously revived in the Florida war.

Very likely we dwell too much upon a work which has already taken a place in literature above our praise. But we cannot let this occasion of a new edition pass without expressing the satisfaction and pride with which we have read it, or commending it most heartily to all who have not read it. We are not as a people very familiar with our own history. Here is a mirror of one of its most striking phases ; the provincial politics and the frontier passions in conflict with the jealousy and hate of the forests, and all the accessory beauty and grandeur of Nature in her ever-various, ever-impressive moods.

Episodes and Lyric Pieces. By ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS. New York : Leypoldt and Holt.

MR. WEEKS's sins are certainly not of a sort to make one very patient with him ; they have been committed so often, and by so many people, and have been so constantly discovered and exposed, that it seems a little intolerable in him to be guilty of them ; for he is a man of talent, with a faculty for original expression. Yet, though every line of his blank verse reeks of Tennyson, and almost every phrase, epithet, and mental attitude suggests him, and nearly every light is reflected from him, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Weeks is something of a poet on his own account ; and reading other pieces, one finds a grace

and beauty in his sentiment, which will not let him be roughly or mercilessly used by honest criticism. In quantity the case is quite against him. The great part of his verse is imitative, as little redeemed by new or authentic touches as any imitative verse that we know. But in quality, the affair is not so bad. Three or four pieces, perhaps not so many, make us feel that here is a spring from the heart of nature and not a mere pipe (if Mr. Weeks will forgive a figure not meant in disrespect) from which the Tennysonian fluid, laid on nowadays in all minds with the modern improvements, can be drawn at will. Nothing in his volume, we believe, suggested this fact till we came to a poem called "A Winter Evening," and nothing then so much as the lines,

"Along the moss-grown shaky wall,
The gray-green mossy rocks that sleep
Luxurious in the flattering light
Of sunshine all day long, and keep
Warm sides to feel of in the night."

Here, at least, we believed was something that had come to the poet through his own flesh and blood, and not through any one else's decasyllables; and we were quite willing to like, when we reached it, the pretty little fancy in

"GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS.

"T is too late to find her flowers
Such as I should rather give —
Such as sad and sunlit hours
Equally have taught to live.

"How can these, that never guessed
How the evil helps the good —
How can these to her suggest
Aught of what I wish they could?

"How can these that never felt
Doubt and fear and hope deferred,
Ere the snows began to melt,
Ere the frozen earth was stirred;

"How can these that never thrilled
In the midst of their distress,
With the hope of hope fulfilled —
How can these my thought express?

"Yet, because perhaps they may
Please her once or twice to see,
Let them go and have their day,
Happier than they ought to be!"

There is also a good sonnet, and Mr. Weeks's own, called "In the Meadow"; and here are some lines better yet, and testifying delicate observation and sensitiveness:—

"RARA AVIS.

"Standing in shade, beside a path that lay
Full in the sunlight of the afternoon,
A gush of song from some bird far away
I heard arise and sink again as soon;

"And still I listened, but no more I heard,
And all I saw was on the sunny ground
The flying shadow of an unseen bird,
No sooner come, than gone without a sound.

"And so a song that I have never heard
Surpasses all that I shall ever hear,
And by the shadow of a vanished bird
The rest are darkened and not very dear."

As for nearly all the other poems, it seems a pity that they should have been printed; or if they must be printed, that the poet—who knows as well as any reader that the inspiration is not his—should not avow his imitation, and frankly label his pieces, "In the manner of —." We do not know whether we are more or less aggrieved with Mr. Weeks, because, as we have shown, he can write poetry of his own.

The William Henry Letters. By MR. A. M. DIAZ. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE reluctance which one feels to speak of a charming book lest he do it the injustice of overpraise need not trouble us with respect to "The William Henry Letters," for the reason simply that, taking the book for just what it attempts to be, it would be hard, if not impossible, to overpraise it. If you like you can find fault with it for being what it is, though we see no cause for this; but there is no question that it is exactly and thoroughly true; that it is as much a part of life as the blossoms and the final pippins are part of an apple-tree. It is nothing more than the letters which a good, hearty, wholesome-spirited country-bred boy of ten years writes home from school to his grandmother, telling her of his adventures in this first absence from her doting care and love. In some introductory passages, and some other passages interspersing the letters, the author makes us personally acquainted with this grandmother of William Henry, and his father and his Uncle Jacob, and his Uncle Jacob's family, who are all country-people living in New England, and are so natural and individual, from the oldest to the youngest, that the only incredible thing about them is that they do not step out of the book, and

confront us as flesh-and-blood presences. Mrs. Diaz's success in depicting them, in setting so simply and easily before us their character and circumstances, makes us feel that the elders, not to say the betters, of the children have a claim upon her faculty which she ought to satisfy. But perhaps as it is, we enjoy better than the boys themselves would the reality of William Henry's boyishness: they might not find anything extraordinary in it; and whereas we find it an almost exceptional thing in literature, they might only look upon him as a boy like any other boy, not knowing the extreme difficulty of painting a boy so as to make him like any other boy. Still, they cannot help liking him, we are certain, and we hope that some of the older boys will feel what a great gift—even if they do not understand what a very rare gift it is—portrays him. Among American women, Mrs. Diaz has no better as a humorist of the purest and kindest quality.

Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit.

[*Pictures of the Intellectual Life of our Time.*] Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. Leipzig. *Heine's Leben und Werke.* [*Heine's Life and Works.*] Von ADOLF STRODTMANN. 2 Bände. Berlin.

Letzte Gedichte und Gedanken von HEINRICH HEINE. [*Last Poems and Thoughts of HEINRICH HEINE.*] Hamburg.

Leitfaden zur Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur. [*Guide to the History of German Literature.*] Von HEINRICH KURZ. Leipzig.*

THESE volumes are not the very latest German publications, but they are books of lasting interest and especially recommend themselves to American readers. Heine has always been a favorite with English-speaking people, and it is well known that the first complete collection of his works was published in Philadelphia. One of the volumes mentioned below gives us more of his fascinating poetry and keen wit, while his biography enables us to form a more accurate opinion about his claims to our admiration. Whatever opinion we may form about the man, no one will deny the perfection of his genius.

Schmidt is, we fear, only too little known in this country; and if any are tempted to

* These books can be found with Schönhoff and Müller, in Boston.

consult his larger works by the reading of these essays, we feel confident that they will be repaid.

Those who are already familiar with him will gladly welcome this new volume from his pen, and those to whom he is still a stranger cannot help being attracted by the tempting list of the subjects of these essays.

The works by which he has established his reputation as a critic are his two histories of German literature from 1689 to Lessing's death and from that time to the present, and his history of French literature since 1789. These works are thorough and valuable. Although at times we find in him a certain lack of sympathy for æsthetic beauty, we cannot help respecting the cool intelligence, which, if it renders him less enthusiastic for poetic merit, yet, perhaps, makes his judgment of other literary qualities only the more accurate. In his treatment of them, he shows no lack of industry, sympathy, and cool sense. The last is perhaps his chief characteristic. He keeps his head most admirably. His style too is lively and often witty.

In this volume he has collected various essays which have appeared during the last few years in different German publications. As readers of English, we are tempted by articles on Scott, Bulwer, and George Eliot. For those who are familiar with Tourguénief and Erckmann-Chatrion there are essays on these authors, one on Sainte-Beuve, others which supplement Schmidt's history of German literature, and a few on the present condition of European literature, which have almost as much interest for all of us as would a bit of our own biography.

Scott receives generous praise for his novels, which it is pleasant to see at a time when this great author's fame seems to be waning in the presence of so many and able successors, and full credit for the enormous influence which he has exercised upon them and upon the writers of history.

The essay upon Bulwer is well worth reading. He is an author at whom it is becoming rather the fashion to sneer. In fact, Schmidt almost apologizes for the space he devotes to him, but adds: "This contempt is as unmerited as the former boundless admiration. It is true his power is far inferior to that of Scott and Dickens, and of all the different problems which he has brought forward, there is not one which he has satisfactorily solved, but, historically considered, he plays an important part.

He had genuine and original thoughts, and although he was exposed to the danger of overestimating his own feelings and productions, he has yet plenty of real material." Again: "In his moral problems he has often failed, but it is to his praise that he has attempted them. At least he always tries to lead us into a great, rich, strong life, to busy our fancy with the highest questions of humanity." In short, he was an idealist, and he cared for questions which other English novelists, Dickens and Thackeray for example, ignore. The author's remarks on George Eliot will probably be more generally agreed to: "I know no living writer who can compare with her in regard to the power of penetrating into and seizing the moral kernel of life." Although her types are few, she is distinguished from Thackeray and Dickens by the accuracy of her delineations, as well as by the depth and truth of her psychological studies. Dickens does not trouble himself about what he does not get by inspiration, and Thackeray, although the number of his characters is greater, does not see beneath the surface, which, it is true, he paints correctly, but he penetrates no deeper. George Eliot, on the other hand, goes to the very depths of the human heart; "for her, life is no carnival, but a bitter, deep, and holy earnestness; she moves in no realm of shadows, but among living people with an immortal soul." Again: "Dickens has either a passionate fondness or aversion for his characters; if there is one he does not like he boxes his ears as soon as he appears," and he is equally unreasonable with his favorites. "Thackeray does the same to those he does not like; he more rarely reaches full sympathy." George Eliot is decidedly different, "she does not love this one or that one according to her fancy, but she loves life as such, for she believes in life; . . . she regards the sinner, not as a self-satisfied judge, but with the warm sympathy of her own consciousness of wrong." The problem which almost all of her novels treat is, "What is sin? How does it come to man? And how may it be atoned for?" After this introduction there follow full analyses of her various stories, a method which Schmidt applies to all the novelists of whom he writes. The essay on Tourguénief is extremely good, while Erckmann-Chatrian are hardly treated so satisfactorily.

The first essays of the volume, those upon the present state of European literature,

contain an investigation of the realism of to-day, and a comparison between the time from about the beginning of the century to the year 1848, and the twenty years since; for that is the date which Schmidt regards as sharply dividing the practical present from the idealism of the past. Although he was born in 1818, and consequently was only thirty years old in 1848, he feels that he belongs to the previous generation, and he contrasts its enthusiastic belief in the future with the cooler and more critical spirit of to-day. He is too experienced a judge to condemn this, solely because it is new. "The men of the present are thoroughly in earnest, their sceptical investigations are simply to ferret out the truth, it is impossible for them to mistake windmills for giants. Scepticism and pessimism are for them only steps of transition; their method is different from ours, but in their aims and effort they are of our flesh and blood." He hopes for the best from the future of Germany, from the realization of the dream of so many of its thinkers, and although we belong to the generation of sceptics and pessimists, it is a hope in which we gladly join.

In this change in the modern spirit the influence of Heine was certainly considerable, and can be well studied in these volumes, though we imagine that hardly any reader will go through them faithfully. Fervent youth who dote upon Heine's songs will not have the patience, nor will older persons have the time. To say that the book is complete, when it consists of one thousand pages, is but faint praise; but it is more than complete, it has supplements on every possible subject. For instance, it is well known that Heine studied at Göttingen; the author gives us a history of the University at some length, and so with the other events of his life. There is a long history of the German literature, an account of St. Simonism, of the politics of Europe, etc., all of which is valuable and generally interesting, but likely to chill the heart of the impatient American reader.

Not unnaturally the book gives us many interesting particulars about Heine himself. The veil of mystery is taken from the fair one who jilted him; it was his cousin Amalie Heine, a daughter of his rich uncle Solomon Heine, and not a purely imaginary person, as has always seemed very possible. We have full accounts of his youth, of his friends, his political career, his marriage, and

his last sad illness. On the whole, the book leaves a disagreeable impression of Heine upon us. In spite of his exquisite grace as a poet and his unparalleled wit, the man behind it all is very petty. His vanity gave him no rest. His whole life, his treatment of his friends, his lack of seriousness (a far different thing from the presence of wit), make him a disappointing character. His apologists acknowledge most of his personal faults, but seek to outweigh them by what seems to us undue praise for what he did in the cause of liberty. But in fact he fought rather with the boldness of an adventurer than with the faith of an earnest soldier. After he had devoted himself to the struggle for liberty, we find him seeking a place under the Prussian government. He wrote to Varnhagen: "Here I am becoming very serious, almost German; I think it must be the beer. I have often a longing for the capital, that is, for Berlin. When I am well again I shall try whether I can live there. In Bavaria I have become a Prussian. With whom do you advise me to enter into communication in order to secure a successful return?" In fact it was for the same purpose that he had some years before embraced Christianity. About his conversion he wrote: "I am now becoming a genuine Christian; I am sponging on the rich Jews." When his plan failed he tried hard to get a professorship at the Munich University. To praise more than the skill of such an ally seems to us to be degrading the cause. A great deal he undoubtedly did; no one's wit was keener, no one's style was more fascinating, but the promise of a moderate salary would have turned him against the ranks of those with whom he fought. Whether his vagabondism would have let him stay on the side of conservatism is doubtful, but that is not to his praise. In fact he was only a brilliant man, and it is for his brilliancy alone that he deserves our praise. Freedom is too holy a thing to need such defenders as he.

The book abounds with specimens of his wit; for instance, one evening the conversation happened to turn to the thick and muddy appearance of the Seine after it had passed through Paris. Baron Rothschild said that he had visited the river near its source, and that the water there was as clear as crystal. "Your father," interrupted Heine, "is said to have been a very honest man." Speaking of his illness he said: "The doctors may try to reassure

me, but I have nothing to expect save a wretched, lingering sickness, probably full of changes. There is some consolation in that. When one wakes up a morning stone-deaf, he forgets for a time that he had become blind only a few days before. And what is the object of it all? There is none. I am not to be improved. I have always respected Jehovah, he need not make a martyr of me. Still this bitter suffering may be an advertisement of the collected edition of my works for the benefit of my publisher and my wife."

The absence of an index to these two volumes is a bit of cruelty to the reader almost amounting to a crime.

It is to the author of this life that we are indebted for another volume of Heine's works. The title is not a perfectly accurate one, for the poems were written at various years of his life, only a few during his last illness, and most of the thoughts are from notes made before that time. The poems are of the various kinds which appear in his other volumes,—sentimental, satirical, cynical, and scurrilous. The longest is one called "Bimini," which describes Don Juan Ponce de Leon's search for the fountain of youth. We will translate into prose a few of the verses. Those who know the melody of Heine's poetry can best appreciate the baldness of this version. "Lonely on the shore of Cuba stands a man, gazing at his image reflected in the water. This man is old, but his bearing Spanish-like and stiff, his strange dress half a sailor's, half a soldier's. . . . As if entreating he stretches out his hands, shakes his head, and sighing, says to himself: 'Is this Juan Ponce de Leon, who, as page, carried the haughty train of the alcade's daughter?' That lad was slim and merry, and the golden locks played about his careless, rosy head. All the ladies of Seville knew the sound of his horse's hoofs, and flew to the window when he rode through the street. Is that Juan Ponce de Leon, the terror of the Moors, who cut off the heads of the Turks, as if they were thistle-tops? . . . With years came seriousness and ambition, and I followed Columbus on his second voyage. Never shall I forget the mildness of his looks. Silently he suffered, and only told his woes by night to the stars and waves. When the admiral returned to Spain I entered Ojeda's service, and shipped with him for adventure. Don Ojeda was a knight from top to toe, no better was there at King

Arthur's Round Table. Fighting was his soul's pleasure. Laughing merrily he fought the savages, who in countless bands surrounded him. . . . Later I became companion-in-arms of Bilbao, this hero, as bold as Ojeda, but shrewder in his plans. . . . To him Spain owes a hundred kingdoms, greater than Europe, richer than Venice and Flanders. For reward for the hundred kingdoms greater than Europe and richer than Venice and Flanders they gave him a hempen necklace, a rope, and like a criminal he was hanged in the market-place at San Sebastian. . . . I have now acquired what all eagerly covet, royal favor, glory, and honors, and the Calatrava order. I am governor, own a hundred thousand pesos, gold in bars, jewels, sacks of the richest pearls. Alas ! at the sight of these pearls I become sad, for I think it were better that I had teeth as in my youth. . . . Ah ! happier than we are the trees, for the winter-wind robs them all of their leaves at the same time, but we men live each his years ; while it is winter with one it is spring with another. And the old man feels with double pang his weakness, at the sight of youth's wanton strength. Shake from my limbs, O blessed Virgin, this wintry age, which whitens my head with snow, and freezes my blood ; tell the sun to breathe the glow into my veins, and the spring to awaken the nightingale within my breast." The poem, as this extract will show, is like many of the *Romanzero*. "Zur Teleologie" is the title of a characteristic fragment of another style of Heine : "God gave us two eyes that we might see clearly, to believe what we read one eye would have been enough. God gave us two, that we might look about and see how fair he has made the world, to the delight of men's eyes. Still while staring in the street we ought to use our eyes and not let people tread on our corns, which bother us so much when we wear tight boots. God gave us only one nose, because we could not have put two in a glass, and should have had to lap up our wine. God gave us only one mouth, because two mouths would have been too

many. With one mouth man talks already too much nonsense, and if he had two he would only guzzle and lie still more. If his mouth is full now, he must hold his peace, but if he had two he would lie while eating," etc., etc. The last poems, "Zum 'Lazarus'" are sad and bitter.

The thoughts are witty like everything he said. He thought in witticisms. For example, in regard to immortality he says : "God has manifested nothing which proves an existence after death, nor does Moses speak of it. Perhaps God is not pleased that the pious count so surely upon it. In his fatherly kindness he is perhaps keeping it as a surprise for us." Following this we find : "Among no people has the belief in immortality been stronger than among the Celts ; one could borrow money from them to return it in another world. Pious Christian usurers should mould their lives after this model."

The volume contains Heine's letters to his wife written during his visits to Germany in the years 1843 and 1844, which are more amiable than what he prepared for publication, and a few fragmentary additions to his already published writings.

Let us briefly call attention to an excellent book, the "*Leitfaden zur Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur*" by Heinrich Kurz."

The student of German literature will find it a most useful manual. In a compact and well-arranged form we have a synoptical history of German literature from the earliest times. The older authors are treated with greater fulness, but about the later we get just that information for which we might otherwise have to hunt for half a day. He gives us the principal dates in each author's life, a list of his works with the date and place of publication, and a word of intelligent criticism. The author also gives us a list of his various authorities. In regard to the arrangement nothing could be desired. The book is well printed, and the mere fact that it is a German book, with a full index, is alone almost merit enough to demand that it be mentioned, so many are almost useless from omission of an index.